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LUCIFER

A Theosophical Magazine,

DESIGNED TO "BRING TO LIGHT THE HIDDEN THINGS OF DARKNESS."

EDITED BY

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND MABEL COLLINS.

THE LIGHT-BEARER IS THE MORNING STAR OR LUCIFER, AND "LUCIFER IS NO PROFANE OR SATANIC TITLE. IT IS THE LATIN LUCIFERUS. THE LIGHT-BRINGER, THE MORNING STAR, EQUIVALENT TO THE GREEK *φωσφόρος* . . . . . THE NAME OF THE PURE PALE HERALD OF DAYLIGHT."—YONGE.

VOLUME III.

SEPTEMBER 1888—FEBRUARY 1889.

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LUCIFER

VOL. III. LONDON, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1888. NO. 13.

OUR THIRD VOLUME.

WITH the present number our magazine enters the second year of its career, and the torch of our Flame-Bearer is lighting the second mile-stone of our progress. The path has been devious and difficult—at times, skirting as well the verge of precipices, as running over smooth levels; yet, always in the direction of its declared objective point.

It would be the height of folly to say that all readers have been equally satisfied: the editor who attempts to cater to every taste, ends by satisfying none, least of all himself. We have received protests almost as liberally as compliments. We have sometimes thought it would be an amusing experiment to send the former letters to the dissident third parties, that each might see how the articles they praise excite the ire of fellow-readers, and those they condemn are regarded by others as most interesting and meritorious. It is one of the stock-situations of the dramatist to thus contrive that letters shall fall into the wrong hands. But we have not yet heard of the joke being played by an editor, though the temptation to do so must be sometimes great. We think it may be fairly claimed that LUCIFER has proved itself consistent to its originally declared policy. It has been the reverse of boneless. To the extent of its ability it has struck fairly and from the shoulder at the obstacles in the way. The aim it set itself was to shed light upon questions of deep moment affecting man and the constitution of Society, which had become thoroughly obscured. Making no pretence to float a single new idea in philosophy, religion, or science, but only to revive and popularize the knowledge of the ancients upon these major human problems, it has played the part of the interpreter, not that of the iconoclast. Absolutely tolerant with respect to the several faiths of Humanity, its equal endeavour has been to uncover the ruin-encumbered universal foundation of religion upon which all rest alike.

Toward Science its feeling has been and ever shall be reverent, in the degree of the right of the latter to homage. At the same time, the hatred and antagonism of the Founders of our magazine have been unqualified against scientific and sectarian dogmatism and intolerance. LUCIFER began by waving its torch before the windows of Lambeth Palace, not because of any personal feeling against His Grace of Canterbury, as an individual, but against the officialism he represents, which is at once selfish and un-Christian to the last degree. And so, if LUCIFER has sometimes lit with its celestial flame the laboratory fires behind the backs of the scientific obscurantists, it was under the inspiration of a fervent loyalty to that true scientific research whose axiom of impartiality and courageous quest throughout nature was formulated axiomatically by Arago in his famous apothegm that outside of pure mathematics the word "impossible" must never be pronounced.

We have not the vanity to suppose that we have done even a tithe of what was possible within the editorial field of our chosen labour. We have doubtless in many cases failed to expound our subjects clearly and exhaustively ; perhaps, too, our sins of commission may have been as grievous as those of omission. But asking indulgence for all shortcomings, we appeal to that inborn love of fair play, which is the boast of our times, to give us credit for good intent and fearless defence of our ideals.

The most mischievous tendency of society is to confound general principles with individual merit, and to excuse oneself for disloyalty to these ideals on the score of shortcomings in individual representatives of those aspirations. In no movement of modern times has this been more viciously evident than in that which LUCIFER and its sister magazines represent. Frequently the aims and objects of the Theosophical movement have been quite ignored when it was a question of the merit or demerit of its conductors. Of course it would be but a waste of time to point out the inconsistency of those who would stretch it upon this bed of Procrustes, while ready to protest indignantly against the same test being applied to religious movements and scientific advancement. The immorality or virtue of a theosophical leader no more affects the truth of theosophical ideas, than the mendaciousness and dishonesty of Francis, Lord Bacon, do the intellectual value of the contents of his *opus magnum*. Theosophists are all aware of the fact that the birth and development of our Society trace back to alleged hidden springs of influence and surveillance. Yet the vitality of such a source neither adds to, nor depreciates in the smallest degree the value of the ideas, principles and facts which have been spread throughout the world within the past fifteen years through various literary channels, of which LUCIFER is one. That our magazine has not been partial, is shown in the fact that as occasion required we have criticized our own colleagues and co-members. In fact, one of our editors has not hesitated to censure the policy of

the *ad interim* conductors of her own magazine, the THEOSOPHIST of Madras.

If she has not held the torch nearer to certain American, French, English, German and Hindu members of the Society, it is because the sweet spirit of theosophical charity demands that time should be given to these well-wishers but weak-doers to discover their ignorance and cleanse themselves of the ferocious selfishness, narrow-mindedness and conceit which have made their playing at "the higher life" an almost comical travesty. With time and experience, most of the Pharisaism of our worthy colleagues, the self-appointed censors of contemporary morals, will fade out, and they will acquire safer standards by which to judge outsiders and especially their own colleagues.

If there is one thing that LUCIFER proposes to preach and enforce throughout the next year, more than any other subject, it is—CHARITY; unrelenting charity toward the shortcomings of one's neighbour, untiring charity with regard to the wants of one poorer than oneself. Charity is the scope of all theosophical teachings, the synthesis of all and every virtue. A person who exercises charity under this dual aspect, cannot be a bad man or woman, do what he may. We think with a certain philosopher that "it is proper that charity should flow out of a little purse, as well as out of a great sack," and with another writer, that one ought not to defer his charities till death. For "He who does so is rather liberal of another man's substance than his own," says Bacon. And how true and great these words of the eminent American poet, Joaquin Millar:

> "ALL YOU CAN HOLD IN YOUR COLD DEAD HAND,
> IS WHAT YOU HAVE GIVEN AWAY. . . . ."

Apart from this—the future lines of LUCIFER will be but a prolongation of those of the Past. We do not wish to persuade a single additional subscriber to register himself under any promise of occult teaching that is barred by the rules of mystical training. We shall not utter the last or even the penultimate word of mystery, nor give any pocket *Vade Mecum* which shall serve as a superterrestrial Bradshaw to excursionists in the Astral Light. Whosoever would

> ". . . . . trace
> The secrets of that starry race"

—must travel first along the lines of true Theosophy; and then only can he expect to break through the region of Mystery and the Supreme Knowledge.

We stand at the parting of the ways, where the one path leads down the acclivity to the dark valley of ignorance, and the other climbs upward toward the pure celestial level of being. For us, it is to utter the cry of warning and the word of encouragement; *he that hath ears to hear, let him hear*—AND BE WISE.

THE BARISÂL GUNS.

IT occasionally happens that our knowledge of the finer forces of Nature is increased by the researches of sceptical scientists who are working on quite another theory. They may be intending to prove a purely physical phenomenon, but find themselves confronted by a psychical revelation. If open to conviction, they may, like Prof. Hare, Prof. Gregory, Mr. Crookes, Prof. Zollner, Prof. Buchanan, and Mr. Wallace, step outside the circle of sciolism and become the brave defenders of occult truth; if the contrary, they remain Brewsters, Faradays, Carpenters, Huxleys and Tyndalls, that is to say, prejudiced adversaries of a spiritual truth for whose comprehension they lack aptitude. When, in 1840, Dr. Buchanan was told by Bishop Polk that the touching of a brass door-knob gave him a brassy taste in the mouth, the stupendous fact of psychometrical law sprang up in his mind, and he set to testing experimentally the theory. When Baron Von Reichenbach—until then merely a renowned metallurgical chemist—found that a certain patient in hospital was affected injuriously by lying with her head to the east or west, and suffered muscular spasms at the approach of a magnet, his great and open mind instantly set to work upon a line of research which gave the world his discovery of Odyle.

Conversely, it has frequently occurred that popular superstitions have been uprooted and destroyed upon scientific examination of their basic facts. And so, the wise investigator, mindful of both these circumstances, will suspend theory and avoid prejudice until he has got at the bottom of his subject.

Bacon's rule, we know, was this: "We have set it down as a law to ourselves to examine things to the bottom, and not to receive upon credit, or reject upon improbabilities, until there hath passed a due examination."

The mystery of what is known as "The Barisâl Guns" offers an excellent occasion to exemplify this sound principle. For the benefit of distant readers let me explain what are these "guns"; but first as to the locality of Barisâl. This is a small town on the western bank of the Beeghaye River, one of the numberless smaller channels of the sacred Ganges. As the crow flies, it is some 65 miles due north of the Bay of Bengal. Like the entire Gangetic Delta, the land about is flat, the surface only a few feet above the water level. There are no mountains, or even hills, indicated on the map until we come to the ranges to the north-east, which separate Bengal from Burma, and in which the place called Cherra Poonjee is distant from Barisâl in a straight line

about 195 miles. Due east, the Hill Tipperah district lies over 100 miles away from Barisâl, and there is a long and narrow hill bordering Sundeep Channel, which rises to the height only of 1,155 feet. The united delta of the Ganges and Brahmapootra covers a space of between 50,000 and 60,000 square miles. These physical features of the country must be kept in mind when speculating upon the acoustic phenomenon now to be described.

If the reader will turn to the September (1886) number of the *Theosophist*, he will find, in a note upon my official tour, the following :

"There occurs at Barisâl one of the most startling and hitherto inexplicable of nature's phenomena : it is called the " Barisâl Gun," and so mentioned in the History of Bakargunj District. Suddenly, without any antecedent atmospheric disturbance or other noticeable cause, there will come the sharp report of a heavy gun from the direction of the Bay of Bengal. Usually, it will be followed by six other reports equally loud. The phenomenon is most frequent in the monsoon and after a fall of rain, but its cause is a complete puzzle to all ; possibly it must be placed within the category of astral phenomena produced by elementals, etc."

This tentative hypothesis was, of course, suggested only after every physical theory put forward to account for the explosive sounds had been pondered and found wanting. The sounds, as I heard them at Barisâl, could only be compared to the booming of a heavy gun. I have had some experience, and ought to know a cannon-shot when I hear it. As I was leaving the hall where I had been lecturing, say at 8.45 p.m., the first report occurred—unmistakably a gun—and seemed to come from some point within the town limits. I fancied it at first the evening gun, until, upon looking at my watch, I saw it was full three-quarters of an hour later than the usual time, 8 o'clock. I had scarcely taken a few steps before there came a second report, and then successively five more at regular intervals, of about the same length. Surprised at this cannonade in such a quiet part of the Gangetic Delta, far from the sea and with no military cantonments near, I asked what it all meant. Then, for the first time in my life, I heard about the Barisâl Gun. Old men told me they had heard it from boyhood, and I learned that it was familiar to the inhabitants of Dacca, 75 miles to the northward, and was not unknown at Chittagong, which lies 100 miles to the eastward. Among my Barisâl friends were men of splendid education and bright intelligence, and with these I discussed the several theories propounded in connection with the sounds. Neither the hydraulic, pneumatic, seismic, nor electric seemed to meet the facts. What, then? Physical, apparently nothing ; if the guns were not made by the tide, the surf, the crumbling of river banks, the crash of tumbling cliffs, the impact of wind in caves or hill-corners, echoes reverberating from rocky sounding-boards, the escape of steam-puffs from submarine volcanoes, nor were electric detonations resulting from observable

causes, then what next hypothesis should be weighed by reason? My Barisâl friends had stopped just at this point; not caring to trouble themselves about a matter which habit had made as vulgarly familiar, as the dropping of apples had been to every lounger under English apple-trees, until one Newton made it the pivot for the sublimest theory ever conceived by a scientific man. One of the most learned of living Hindus, one whose name is known to every Orientalist in the Western world, once described to me what he had with his own eyes seen Hassan Khan Djinni, the famous sorcerer, do: his own watch, locked by himself in a cash-box, and that box put inside one or more larger boxes, each locked in turn, was instantaneously withdrawn into the juggler's hand, unharmed and still running. "Well?" I said, when Dr. R. had finished his story. "Well, what?" he rejoined. "What light did that throw into your mind about the occult laws of nature and powers in man?" "Pon my word, I did not follow it up. It simply seemed something unaccountable." "Sir," said I, "remember Newton's apple, and Franklin's kite. If modern Hindus are ignorant of that divine Vidya which was once universally appreciated and largely proved experimentally by their ancestors, it is because, like you, they are indifferent to the working of natural law, and live only for the social interests of the passing moment." I have been struck with this trait in connection with the Barisâl Gun mystery. The weird artillery has from time immemorial been firing its challenge to study its cause, and suggesting possible inferences of the deepest importance; yet without result. A physician once told me at Niagara that he had grown so accustomed to the roar of the falls, he now did not hear it unless somebody brought it to his attention; so also the Barisâl graduates pay so little heed to their mysterious cannonading, that the stranger gets conflicting reports from different inhabitants as to the number, frequency, and atmospheric concomitants of the guns. One of the brightest Hindus I know is Babu Aswini Kumar Datta, of Barisâl In response to my recent inquiries, he writes:

"The Barisâl Guns are a curious phenomenon. I have not yet been able to ascertain anything about them. The sounds are very irregular. Sometimes you hear 20 or 25 reports continuously; sometimes only 10 or 12. I have often heard the reports in clear weather. I never remember to have heard them when it was raining. They are neither preceded nor followed, as a rule, by downpours of rain. I heard them often in April. We don't hear them so often now [letter dated 12th July]. The sounds come from the south-west quarter." *

Most of the facts above noted are important. It is here seen (*a*) that

* I find in the *Hindoo Patriot* of 9th July the following paragraph:—

"Regarding the Barisâl Guns Mr. Waller, Magistrate of Khulna, writes:—It may interest those whose attention is directed to the subject to know that since the rain began to fall here on Wednesday afternoon there have been loud and frequent explosions heard of the kind called 'Barisâl Guns.' The sounds come from the south, and are heard sometimes by day, but mostly at night. As many as six explosions have followed rapidly one after the other. The sounds had not been heard for some time previously. The sounds resembled most nearly that which would be caused by a large heavy plank falling on to the floor of a large resonant empty building at a considerable distance."

there is no uniformity in the number of successive reports ; (*b*) that they occur in clear weather as well as rainy ; (*c*) that apparently they are not connected with a super-abundance of atmospheric moisture ; (*d*) that there is a certain season more favourable to them than another season ; and (*e*) that they come from a certain direction. The irregularity of the sounds would seem to suggest that they are not due to the boom of surf upon the beach along the Bay of Bengal ; their occurrence in dry weather, that they are not echoes of distant noises thrown back from the sky, like the roll of thunder ; and their greater frequency in the monsoon, that they are not persistent volcanic discharges, even if it were possible that any active marine volcano could go one month, let alone centuries, without being detected ! But why do they seem to come from the south-west ? There is no mountain-range to the west of Barisâl, that might reflect sound rippling or rushing towards it from the Bay : all is a flat, alluvial plain. Then, again, it is reported that at Kúkri Múkri, the most southerly island in the Bakarganj District, the sounds seem to come from out at sea, to the southward, and that "they are distinct from the noise of breakers or of the tide coming in." The natives say "it is the sound of the opening and shutting of Ravan's gates in the Island of Lanka" (Ceylon) ; but in his paper on the "Antiquities of Bagirhát" (*Journ. As. Soc., Beng.* 1867) Babu Gaurdás Bysack says that the popular explanation is that the cannonade is fired by aerial hands (of course, he means the elementals—*Devatas*) in honour of Khanja Ali or Khán Jáhan who was tehsildar of Bagirhát some 400 years ago. Mr. Beveridge, the Bakarganj historian, thinks the Ravan-gates theory at Kúkri Múkri "valuable, because it shows that the sound comes from the south." From the south, certainly, but from what nucleus or source to the southward ? Yet not always from the south : sometimes from the north and south-west. As an occultist, I think the Ravana theory quite as important as indicating, in connection with the Khán Jahán theory, the survival of tradition that the *Devatas* cause the guns, and that they are explosions, not in the grosser atmosphere, but in the *akaz*. Since we have nothing better than several physical hypotheses, each more inapplicable than the other to the actual facts, I think we may venture to put in our vote to, at least, consider the occult aspect of the question.

The occasion for the present essay is the fact that the Asiatic Society of Bengal has decided to try and solve the puzzle of the Barisâl Gun, and that the Honorary Secretary has done me the honour to accept the assistance I offered when I heard that the enquiry was on foot. Even before leaving Barisâl, in August last, I had arranged with an amiable Catholic friar there for a series of daily observations and records throughout an entire year, so that we might try to get some light upon the phenomenon ; but he was unfortunately transferred soon after to another station. In connection with the enquiry in question, Lt.-Col.

Waterhouse, B. S. C., has issued a valuable and exhaustive pamphlet embodying all hitherto-observed facts and theories put forth upon the subject of the guns. A map of the Gangetic Delta which accompanies it, adds greatly to its value. Among other theories, Mr. Beveridge's connecting the sounds with "that curious submarine depression in front of Jessore and Bakarganj which is known by the name of the "'Swash-of-no-ground,'" may, I think, be set aside unceremoniously. The depression, we are told by Commander Carpenter, R.N., of the Marine Survey, is caused by the convergence towards this region of all the channels through the shoals formed off the mouths of all the rivers of the Delta: hence, the theory of the reports being subterraneous explosions finding vent and sound through an extinct submarine volcano there, is quite untenable. If they invariably came from that spot, the thing would have a different look, but at Bagirhát which is due west from Barisâl, they are often heard coming from the north, the quarter of Fureedpur, whereas at Fureedpur they are heard as if from the south.

It is an undoubted fact that sounds like cannon-shots sometimes accompany severe earthquakes. For example, I find in *Nature* for June 28th 1888, the following narrative of an earthquake in the same month:

"A severe shock of earthquake was felt in the Hernö, an island in the Baltic, on June 7th at 7.24 a.m. Houses shook and furniture moved. The shock went in a direction north-north-west (N.N.W.) At the Lungö Lighthouse the shock was felt at 9.50, and was accompanied by a detonation like that of heavy artillery. Here the shock went in a direction N.E. to S.W. The shock was also felt in the town of Hernösand."

So, also, the like detonations are observed in movements of floe-ice. Arctic explorers describe the noise of the breaking up of the ice-fields as making a series of detonations like the roar of artillery. The same number of *Nature* contains the following paragraph:

"Advices from the fishing-village of Kerschkaranza, in the Kola Peninsula, on the White Sea, state that on January 5th, a curious and destructive phenomenon occurred there. At 4 a.m. the inhabitants were awakened by a peculiar, dull, heavy detonation like that of distant artillery. Piled up to a height of several hundred feet, the ice—in consequence, no doubt of the enormous pressure of the ocean-ice without—was seen to begin moving from the north-west towards the shore. The gigantic ice-wall moved irresistibly forward and soon reached the shore of the village, which it completely buried, the ice extending a mile inland. The forward movement of the ice lasted four hours.

This is all definite and void of mystery: in both earthquake and ice-floe we have the sounds of cannon firing imitated, but we know they come from these two physical disturbances. But where is the earthquake or ice-field that fires the salvo of the Barisâl Guns? Mr. Medlicott, one of the observers quoted in Col. Waterhouse's paper, heard the sounds at Cherra Punji, which hill-station is, as above noted, some 200 miles north

of the Bay of Bengal ; and Col. W. suggests that those reports "would appear more probably connected with volcanic or seismic agency than with any water-borne sounds." Yet we are not in possession of any records of the occurrence of earthquakes in that hill-range *coincidently with the mysterious detonations* at Cherra Punji, hence it is quite an unwarranted proceeding to put forward the theory of possible seismic action to account for them. And do not let us forget that these sounds have been familiar to the living generation from their earliest recollections, and are traditionally traced back through four centuries. Would the learned Colonel Waterhouse wish us to adopt the extremely unlikely notion that unrecorded and unsuspected seismic convulsions have been firing Barisâl Guns at Cherra Punji from time immemorial ?

So, we see, the laws of acoustics seem to suggest no solution of the mystery. One obscure fact is highly puzzling, viz. the guns will be heard at a given place, but not at places just in its vicinity. This is noticed at Bagirhât. And they are more audible there *when the sky is clear and the weather fair* than in stormy weather.

Twenty observers give a score of theories, some very foolish. For example, one is that the crumbling of the river-banks may make the cannonade. Well, I can only say that I have twice made the trip from Khulna to Barisâl and return, and once that from Chittagong *viâ* Noakhali to Barisâl ; have seen the mud banks slump into the water ; and they made no noise that could be heard at a distance of 100 yards. And would any one have us believe that a crumbling of banks five or ten feet high is going on so consecutively and uproariously as to imitate the report of a forty-pounder cannon ! Let us hope that the systematized observations now undertaken by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, with the possible help of Government, and covering both sides of the head of the Bay of Bengal, from Belasore to Diamond Island, and the whole enclosed area of the Gangetic Delta, may result in a solution of the problem. Any reader of this magazine within the territory indicated who may be willing to assist, should communicate with the Honorary Secretary of the Asiatic Society, 57 Park Street, Calcutta, and apply for the printed forms.

Colonel Waterhouse summarizes in his instructive paper the several theories of the guns as follows :

(I.) *The breaking of enormous surf rollers on the shores of the upper part of the Bay of Bengal : the sound of this travelling inland along the surface of the rivers, and to long distances under the favourable atmospheric conditions of the S. W. monsoon.*

This theory is scientifically insufficient to account for the cannonading in even a single place, to say nothing of many places. We have, firstly, the irregularity in the reports—sometimes one gun, sometimes seven, and again a dozen, twenty, or more. In the monsoon the wind blows from a fixed quarter, and if the sonorous waves are travelling thence

towards the observer, then they ought—unless it is a case of Echoes—to be heard successively all along the track. We have seen however that the guns will be heard at some one locality, but not at others close by. Then the boom of surf is monotonously consecutive; whether loud or dull it matters not. It requires a fixed time for the wave to rise and dash upon the beach; one may time the rhythm by the watch; and so long as the storm lasts and the wind blows from the same quarter, so long will the surf-beats follow each other in their rhythmic measure. At the moment of writing I hear the surf rolling upon the Adyar beach, a half mile away, and not the wildest imagination would note any resemblance to the eight o'clock gun which just now was fired at Fort St. George, four miles away. Now the Barisâl Guns I heard at Barisâl sounded as if fired a half mile from my point of observation; and though I have listened to the surf in various parts of the world, I never heard any that resembled a cannon-shot, though some say they have where surges were plunging into cavernous cliffs. But no observer has, to my recollection, recorded the fact that such marine salvos would resound a few times and then suddenly cease, notwithstanding that the swell of angry ocean continued and the winds still blew as hard as before from the same quarter and in the same direction!

(II.) *The breaking down of the banks of the rivers in the vicinity of places where they are heard.*

Considering that these river-banks are of alluvium and but a few feet high, and that their erosion is never known to occur rhythmically, nor ever, save when rivers are in flood, this theory may be passed.

(III.) *The firing of bombs or guns on the occasion of marriages.*

Bosh!

(IV.) *Subterranean or sub-aqueous volcanic or seismic agencies.*

No evidence supports this conjecture. There are no such reports from the Marine Survey Department; from navigators—to whom the Bay is as familiar, almost, as the streets of their native town or village; nor from the swarms of fishermen who are constantly going over the ground. Referring to the supposition of Capt. Stewart that the sounds have some connection with the "Swash-of-no-ground," and rejecting as unfounded the theory that it is the crater of an extinct volcano, Col. Waterhouse says, "it would be most important to have further observations as to the state of the sea during the monsoon over this depression, and whether the contending currents (in the sea) cause such disturbance as would produce explosive sounds loud enough to be heard miles inland." But I would ask the learned gentleman what importance attaches to the conflict of ocean-currents capable of making such detonations as the Barisâl Guns, unless the recurrence of the sounds were as continuous and rhythmic as the clash of the currents would be. If they—the latter—go on night and day the same throughout the monsoon, and the wind blows almost constantly from the Swash towards the Delta, then the guns should also

be persistent and not intermittent as they are ; no two days giving the same number of guns nor reports of the same loudness. And, again, in what other delta, in any other part of the world, do people hear Barisâl Guns, though the same conditions prevail of mighty rivers entering the sea by many channels, and through alluvial plains? If the portions of the Gangetic Delta where these sounds have been heard were walled in by an amphitheatre of hills of the right conformation to act as reverberators, one might fancy it worth while to consider the theory that the explosions were traceable to the motions of the sea. But, save the low range of hills of Arrakan and Akyab to the eastward, and a right angle with them formed by the lower ranges of the Himalayas, the physical aspect of the Delta is an enormous plain, absolutely flat, with no hills to modify, repeat, reflect, or deflect sonorous waves, and intersected by a network of streams and water-courses.

(V.) *Atmospheric electricity.*

This theory is ruled out like the others by Col. Waterhouse ; and very properly, in my humble opinion. We have learnt enough about electricity by this time to be sure that it is not going about the world firing ghostly salvoes in sheer sport. When there are electric detonations, we are at no loss to trace them to their source in some atmospheric disturbance : for, whatever may be the state of the earth electrically, these phenomena require for their development a complementary state of the atmosphere. None of the observers report any facts tending to show such a connection of opposite polarities in the present instance, though two or three offered general theoretical guesses that the guns may be an electrical phenomenon.

Col. Waterhouse sums up the case in the following terms :

> " In the present very imperfect state of our knowledge regarding this mysterious phenomenon, it is impossible to form any decided opinion as to its cause, though from the evidence it would appear that the balance of probability favours the connection of the sounds in some way with the sea; the sodden state of the soil, the vapour-laden state of the atmosphere, and the direction of the wind being exceptionally favourable for the transmission of such sounds, which seem to be heard most frequently at times of the year when the sea is at its highest, and the contending influences of the river floods against wind and tides strongest. At the same time, some of the evidence seems to decidedly negative this theory, and it is quite possible that more causes than one may be active in producing similar sounds. The more or less intimate connection of the sounds with the river system of the Delta also seems to be established, but whence the sounds proceed there is nothing to show."

In his " Natural Magic," Sir David Brewster gives some interesting facts in regard to sound. On the extended heath, he says, where there are no solid objects capable of reflecting or modifying sound—the peculiarity of the Gangetic Delta—the sportsman must frequently have noticed the unaccountable variety of sounds which are produced by the report of his fowling-piece. Sometimes they are flat and prolonged, at other times short and sharp, and sometimes the noise is so strange that

it is referred to some mistake in the loading of the gun. These variations arise entirely from the state of the air, and from the nature and proximity of the superjacent clouds. In pure air of uniform density the sound is sharp and soon over, as the undulations of the air advance without any interrupting obstacle. In a foggy atmosphere, or where the vapours produced by heat are seen dancing as it were in the air, the sound is dull and prolonged, and when these clouds are immediately overhead, a succession of echoes from them produces a continued or reverberating sound. When the French astronomers were determining the velocity of sound by firing great guns, they observed that the report was always single and sharp under a perfectly clear sky, but indistinct, and attended by a long continued roll like thunder, when a cloud covered a considerable part of the horizon. This being so, the Barisâl salvoes should, in the monsoon, be changed from the sharp boom of a cannon to a rumbling like thunder, provided that they are caused by either of the agencies suggested in the several theories above. And like the rumble of thunder, if heard at one place, they should be so also at all points in the neighbourhood. The boom of great guns has been heard at distances of from 120 to 200 miles; but for such an acoustic phenomenon there is required a stretch of hard and dry ground of an uniform character, or one where a thin soil rests upon a continuous stratum of rock. Do we find any of these physical conditions in and about Barisâl? Again: they cannot be echoes, as some suppose, for there is no smooth rocky acclivity athwart the Delta to reflect a sonorous wave travelling northward from the Bay of Bengal. And for a gunshot to be heard as an echo at Barisâl, a monster cannon would have to be fired a short distance just due south of the observer, and the sound travel northward at the velocity of 1,090 feet in a second, until it met and was reflected back to him by a smooth perpendicular wall or hill. Moreover, it is a law of acoustics that the waves of sound are enfeebled by reflexion from ordinary surfaces, and the echo is in such cases feebler than the original sound. On the other hand, if the reflecting surface is circular, sound may be condensed and rendered stronger in the same manner as light. (*Nat. Mag.* 224.) Where is the circular reflecting barrier to the north of Barisâl and Furidpore standing athwart the line of travel of a sound-wave coming from the "Swash-of-no-Ground"? And if there were any—which there is not—why are the guns heard sporadically, in varying number, while the sound-waves should be flowing continuously and persistently northward from the Swash, day and night throughout the monsoon, each wave capable of causing its distinct echo by reflexion? I think we may "pass" on this echo theory.

And now, that the ground is cleared for the Asiatic Society's observers, by disposing of all the weak theories heretofore put forward to account for this unique phenomenon of the Barisâl Guns, I cannot give a better idea of the depth of the mystery, and the scheme in view for its solution,

than by copying *verbatim* the circular kindly sent me by the Honorary Secretary. It reads as follows :—

"V. Observers at river stations should note any unusual floods, bores, high or low tides, or any other occurrence which might be the cause of banks falling in or otherwise might be connected with the occurrence of the sounds.

VI. The forms overleaf should be filled up while recollection is fresh, and forwarded immediately to the Secretary, Asiatic Society, by whom more forms will be supplied if required.

VII. Besides recording current observations, observers who have heard these sounds would oblige by giving any information they can as to the locality ; the circumstances under which the sounds were heard ; their character and direction, and the causes to which the observer would attribute them. Also as to :—

(*a.*) The time of day or night and season of the year at which they were heard most frequently, and whether they were always from the same direction.

(*b.*) The farthest place inland at which the observer has heard them or knows *personally* of their having been heard, and at what time of year.

Observations of Barisâl Guns.

Place of observation. Height above mean sea-level and nature of surrounding country.

Date—month—day—year.

Time of day.

Character of the sounds.

Duration of intervals between the sounds ; and whether regular or no.

Total duration of the sounds.

Direction from which the sounds appeared to come.

Direction and strength of the wind at the time of observation.

State of the weather at the time of observation. Sky cloudy or clear ?

State of the weather during the previous 24 hours.

Whether rain has fallen at or about the time when the sounds were heard, and, if so, how much and at what period ?

Were electrical disturbances or thunder observed either locally or at a distance, before or after, or at the time of the occurrence of the sounds ?

If thunder was observed, did the sounds appear to come from the direction of the storm ?

State of the sea at coast stations, with reference to the breaking of surf-rollers.

Bores, floods, or specially high or low tides at River stations. The state of the tide at the time the sounds were heard.

Any other fact or occurrence at the time which strikes the observer as important.

Cause to which the observer believes the sounds may be attributed."

Though a professed amateur of occult science, it has ever been my habit, when studying any supposed psychical phenomenon, to first consider and dispose of every physical hypothesis that may seem pertinent. Readers of my book "People from the Other World" will recollect my laying down that rule for my guidance in my inquiry into the Eddy "materialisation" wonders.

The spirit which actuated me then does so now, and I could not better define the temper in which the Asiatic Society should approach the present subject than in these words, which are taken from the Preface to the book in question :

"Much as the author desires to see this subject inquired into by men of scientific attainments, he could regard it as only a misfortune if they should set out with a disposition to prescribe impossible conditions. Before they reach the point where they would have the right to dictate their own terms, it would be necessary for them to make many observations, collect many data, and inform themselves about many things of which they are necessarily ignorant. . . Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., says, in his pamphlet entitled *A Defence of Modern Spiritualism*, that 'scientific men almost invariably assume that, in this inquiry, they should be permitted to impose conditions; and if, under such conditions, nothing happens, they consider it a proof of imposture or delusion. But they well know that, in all other branches of research, Nature, not they, determines the essential conditions, without a compliance with which no experiment will succeed. These conditions have to be learnt by a patient questioning of Nature, and they are different for each branch of science. How much more may they be expected to differ in an inquiry which deals with subtle forces of the nature of which the physicist is wholly and absolutely ignorant! To ask to be allowed to deal with these unknown phenomena, as he has hitherto dealt with known phenomena, is practically to prejudge the question, since it assumes that both are governed by the same laws'."

I have tried to be loyal to science in the present instance, and am open to correction if I have failed to present the exoteric side of the case with perfectly impartiality. I am prepared to learn that the inquiry begun by the Asiatic Society of Bengal has resulted in tracing this acoustic marvel of the centuries to a purely physical cause. I am also prepared to hear of the utter failure of the inquest and the discomfiture of the materialistic party.

The weak point in their tactics is that the possible alternative of the phenomenon having an occult cause back of the simply physical agency or agencies, employed by the masked operators, is completely ignored by the Committee in charge of the research. For all that is to be seen in their Circular, one would never suspect that such a thing as an occult phenomenon had ever happened. Some of the observers quoted in Colonel Waterhouse's pamphlet are Hindus—Babus Gaurdás Bysack, P. N. Mittra, and B. C. Chatterji—yet neither ventures a word in favor of the *superstitious* theory of the poor, benighted natives of Bagirhát, that the salutes are "fired by aerial hands," or that of the Maghs of Kúkri Múkri, that the noise is that of the slamming of the brazen gates of the Palace of Ravana. Perhaps such theories are not embraced in the B. Sc. course at Calcutta University, and, therefore, are unthinkable for any Hindu with a decent regard for the honour of his ancestors!

It seems to me—who am not a Hindu (this time) but only a believer in the Aryans and their wisdom—more than likely that the Barisâl Guns are occult phenomena, that the *Devatas*, or nature-spirits, are the artillerymen, and that possibly the thing traces back to some awful tragedy in or near the Gangetic Delta. About such astral detonations, in quality if not degree, there is a mass of accessible testimony in European books; but, as no more space can be spared in the present number of the magazine for enlargement upon the topic, I shall reserve for a future number what can be said on the occult side of the question. Our friends, the spiritualists, should be interested, as the discussion will have to deal with their own familiar phenomena.

H. S. OLCOTT.

DEATH.

AT every active moment of our lives, in moments of pain or pleasure, even then Death lies doggedly in our future, waiting the moment when we approach near enough for him to grasp and devour us. With some people Death is the great terror of their lives. These are not necessarily "nervous" people in the ordinary sense; possibly they are very brave, and in a moment of excitement would forget their fear of Death entirely. But it is indeed surprising how men of this calibre will let the dread of Death haunt them, sit at their feasts, and accompany them into the dark hours of the night. A man of this sort, honest, straightforward, but entirely a man of the world, once candidly expressed himself in this manner: "I am afraid to die, because I have done so many bad deeds that I am sure to go to hell." It appeared on further talk that he owned no religion, had no idea of Heaven or a state of reward, but only one fixed conception of an immortal state—one in which he would be punished for his sins on earth. This is the one terror of a keenly active nature, with a great deal of good in it, and an intellect overtopping others on the ordinary plane, but with no power of thought on things eternal. He is, perhaps, an advance on the ordinary man of the world, who says quietly to himself, with a little shudder, sometimes: "I'll have to die like other people; it is too detestable to think of; but I'll not say a word about it, and die game. Meantime I will enjoy myself." The opposite extreme of feeling is reached in Keats' phrase of "Easeful Death." Such a glad, soft word is unintelligible to most people when applied to Death. And, indeed, it is an instance of the fact in occultism that pleasure and pain do, after a certain point of feeling, become the same. Death is painful; it is unpleasant; it is even horrible in its grimmer aspects. And Keats, who, like all great poets, had suffered all things in his short span of life, knew well that by the side of many forms of living, Death is indeed "easeful." The supreme characteristic of Death is its silence; this is the most vivid horror it brings to those who lose one they love; it is the secret of the tempting power Death holds out to those who suffer keenly, to whom life is full of pain because of the reverberating thought, the echo in the mind, the longing for knowledge which never can be satisfied—never!

"Master," says the neophyte to the Wise one, "is it true that the hunger for knowledge can never be satisfied?"

The Wise One: "It is not you who ask me that, for you are too sensible to do so. It is Servus who has uttered it as a truism, and you have passed it on to me as a question."

The Neophyte: "Yes."

The Wise One: "Then I will answer you, Servus. The souls of great poets have all their knowledge hidden within them. In their passage through life and through death it comes to them; or, I should say, in their passage through many lives and many deaths they suddenly blossom and retire from the life of the world, for which they are now too great. But what I have just said opens up another subject; one which to us can never be separated from Death."

Servus: the slave of the world: "You mean re-birth, or rather, re-incarnation? But is there not a distinction in your use of these words?"

The Wise One: "Most certainly. Re-birth is a negative word, which, when used by an Occultist, acquires a meaning different from what it ordinarily bears. With us it means that moment, which comes to some men either in life or in the shades of death, which makes of them new men. Re-incarnation is, of course, simply the passage from one earth-form to another. *Those who are indeed reborn* are freed from re-incarnation."

Servus: "And do you not hold your place here, as teacher in this temple, as being one who is reborn in this sense?"

The Wise One: "Not so. Those who reach this state cannot approach the world."

Servus: "Then we of the world can never be taught by those who know?"

The Wise One: "I, who endure your scoffs and insults, reached knowledge by my patience. It is given to all to approach knowledge, but some, alas, advance like the tortoise. My son, let us enter the temple."

The Wise One and the Neophyte enter the temple, where are a little crowd of other neophytes waiting for their master. And Servus, without, in the temple garden, sits lazily in the strong sun and watches a lizard. Presently he looks up at the temple. He knows that within there is a discussion of thought which chills him, even though its margin attracts him intellectually. A feeling comes over him that the knowledge of which this temple is a symbol is handed on from race to race, till the races themselves fall under a greater law. The thought dwarfs him, makes him of no importance even to himself, and hurriedly he arises and goes down the hillside to the city.

We are such pigmies that, as a rule, great thought dwarfs us and we resent it; or we succeed in dwarfing it by the vulgar "Hobson Newcome" method of refusing to believe in any other possibilities in it save those evident to ourselves. To the Hobson Newcomes of the world death is a thing to be put off as long as possible, and then to be met with decency. He might pull a wry face sometimes when, in walking to the City of a morning, he got some gentle reminder that man is mortal,

and his thoughts of death are simply a picture-like vision of himself in the four-post bed at home, Maria, his wife, crying bitterly over him, and a doctor at his side. He cannot think any further about himself; his mind wanders to Maria, and how much she cries over trifles, and how wet weather is good for transplanting, and she will certainly marry again; then he wonders can he do any more in his will to make the young 'uns safe—but there, he is at his office, and with the sight of its pleasant face all unpleasant thoughts vanish.

Death is one of the facts in our lives which stands like a great thought, sublime and mysterious, at the end of our walk. Yet thus can men rob the figure of its majesty and clothe it, in their own minds, with the order of things familiar to them. Blindly they go on, till one day they are tripped up, and the others of his sort say, "Poor old fellow!" and go on just the same without him.

To the sick man, worn out by suffering, death comes as a relief; but this only means physical rest from endurance and weariness too great for thought. Death is always terrible and grim, save to those strange brilliant souls, too great for incarnation, to whom it comes as "easeful." O, flame of the poet's soul, which escapes from the earth and the grass, though feeling them not unfriendly; escapes to go on learning its fierce, passionate, beautiful lessons of pleasure and pain, till at last it stands purified and powerful.

Death may be transformed and made into a beautiful thing, to the minds of the people. Mr. Balfour is simply making martyrs by his imprisonments. Mr. Dillon, languishing in his prison, must know that if he dies every countryman of his, in every country, will raise him to the rank of the martyrs, weep bitter tears to his memory, and doubly hate the Government which does such deeds.

Thus there are many modes of regarding death, but to quote Matthew Arnold's great line, the constant quotation of which shows how bitter and well-known is the truth it contains, "We mortal millions live alone."

These modes of regarding death are only mental, and generally belong to men in groups. Hobson Newcome will forget all about Maria and the children when he finds the fell hand upon his throat. To him it will mean only fear. But there are others who meet it differently. It has all sorts of meanings to the changeful minds of men; rest, without questioning; Heaven, without reproach; Hell, with remorse added; hope of a better and more beautiful existence than any known of in this world. But among them all, undisturbed passes the occultist, who knows death to be only a gateway, and its terrible silence to be only the shutting of the gate. He knows, too, that with him lies the choice of his path when the gate is shut on sensation for the precious brief moment of after-death.

The Wise One (coming from the temple with his pupils): "See—the sun is setting. What do we know of it till it rises again? What

an emblem this is. But for the moment apply it to the subject we have been talking of. Death thus pushes man from consciousness, as the sun leaves us in darkness. But the light returns. Resurrection is everywhere—here at our feet, where last summer's flowers bloom again."

The Neophyte: "Rebirth then must come of itself."

The Wise One: "Yes, in æons. But he who desires it now must make a supreme effort of growth."

MABEL COLLINS.

LIGHT FOR ITALY.

AMONG all the countries of Europe there is perhaps none upon which the curse of priestcraft and superstition is resting heavier than upon Italy, the land of beauty and art. It is true that the political changes, which have taken place in that country within the past ten years, have done a great deal to remove from the minds of the populace that awe and terror with which they regarded those who, backed up by the authority of the state, claimed to have a right to rule over the consciences of men, pretending to be in possession of divine powers and to stand in that place which rightfully belongs only to God—*i.e.*, the divine spirit in Man. National heroes, such as Mazzini, Garibaldi, etc., have done much to weaken the power which theology had acquired over the state; but in all matters that belong to religion and the salvation of souls, priestcraft still claims its monopoly, and while the citizen despises the person of the priest, in whom he recognises an ignorant and arrogant mountebank, he still obeys his orders in spiritual affairs, for fear of losing some of the imaginary benefits arising from the imaginary authority of the church.

The reason why the average Italian, with all his desire for freedom, has not become more enlightened and is still in bondage to clerical vampires, is because all attempts to drive away darkness will be useless unless the darkness is displaced by light. Those who are most ready to denounce all Medicine as humbug and quackery are usually the first to run after doctors and druggists as soon as they feel a pain, and those who denounce the ignorance of the priests are often only too ready to ask for their aid and advice when the time comes to take leave of this life. Thus the foundation of the church, composed of ignorance of the laws of nature and love of the personal self, will remain solid and the demon

of priestcraft will rule until ignorance is dispelled by knowledge, and the love of self driven away by the love of the divinity in all mankind.

At last the time for such a distribution of Light seems to have arrived; for in the midst of an atmosphere thickened by the evil and superstitious thoughts, arising from bigoted brains, a light has been kindled, which promises to send its beneficent rays into the darkest corners where the demons of clerical arrogance are still holding high carnival. A number of spiritually minded men and women have resolved to establish a "head centre for Theosophy" or a "Rosicrucian monastery" after the pattern described in a little book entitled, "Among the Rosicrucians," and the place selected is on the borders of one of the beautiful Italian lakes.

For obvious reasons it is not desirable that the name of the locality of this institution should for the present be publicly known; but its situation is all that could possibly be desired. In the midst of vine-clad hills and surrounded by towering mountains, the scenery is at once beautiful and sublime; the steamers on the lake and the railroads afford ready means for communication with all parts of Europe. There are valleys which are comparatively unknown to the tourist, and inaccessible mountain tops, over which the thoughts may wander, lifting the soul up to the bright ethereal sky. This is the country of flowers and fruit, of dark forests and shadowy glens, of sunlight and poetry.

The house occupied by our fraternity is far more luxurious than would be expected in a place whose inhabitants care nothing for luxury. It contains over thirty rooms, which are furnished not only in elegant, but in almost extravagant style; each piece of furniture in the same room being of the same colour, harmonizing with the curtains and draperies. There is a large garden and vineyard, shadowy trees and an endless variety of walks, overshadowed by grape-vines and trees. It may be said that luxury is incompatible with spiritual development; but if the heart does not cling to such illusions, they will not affect the mind. If I care nothing for a gilded table, the fact of its being gilded will not be an obstacle for my thoughts.

It may also appear surprising that ladies, some of them being young and beautiful, have been proposed for membership in this community; but the true occultist sees in a woman—not the animal form—but the indwelling spirit, and if that spirit is strong and intelligent and beautiful, it matters little whether it is expressed in a beautiful or not beautiful form. The female element is as necessary to attain perfection as the male one, and in the absence of all temptation there is no opportunity to develop strength. Those who do not dare to come into the presence of a woman without running the risk of being overpowered by their sensuality are very weak indeed. Want of resistance and solitude breeds monkish imbecility and encourages a disordered imagination.

This institution must not be confounded with those sectarian orders, in

which men and women enter to have a life of ease, or to conquer their passions, or to obtain a reserved seat in heaven. The inhabitants of this "convent" are supposed to employ all their energies for the purpose of spreading the light of intelligence and to induce mankind to think; they are supposed to have already conquered their passions and to be able to resist the external attraction of sex; they are believed to occupy already that seat in "heaven," from which they can survey calmly the phantasmagoria of human illusions with their imaginary joys and ills, and to be able to regulate themselves the slides in the magic lantern, by which the images may be changed; so that spiritual thought will take the place of sensuality.

Will they accomplish their mission? All the external conditions are present to make the enterprise a success; all that is necessary is to find the proper kind of persons to co-operate in this object. Some of the best writers have promised their aid, the translation of "Magic" and other books into the Italian language has already begun, and it is proposed that a journal shall be published.

The members of this association would gladly welcome to their home every one who is a Theosophist, not merely in name, but in fact; but it is necessary that such should at their entrance leave all evil thoughts behind; that they should be neither querulous nor ambitious, nor be obsessed by prejudices or passions of any kind; for the object of this society is not to educate its members to become occultists, but to take such as have already seen the Light and who know how to serve the true interests of humanity.

The management of this institution rests entirely in the hands of its members, who reside at the "home," and no one is accepted as a member who has not given sufficient proof of his capability and usefulness; but every lover of progress may become an associate, and after being invited, come and remain at the place, subject to the rules and regulations that have been established for that purpose.

This institution is not a secret society, and does not propose to work "in the dark"; but it does not seek notoriety, nor does it wish to excite the curiosity of the unthinking public. The above described outlines will, therefore, be sufficient to awaken the interest of those who are desirous for the progress of humanity, and to call for the sympathy of every lover of Truth.

FRANZ HARTMANN.

Like an earthen vessel, easy to break, hard to re-unite, are the wicked—the good are like vessels of gold, hard to break and quickly united.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

VERY queer indeed this adventure of mine, when I think of it. What was it; a hallucination, or was I hypnotized? Was I simply beguiled by a dream, or can it be . . . . that all that I have seen and heard, I saw and heard it in the restless and tale-telling waves, of what is called by my friends, the "astral light" . . . ?

For the life of me I cannot tell! But what I do know and affirm is, that what I saw and heard, on that memorable noon, was as vivid and as real for me as life itself.

Well, hear what it was, and then judge for yourselves.

First of all, however, the reader has to get acquainted with me. Let him know, then, that I am a woman who has long since passed the prime of life, but who is nevertheless of a very inquisitive and even enterprising nature. Though a tolerably old traveller, I have never visited London before, and see it now for the first time. Add to this that my visit is to be a very short one, and my anxiety and feverish interest to see all worth seeing in the great metropolis becomes quite natural. The truth is that I have always been a fervent student of English history and literature, and even of English life, and this accounts still further for my great interest in the Modern Babylon and its ways. And so here I am, for a little over a month, wandering, "Baedecker" in hand, from early morn till dusk, often by myself—a fact I have had no opportunity of regretting. Very well satisfied with London sights and London wonders, I am no less pleased with its citizens. For, although my "Guide-Book" is of great use to me in general, still I am often compelled to ask my way of the people I meet; and I have always found them most obliging and ready to furnish me with any information I wanted.

But on the memorable day of my visit to the Tower, I had a Russian gentleman with me, who had offered a few days before to become my guide. He was a countryman of mine and seemed well acquainted with England and its metropolis. He had thus become my *cicerone* and companion for several consecutive days.

And very pleasant they were indeed, these few days. We made the most of them in excursions to parks, palaces, museums, picture galleries, and historical places. For a week or so we lived mostly in the Past, keeping company with British Kings and Queens, their statesmen and court-ladies; poking irreverently our fingers at every great man of England and passing impudent remarks on once crowned heads, under their very

noses. *Sic transit gloria.* It was a motley crowd, passed away long centuries ago, and pretty well forgotten by this time.

It so happened that with all our incessant ramblings we had not yet visited the Tower. Nor was it quite unintentional—not on my part, at any rate. Of late I had indulged in the pleasant occupation of refreshing my memory every night by reading about the places we intended to visit on the next day. I was in search of a book which I had read and very much enjoyed years ago—Dixon's "Story of the Tower," its inmates and their acts and deeds. But, as fate would have it, I could not lay my hand on it. The days, however, that my companion, the Russian gentleman could spare for sight-seeing were drawing to an end, and so we had no time to lose.

Of this fact I was assured by himself on one bright August morning, when, owing to some wandering whim of his, we found ourselves standing on a very uninteresting spot on the right bank of the Thames. It was quite near the old St. Olave's Street, corrupted of late into the meaningless Tooley Street. Just in front of us, on the opposite bank of the river, arose the massive and gloomy walls of that ancient structure, which had been once a palace, then a state-prison full of dark dungeons, a fortress, and had now become an arsenal and a treasury ward of the old relics and emblems of royalty—the venerable old Tower, in short.

"Would you mind going there straight and by the shortest cut?" asked my companion.

"I have no objection to it," I replied, "But how about the means of transit? The nearest bridge is still a good way off; and this does not seem a favourite place of resort for either 'bus, cab or hansom. . . . This is an out-of-the-way corner, I fear. . . . Unfortunately, I already feel sufficiently tired, as it is; and, you know, one should not feel quite exhausted if one would visit the Tower. What can we do, do you think?"

"A very simple thing, indeed," laughed my friend. "We must proceed right to the Tower as the bee flies, and without stopping to look out for bridges, or waiting for cabs."

"What can you mean, with this river before us? . . . Surely you are not St. Peter, to attempt walking on the waters? I am not!"

"Very likely you are not. But follow me, and if you do, I promise to lead you straight under the walls of the Tower." . . . And, without waiting for an answer, my obstinate companion moved on.

I had no choice, it seemed, and did the same, though greatly perplexed as to what he was going to do.

The lane we had entered was narrow, dirty, and very muddy. I had to move on with the greatest caution and care, lest I should carry away on my skirts some very undesirable memorial of my passage through it. Thus, picking up my dress the best way I could, I was slowly moving in a true labyrinth of garbage, while my *cicerone* was hurrying away at

full speed. I thought it really unkind of him to force me to lose my breath on such a hot day, and leaving me helplessly ignorant where he was leading me to.

Suddenly the lane came to an end. My guide turned abruptly round the corner, and when I had done the same, he had disappeared!

"Good gracious!" I cried, considerably alarmed at this unexpected exit. "Where are you; and where have you gone to?"

"Come! come! and have no fear! You are safe enough if you only follow me!" came his merry reply from some underground regions.

So there I stood on the brink of a large black hole over a winding staircase, disappearing in depths unknown.

"Are you coming?" he cried. "Now don't be a coward, and come bravely down. . . . What are you waiting for?"

"Surely I have some right to hesitate, when you may be leading me on to my death, for all I know. . . . What is this pit?"

For all answer I again heard a merry laugh. Then came the sound of quick footsteps, which soon died away in the distance. What could I do in such an emergency but pick up my skirts still more carefully, and catching hold, with a feeling of very natural squeamishness, of the dirty, damp and rust-eaten iron railing, descend the steep winding stairway?

"He must know best, after all," was my helpless, self-encouraging thought, as I cautiously descended, counting meanwhile the steps. . . . "One, two, three—ten—twenty—fifty! Good Heavens, seventy! . . . Ninety! Oh, Goodness!" I exclaimed, "is there ever to be an end to this?"

"Most assuredly; and here we are," replied the well-known mocking voice. "Only ninety-six steps, after all. . . . A good deal less than we should have to descend were we going down from the top of the Great Pyramid, say. Why should you make such a fuss over it? There! we have arrived and now we may go on again."

"Go on, indeed! We have arrived, and we may go on; admirable and most comforting logic. But where, pray, are we going on to?"

Here I was suddenly silenced and remained awestruck. My guide's form was scarcely visible in the thick gloom of a large iron tube very imperfectly lit by a row of gas burners, whose unbroken line became fainter and fainter as the golden thread of lights became low in the dim, mysterious depths of the tunnel.

We hurried on through this strange subterranean passage surrounded by its damp mist and stifling vapours. The vaulted iron ceiling was moist and slimy, and thin streams of water, as they filtered along the concave walls, ran splashing down into the muddy pools under our feet, and spattering at every step we took. Something was roaring and moaning above our heads, with wailing and thunderous sounds. There

was something moving outside, running on and thrusting itself against our narrow iron subway.

"What is this noise?" I inquired. "What does it come from?"

"Water. It is a mighty power, you know," answered my guide, with a placid smile. "It broke in once, and flooded this tunnel completely; but it was soon repaired."

"The water broke in?" I cried. "Why, is it the water? I thought it was the sound of wheels."

"What wheels would you have in the midst of a river, except those of the steamers? Boats are not noisy. . . . Besides, they run many feet higher, on the surface of the Thames, whilst we are under it."

Suddenly he stopped; and it was well he did so, for I needed a moment's rest to recover my breath.

"Ough!" he shuddered; "how it roars! Awful! We are now just in the middle of the Thames, you know . . . Yes: Suppose the stream finds its way in? . . . Just the slightest fence. O! We should have to take to our heels. Gracious Heaven! What a run we should have for it! . . . Oh!"

And mischievously he took to his heels. But I could not.

"Now, look here; don't!" I exclaimed, highly distressed.

"Not that I really was afraid, but rather unnerved by the heat and fatigue. Besides . . . if once the water had found its way in and flooded the tunnel! Why should it not happen again? . . . And . . . what if this little catastrophe took place now . . . at this very moment?

Certainly I am not very much afraid of death. I am rather a philosopher, I should say; but . . . I must own that the mere thought of an end so very gloomy gave me a most unpleasant feeling of cold along my spine . . . . It seemed a precursor to the unwelcome submersion.

"I never thought you were so nervous. Do you really fear a deluge?" asked my merry friend. "Don't. It is out of the question."

"I know that," was my answer. "But you have had a nice whim to lead me by such a pleasant road. Muddy, stifling, damp and dark as a pit! More tiresome, indeed, than a walk to the farthest bridge."

"Is it? Truly, I am very sorry. But I thought this way would please you, as an unusual one . . . You like queer things, don't you?"

My companion's voice was very gentle, but I am not quite sure there was not a slight intonation of irony in it.

He at once became very talkative and pleasant, as indeed he usually was. He told me all about the method of laying such a tunnel and rendering it secure by means of engineering art. He offered me his arm to lean upon, and so we walked on, in a friendly way enough, to the outlet of this seemingly endless subway.

"There was once a tramway here," said he, "but it was removed for fear of the vibration. It is a pity, isn't it? I am sure now, you would

like to be seated and dragged on anything . . . if only a wheelbarrow . . . isn't it so?"

"Well, it is so. I fear I shall need a good long rest. Maybe I shall not be able to see all that is to be seen in the Tower."

"Don't mind. We can come again when you please. Only rally your strength and courage just now. We have that flight of a hundred steps to climb at the end of the passage—you remember. Take your courage in both hands, as we say in Russia."

"O, yes. That I will," I asserted laughingly. "Besides, do not think me more unfit for our task than I am. I was taken aback by this dreadful subway, I confess. But now it's all right."

"Very well. Glad to hear it. Ah! there's daylight at last!" exclaimed he in a tone of relief. "One effort more! At the top of these stairs we are in the Tower . . . Are you fit to go on? or shall we rest a little?"

"Oh, no! Why lose our time? I am all right . . . and so glad to be at last in the Tower of London."

And so I was. But alas! I very soon found out that all was not quite right with me when my last task was over . . . O, these ever-turning steps! . . . Round and round we climbed, at an endless, over-tiring rate, and when at last at the top I felt myself scarcely able to stand on my legs. My knees trembled, my head was giddy. The sunlight dazzled my eyes and I felt my breathing grow short, as if I was suffocated by the fresh air. I rallied all my will to walk over the moat, and up to the "Traitor's Gate"; but in sight of the entrance to the "Record Tower" I was obliged to stop because my legs would move no longer. . . .

"Now, there you see the most ancient walls of this place; more than eight centuries' weight lies on them," went on my learned friend, unaware of my state of weakness. "At your left is the so-called 'Bell Tower.' The alarm bell was rung on its top, as well as joyous volleys fired on occasions of births and weddings. Or again, perhaps, the bell tolled to signify to miserable prisoners that their death-hour had struck. At our right you perceive the mournful 'Traitors' Gate.' This gate gave access from the Thames to state-prisoners, thus qualified ignominiously by their lord and master. Were they in truth traitors or not, after entering this dreary gate they had only one escape—the scaffold. I'll show you presently, under this arch leading to the 'Bloody Tower' yonder—nice name, isn't it?—the very iron crooks on which they used to expose the heads of poor decapitated wretches. . . ."

But this time I neither saw the monstrous crooks, nor did I hear any more my friend's voice. . . . Ah! . . . But I saw and heard things far more wondrous. . . . .

What could be the matter with me? I thought I was fainting—but not at all! Only one moment's deafness and blindness, and behold! I am heaved up in a glow of bright colours, in a glory of light.

This grand light did not blind my eyes: it was so soft and entrancing. It was not its rays that awakened me to life, but rather loud human shouts, shots, ringing bells and blaring trumpets. . . . .

I awoke, and looked about me in wonder and delight. It seemed as if I had acquired new senses and supernatural vital power. I felt myself neither on earth nor in the air, but it was as though I at once lived and moved simultaneously everywhere. . . . .

I saw, and heard, and comprehended all that was taking place; all the import and meaning of the different scenes and sights that enveloped me all around, as in a brilliant net. Indeed, now, as I think of it, it seems as if all my being was dissolved in ether; that it lived and felt in every atom, in all that was living and feeling on earth or in heaven, but that I still preserved my proper faculties, my inner self-consciousness as well as my external powers of moving at will. It was a delicious, a sublime, state of being!

I gazed with eager surprise and perceived that I was in this same Tower of London. And yet how different it was!

It was a great deal larger and brighter; full of buildings and galleries and beautiful halls. Gardens and flowers overshadowed and brightened the heavy towers. Handsome furniture, gold, silver, rich carpets and draperies adorned the splendid chambers of the Tower Palace. It was no longer a prison nor a fortress, but a kingly abode indeed. Bright waters filled the moat, swept up to the thick walls and under the sombre arches; but even the gloomiest of these were bright on this happy day.

A brilliant cavalcade was emerging from the main entrance to receive the gorgeous procession moving, in grand pomp, from the river side to the Tower Palace. Guards clad in steel and brass; heralds and beautiful pages preceded their monarch.

Tall, stout and stalwart was he, the mighty king of England! He slowly advanced on a great silver-white steed. Well accustomed to bear the weight of its master, even when arrayed in armour and heavy war trappings, it now moved at an easy pace, feeling no more the weight of the King's rich garments than that of its golden bridle or those white feathers which waved about its massive head. Glorious seemed they both—rider and horse!

The sovereign's large, blooming, fair face was bright with joy; but not even his great happiness could smooth away its repulsive expression. There was something hard, sensual and withal ironical, in the lines of his thin lips and heavy chin, scarcely shadowed by a pretence to moustaches, as yellow as the hair on his head; something sharp and biting as steel, flashed in the cold, pitiless glare of his ever restless eye.

His escort was numerous and magnificent, but I did not heed it. . . . .

My attention was at once attracted beyond the walls of this regal residence to throngs of brightly attired people, as well as to the Thames, richly decorated and studded with pleasure boats, and gay barges.

How it was I do not know ; but, I seemed to see it all at once.

I saw all : the river with its smiling green banks, down to Greenwich, whence came the royal bride, in all the pomp of heraldry and power. I saw her landed amidst crowds of citizens, of civil and military trains ; I heard the joyous strains of music, the roar of guns, the peal of bells and the merry shouts that welcomed her.

Then I saw the Lord Mayor escorting her, with many officials arrayed in golden robes and chains, and mantles scarlet as blood. . . .

They brought her a beautiful white horse with gilded saddle and bridle set with pearls. She mounted it and went to meet the King, her amorous but passionate and heartless despot . . . to meet her hapless, dreary fate ! . . . I looked at her . . . and could no longer take my eyes from her. They were rivetted to that youthful form and fair face !

Truly it was a striking and beautiful face. Its charm lay not so much in the features or complexion as in its expression : mild, innocent and so pathetic. . . . Truth and sweetness were written in her large soft eyes, in her charming smile entirely devoid of pride or vanity. She had a strange, somewhat bewildered and enquiring look. Glancing about her, she seemed to be seeking for an answer to a secret thought, to strain her mental sight as if to read, in all this brightness and glory surrounding her, her future doom. . . .

She did not see, and could read nothing.

But I could : I saw and read it, and knew what was in store for her.

The long black tresses, flowing down over the slender ermine-clad shoulders, appeared like so many serpents in my sight ; the precious rubies that encircled her brow turned into large drops of blood. . . .

The same with the gaudy, high-floating flags. The date, the very day and year, embroidered on them in gold and silver characters—" May 29, 1533 "—changed colour and meaning for me. I read :

" May 19, 1536."

I saw the large black characters everywhere, on earth and in the sky. They were written above the doomed fair girl's head, over the walls and gates of the Tower, and even on the broad features of her betrothed, when the pair met to become man and wife. . . .

And behold ! When I saw them meet, all was changed in a moment.

What of the dazzling procession, of the brilliant palace, where the satiated egoist, the cruel despot, was about to wed one of the many unfortunate women whom he claimed for his own ? All had disappeared ! The pile of desolate walls was now a fortress or a prison. At once I knew that three years had elapsed from that bright, joyful day . . . . had passed and gone for ever !

All was changed ! All seemed dark and mournful around.

I saw her again, the once happy, beloved bride, the wife of a mighty king. Oh ! how wan, how pale and withered she looked. But

there was still the same light of innocence and sweetness about her, and much more dignity and queen-like majesty withal.

There she stood, in all the glory of her righteousness, calm and proud in the stately Hall, before her judges. She looked straight into the face of death and into the eyes of her unjust accusers, while they—they dared not lift their eyes to meet hers. . . .

And when the fatal word "GUILTY" fell from the lips of her chief judge and nearest kinsman, she only shuddered, and looked at him with silent terror. She was horrified, but not for herself. Neither fear nor despair did she feel at her own unhappy fate ; but great was her sorrow for the sinful and shameless deed perpetrated upon her !

She looked at her judge with wonder and mute enquiry in her beautiful face, and then she slowly lifted up her eyes and hands to Heaven, and simply said :

"Oh, Father ! Oh, Creator ! Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life ! Thou knowest that I have not deserved this death !"

Her head dropped on her bosom, and she was gone. But her mild protest remained as a curse on the heads of her condemners. . . .

. . . . . .

What is this awful work going on meantime, between the White and the Bloody Towers ? I see ! It is the consummation of cruel injustice and unrepenting crime. . . . The executioner has to prepare his ominous block, to sharpen his blood-stained axe. . . .

Sharpen it well, my man ! Sharpen it on both sides, so that it may return and fall upon the heads of those more guilty of the deed than thou art—and rest on them for ever ! Thou doest well to put an iron mask on thy bewildered face, not to be seen by thy victim, for even thou art ashamed to perpetrate the ghastly crime. . . .

There she is—the Queen, the sinless martyr ! I saw her advance to the ignominious scaffold. I heard her speak her last few words, her saint-like pardon to her foes ; and I saw her calmly lay her youthful guileless head upon the block. . . .

But when the axe was lifted above her childlike neck, I rushed to avert the blow with all the strength of my will—and saw no more. . . . .

One moment of profound unconsciousness, and there I was, half astounded as by a fall from the clouds. I found myself lying on the cold steps of the Wakefield Tower in front of the closed and silent Traitors' Gate of the Bloody Tower, too, which, thanks to heaven, sheds no more blood. My poor friend was moaning over me, holding my head, rubbing my hands, in sore distress, indeed ; and then I saw someone forcing on me a glass of water. I took it, and drank the cold water with the utmost pleasure. Then catching sight of this "someone" I again grew bewildered, for the man looked as if he verily represented the last remnant of my recent vision, or dream—as you like to call it.

He wore a red and golden attire, a round hat of the most queer shape, which reminded me of the coachman's headdress among my own Russian people ; a large white beard completed the likeness.

"Well; who is this? And what are you moaning and grumbling over me for?" said I, when recovered from my first surprise.

"This is quite like you," he cried. "Just returned to life, and asking questions about indifferent things. He is the yeoman. . . . the keeper . . . One of the official guardians of the Tower. And how do you feel now?"

"How do I feel? . . . I am very well, thank you."

"Very well! . . And you just recovering from a dead swoon! What was the matter with you, for goodness' sake? Why did you not tell me at once that you felt ill?"

"I felt ill? But—not at all! I felt perfectly well indeed, and enjoyed myself, I can assure you, for I saw a wonderful sight. I have seen the arrival of Anne Boleyn at this very place! Henry VIII. meeting her at the main entrance . . . O, it was an exceedingly beautiful and striking procession, I tell you. After that, I saw her judged and sentenced. Oh, the lawless, monstrous deed! I saw the poor, young, harmless thing led to the scaffold. I rushed to her rescue—and then . . . all disappeared . . . I felt as if I could tear the headsman to pieces."

"Oh, indeed? . . . Hush! Don't!" . . . . . were the distressed and pleading entreaties of my poor friend. He was frightened to death lest he should have to take me to a lunatic asylum, instead of my home.

"Now, don't! . . . Do for goodness' sake be calm!" he went on. "Why you must be very ill indeed. You are delirious, my dear madam." . . .

"Delirious yourself!" cried I. "I never was more in earnest. I have seen all this and much more I tell you."

"Yes, yes! Certainly you did," said he soothingly. "But now, you see, we must go home. You are overtired, indeed you are. I have sent for a cab." . . .

"What for? Am I to go home without looking inside these towers? Now, when I am most interested and eager to see them? Go home!" I indignantly protested. "Take the cab for yourself! I will not." . . .

"This is impossible. You may feel worse. . . . We will come here to-morrow, but you must have some rest first," implored the poor man.

"I have had rest enough," replied I, so very decisively that he was taken aback. "Now, give me your arm and show me the Tower, or I will go along by myself. I am neither mad, nor sick, nor tired, and I will have my own way."

And so I had.

But do and say all I may, my companion—and indeed no one—would believe that I really saw the terrible old drama performed once more before my eyes, and by the true actors of old.

So much the worse for sceptics—because I did see it, and I assert it.

VERA P. JELIHOVSKY.

ON DYNASPHERIC FORCE.

RECENT scientific research has proved conclusively that all force is atomic. That electricity consists of files of particles, and that the interstellar spaces contain substance, whether it be called ether, or astral fluid, or by any other name, which is composed of atoms, because it is not possible to dissever force from its transmitting medium. The universe therefore, and all that it contains, consists of matter in motion, and is animated by a vital principle which we call God. Science has further discovered that these atoms are severally encompassed by an ethereal substance which prevents their touching each other, and to this circum-ambient interatomic element they have given the name of dynasphere—but in as much as it has further been found that in these dynaspheres there resides a tremendous potency, it is evident that they also must contain atoms, and that these atoms must in their turn be surrounded by dynaspheres, which again contain atoms, and so on *ad infinitum.* Matter thus becomes infinite and indestructible, and the force which pervades it, persistent and everlasting.

This dynaspheric force, which is also called etheric, is conditioned as to its nature on the quality of the atoms which form its transmitting media, and which are infinite both in variety and in their combinations and permutations. They may however be broadly divided into two categories, the sentient and the non-sentient atoms.

Dynaspheric force, composed of non-sentient atoms, is the force that has been already mechanically applied by Mr. Keely to his motor, and which will probably, ere long, supersede the agencies now used for locomotives, projectile and other purposes; when the laws which govern it come to be understood it will produce materially a great commercial and industrial revolution. There is no hard and fast line between the sentient and non-sentient atoms; just as zoophytes are a connecting link between the animal and vegetable creation, so there is a graduated scale of atoms between those which, although animated by the divine life, are not sentient, and those which are as highly developed relatively to them as man is to a cabbage. For the highest class of sentient atoms through which divine force is transmitted are in the perfect human form. They are infinitesimal bi-sexual innocences, male and female, two in one. The tradition of fairies is the lingering consciousness, come down from a remote past, of this fact.

Owing to the unhappily debased condition of our planet, this force is not now operant upon it, except to a very limited and imperfect degree—it is struggling however to penetrate into the human organism, through the channel provided for it, and this channel must, of necessity,

partake of the nature of the forces operant within it—in other words, it must be a bi-sexual channel. It was this bi-sexual channel which Christ came to restore by his mission to earth ; and thus to inaugurate a process by which man should regain his lost bi-une condition. That process has now partially achieved its consummation, in the advent of the complementary half of man whom we call the *sympneuma*. It is only through the sympneuma that the dynaspheric force, consisting of bi-sexual atoms, can be projected into nature. It comes for the healing of the nations, and is all the more necessary now because the conditions of nature have of late years undergone such a change as to render possible the invasion of the human organism by forces similar in character, with this one difference, that the atoms of which they are composed are not bi-sexual. These forces exhibit themselves in the phenomena of hypnotism, thought-reading, telepathy, mesmeric healing, spiritualistic manifestations, and in divers other ways, and depend for their quality on the source of their projection in the invisible, and the human medium through whom they are transmitted—where both are bad, the atoms are in the form of infusoria, or predatory animalculæ, who prey upon each other, and work moral and physical malady. Where both are relatively good, they are in the form of separate uni-sexual beings, depending for their quality upon the medium and partaking of what moral taint his nature may possess. It must be said that the same remark applies to the bi-sexual atoms of the sympneumatic force ; but although imperfect there is this guarantee for their superior quality, that it is not possible for a human being to enter upon sympneumatic conditions, excepting after a long and arduous discipline and self-sacrifice for his neighbour, and of great sufferings.

The sympneuma visits none who have not been thus prepared, and who do not live exclusively for the service of humanity, to the extinction of private affections, personal ambitions, or worldly considerations of any kind.

A false sympneuma may however visit those who are wholly engrossed by self ; such are the succubi and incubi—well-known by the Church—and the force acting through them is the most fatal which can operate upon earth.

There are methods however, not necessary to enter upon here, by which the true can be distinguished from the false, with absolute certainty. All human emotion is atomic, and it has never been possible that it should be otherwise. The peculiarity of the atomic force of the present day is, that it has received an immense accession of energy, through changes which have operated in the invisible.

It is these changes which render will-force, and magnetic influence so much more powerful now than they were formerly ; and hence it becomes of such transcendent importance that persons who find themselves in possession of this re-inforced energy, and able to operate upon others

hypnotically or for curative purposes, should realise the character of the agency they are dealing with—for it is quite impossible for them to project this will force, or magnetic influence, into the organism of another, without projecting the atoms with it. Now these atoms vary in quality from the predatory animalculæ to the human form through an infinite variety of types; none of them pure and good, though some are far purer and better, relatively, than the others—still no magnetiser is so perfect that his magnetism does not convey to his patients the atoms of the vices and defects peculiar to his own nature, of which they may have been comparatively free.

It may thus happen that a magnetiser, while healing the body of a patient, may work irreparable moral injury to his soul, and this while animated with the best intentions, and quite unconsciously to himself. It often happens moreover that the progress of the soul can only be achieved by an attenuation of the external structural atoms, thus producing physical disease; to heal a person thus undergoing moral treatment, directed from the unseen world, by a sudden and premature exercise of will force in this one, applied to his surface organism, is to render him a fatal service. Again it may be that the welfare of a person's soul is dependent upon its removal from the body at a certain juncture; here again human interference by the operation of the human will being free, and yet under specific law, that free operation cannot be arbitrarily hindered in defiance of the law under which it acts.

The reason why material remedies of all kinds may be employed with safety and propriety, is because the curative forces they contain are not composed of sentient atoms, and can be controlled from the unseen in quite a different manner from those which are—which may, to a certain extent, be influenced by them, but cannot be controlled. When a person has reached the point, which may be attained after a long sympneumatic training, and a life passed under the influence of that training, of having no will but that of God operating freely in him, as his own, he may under a pressure, which he will recognize as a Divine impulse, put forth a healing power, but he will have no personal desire connected with it; the healing force will be put through him irrespective of any conscious will he used; the energy he projects will convey bisexual atoms, which may prove a seed sown as a preparation for a sympneumatic descent.

At such moments the operator will hold himself exclusively open to Christ, for it cannot be too earnestly insisted upon, that Christ is the one source and channel of sympneumatic life, and the healing which comes through it, when a person's moral condition renders such physical healing desirable.

In the presence of the rapid development which dynaspheric force is acquiring, and of the great interest which it is attracting, especially among good and earnest truth seekers, who are only investigating it with the object of turning it to account for the benefit of humanity, it

has seemed to me necessary to make these remarks. I have done so in the hope that they might serve both as a warning and an encouragement —as a warning of the dangers that beset the unwary explorers into these little known and almost untrodden regions ; and as an encouragement, as indicating the immense potentialities now descending upon the world for its succour in the hour of its approaching need.

If I seem to have written with the certainty of conviction, it is with no desire to impose my authority arbitrarily upon my readers, but in all humility to give them the facts as they have been revealed to me, after an arduous struggle and investigation into the methods of operation of these forces, which has lasted nearly twenty-five years.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

[The Editors expressly desire to disclaim all responsibility for the views expressed in this article.—ED.]

THE BUDDHIST.

A project, long in contemplation, has been realised in the appearance of the first number of our new English journal, the *Buddhist*, at Colombo. It is to be a supplement to our Sinhalese semi-weekly, the *Sandaresa*, and is intended for the benefit of all who may be interested in Buddhism, and feel an active sympathy in the efforts of Buddhists to purify their religion from the dross of superstition. The paper is to be an eight-page quarto, printed on good paper, in new type, specially imported. The subscripton price is but Rs. 2-8-0 to local subscribers, Rs. 3 to Indian, or 6*s*. or $1.50, including postage, to European and American. It will be published by the Colombo (Buddhist) T. S., and edited by members. We hope that every friend of the Society's Buddhist work, who can afford the trifling cost, will send in his name and remittance to the Manager of the *Theosophist*, who will act as agent. The initial number is full of good matter, among the rest, a scathing criticism upon the Bishop of Colombo's recent Oxford Lecture on Buddhism.

Subscriptions may also be sent to the care of the Theosophical Publication Society, 7 Duke Street, Adelphi.

EVOLUTION AND INVOLUTION OF THE DIVINE MAN.

NO intelligent student of nature at the present time, at all familiar with those large groups of facts in physics and biology, constituting the theatre in which evolution is thought to play so large a part, will be found entirely ignoring or denying evolution. No intelligent biologist, familiar with the ordinary facts of human physiology, will for a moment deny that the outer unfoldment of the body of man, from germ to prime, is, according to any fair interpretation of facts, and an intelligent comprehension of the principle under consideration, an evolution. Evolution as a fact, is everywhere admitted ; the ground of disagreement is the application and interpretation of the law.

In other words, the difficulty met with is not in regard to facts, or laws ; not in science, or philosophy, *per se*, but, as frequently pointed out in these pages, in the minds of men, who variously consider, and diversely interpret nature, and were it not for the fact that evolution has been supposed to explain the origin of man from lower forms of life, and so apparently to antagonise divine revelation, it is doubtful if any one would think of questioning the law of evolution, more than that of gravitation.

And even here, the most pronounced opponents of the application of evolution to the origin of man, seem to have entirely misapprehended the application of the law as suggested, nothing more, by the leading advocates of evolution. This misapprehension has been so often and even so recently pointed out by leading scientists, and, moreover, made so plain to every unbiassed mind, that it would be out of place here to go into details.

So far as we are here concerned with evolution, its application and interpretation only are involved, and therefore suggestions are in order.

Evolution being everywhere admitted as a fact, it is applied to two separate groups of facts and processes. In the growth and development of individual forms of life, it is everywhere admitted with but slight qualification. In the progressive unfoldment of species, and the progressive advancement of man through lower organisms, it is very frequently denied ; not always denied as a factor, but as sufficient to account for all results.

The question, then, presents itself in this wise: Does that law, or process, which everywhere unfolds and elaborates individual organisms, flowing outward, and expanding from centre to circumference, also push the whole complex series of earth's organisms upward from lower to higher forms? To this query one party answers unhesitatingly no : the

other party answers yes, with certain qualifications and concomitants. Here again, it would be out of place to go over the ground involved in the discussion, as many volumes have already been written upon the subject by able advocates on either side, with the result of bringing them no nearer together than before, each party in turn claiming the victory over the other.

Looking now at the processes of nature and of life as a whole, no one on either side will deny evolution, *in toto*, and no one will deny that it has aided in the interpretation of natural processes. Looking again at the processes of nature and of life as a whole, is there not another law to be discerned, operating equally and consistently with that of evolution, and capable, when equally apprehended, of reconciling all the above-named discrepancies and disagreements ?

If evolution be indeed true, and more or less a factor in all processes, as is generally admitted, any other law or process discovered, or hereafter to be discovered, must be capable of reconciliation with it, and must be seen to work in harmony with it, when the range and application of both laws are understood ; and this concept and basis of agreement is perfectly consistent with the sequence of all scientific discovery.

Because evolution has been first recognized, it by no means follows that it has for ever pre-empted all the ground covered, particularly as it is not generally admitted to cover all the ground and explain all the facts and processes involved. No one claims this much for evolution. Therefore, every sincere seeker for the simple truth, ought to welcome any suggestion from whatsoever quarter, that promises a reconciliation. Let us see.

All processes in nature, whether inorganic, or organic, present themselves to the mind as an Equation. In all physical problems, whether in mechanics, or in nature at large, there is the problem of the parallelogram of forces, whereby the direction and force of momentum is determined, and whence equilibrium results, without which even the apparent stability of forms in the midst of unceasing change, were impossible. There are the dual conditions of centrifugal and centripetal force : of cohesion and attraction ; and of attraction and repulsion, everywhere recognized. There is, behind all of these, the problem of mass or inertia, over against all tendency producing movement of mass, or overcoming resistance. This duality runs through the whole phenomenal display of nature, as the basic idea of our concept of atoms, and the genesis of all life.

Duality and Manifestation are synonymous. All problems of life, as all problems in nature, present themselves, therefore, under this form of duality ; *i.e.* they are equations : no principle is more widely recognized than this, as in one form or another it is the basis of the higher mathematics, which enter the realm of nature's highest display, and calculate not only the application of principles to mechanics, but

determine the revolutions of suns and stars, and the change of time and season. The central idea in evolution is the natural sequence and co-ordinate relation of all processes in nature. Has evolution adequately apprehended this quality of all things?

Coming to the unfoldment of germs in the two kingdoms, the vegetable, and the animal, that is everywhere recognized as the beginning of individual forms of existence, evolution recognizes the duality above referred to; first, under the terms inheritance and environment; and the further fact that the individual developing, or developed, is an adjustment of these two sets of factors, thus constituting personality.

There can be no question that, viewed externally from the physical plane, this development from the germ outwardly from first to last, in the beginning, and in all subsequent individual life, is an evolution.

But just here comes the difficulty. Evolution admits, in the presence of the apparent persistence of forms, types, and species, the element of progress; and recognizes some element that tends to push all life to higher planes, toward higher ideals, and endeavours to account for improvement by natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, and no doubt these principles are largely concerned as processes.

These processes, however, prove too much, and are quite sufficient in the case of man, for example, to have long ago modified him out of existence, so that not a semblance of the human would remain, and yet the facts show that this is not the case. In spite of the ebb and flow of life, the rise and fall of empires, the wax and wane of civilization, there is some element that not only preserves the human type, but pushes it constantly to higher and still higher, unfoldment, and throughout all lower forms of life, there is prophesy of man: an overshadowing of the human form and of human attributes descends to the lowest vestiges of organic life. Even the worm at your feet is climbing the mount of transfiguration. Nature reveals in all her processes One Divine Ideal Man. Viewing all of Nature's work within the range of human ken; all physical processes, from the busy play of atoms, to the revolutions of stars and suns; all organic process, from monera to man; the growth of a single germ, the modification of species, and the progress of the human race; bearing in mind the duality of all processes and all manifestations, we find a two-fold process, corresponding to this basic duality.

In all physical processes, moving outward from centre to circumference, in all organic processes, unfolding from germ to organism, the process is an evolvement, an evolution.

This is just one half the process, one side of the equation. Coincident with all evolvement, is an involvement. Every play of forces, every display of processes from centre to circumference, is met and balanced, point by point, in atom or sun, in germ or organism, in plant, animal, or

man, by an opposite wave from circumference to centre. Evolution is balanced by Involution. This is the form of the Cosmic Equation.

The recognition of this dual law in keeping with the duality of all things, is the Reconciliation of Science and Religion.

From the dawn of life on the planet, to the present time, from the beginning of the unfoldment of every living germ, to the complete life of the organism, a Divine Idea overshadows and is progressively involved in every living being. If evolution is seen in any instance as a *vis a tergo,* involution appears as a *vis a fronte.* In the apparent striving of nature, all creation tends to the involution of a divine idea, through the evolution of living forms, and these forms strive toward, and build upon, the modulus of man ; impelled thereto by the indwelling overshadowing of the Divine Idea.

Nature is not then soul-less, or God-less. Involution is as rational, and as thinkable, as evolution. What Nature, and God, and Soul, are in their essence, we do not know. All that man does know, or ever can know, is revealed through the nature of man himself. These things to us, are our idea of them, no more, no less. "The thing in itself" is still beyond us, and we approach its more complete apprehension only as we involve more and more, in our very being, the divine idea, and evolve more and more outwardly, the divine life ; and the centre in us of these two groups of experiences, is that poise, that double line, between the two sides of the equation that we call Consciousness ; the expansion of which we call Understanding ; the illumination of which we call Conscience ; the perfection of which will be At-one-ment ; the Divine likeness will be one with the Divine.

The question is, not who builds? but how is cosmos built? Our idea of the Great Architect is no longer extra-cosmic, but intra-cosmic.

In place of what Carlyle calls an "absentee God : doing nothing since the first sabbath, but sitting on the outside of creation and seeing it go," we have the idea of the immanence of creative energy, creative power, creative design, not only in every blade of grass, but in every infinitesimal atom, no less than in animals and man ; in planets, suns, and solar systems. If we assign to creative power attributes, those attributes are revealed in and through man. Man is not only the knower, but revealer, yet man does not himself reveal. Creative power reveals through man, progressively, as he can bear and give forth the light of wisdom ; or as man involves the divine idea, and evolves the divine life. God comes into his consciousness, illumines his understanding and potentially "dwells in him."

Every created form, every sentient organism, every animal endowed with instinct, every man and woman endowed with reason, and every soul inspired with hope, arise by evolution on the outward physical plane. All these climb toward larger life, and move along the highway of being up the mount of transfiguration, drawn upward by Involution of the

divine. Divinity at the centre, Nature at the circumference, and these two are for ever One ; the essence and the form ; the ideal and the real ; unity in diversity, diversity in unity ; duality in biunity. Man and woman. "After his likeness created he him"—"Male and female created he them." Man-Woman, the two poles of one Being.

I hold that man is concerned only with the present life, and the present time. Now is his opportunity ; now is his appointed time, and the more this is felt to be true, the more will his life tend to essentials. To ignore or despise our present opportunities, no matter from motives of worldliness or other-worldliness, I hold to be equally subversive of the highest and best interests of man. The ignoring of these interests on the one hand, and the relegating of them to another sphere of being, overshadowed by the fear of death and the terrors of superstition, is equally to barter our birth-right, and to miss the meaning of life, in one case as in the other. Nor is this in any sense the meaning of true religion, but rather the interpretation given to ignorance and fear, by superstition. I hold that science and philosophy, as methods in man's pursuit of Truth, lead up from and through physical nature, to the very same conclusions and concepts, as true religion, coming down through revelation of all the ages, and that each thus fortifies the other. If this be true, nothing can so facilitate all future progress, as the recognition of this great reconciliation.

If all lower forms of life prophesy of man, so is man on each successive plane of being, prophetic of the next stage of unfoldment. True religion helps science to advance from gross materialism, toward spiritual enlightment, and when every problem that presents itself to the mind of man, stands thus in clear light, illuminated and rounded into form and beauty, over against the back-ground of ignorance and superstition, then appears "the full-orbed truth," a new world, not alone of man's creation, but from man as a "co-worker with God."

All natures strive in man, because he has reached the human plane, into which pours in steady streams the light of that which lies next above it ; while the light from the human plane illumines that of the next lower.

Two principles focalise the two planes in man, and all apparent antagonism thus resulting, is the impulse already referred to, pushing man, in common with all natures, to higher and higher degrees. One of these principles man has brought with him from the lower animal plane, as the dregs of animal life. The other principle man but dimly discerns as reflected downward from the divine plane above him. These two principles are Egoism and Altruism. Man is thus one half human, and by the time he has become wholly human, or altogether humane, he will also have become half divine ; for so does one nature always overlap another, and he advances into the higher, only as he shakes off the lower. For ever a Pilgrim, he must drop the load of sin before he can

pass the golden gates that lead to the delectable mountains; and he drops the load while he journeys on, not during hours of ease and refreshment, and when he is conscious that his load has vanished, lo! his enlightenment has already come. This is the true alchemy, the conversion of baser metals into gold; the transformation worked by the magic elixir. Life is the elixir, and its office is transfiguration.

All over the world we hear the word, Humanity. Benevolent enterprises are everywhere set on foot, and humanitarian societies are everywhere organized. This humane influence, even when misdirected, is still the dawning of the divine in man, the forgetting of self for others, the advancement of altruism over egoism, and for science and civilization on the one hand, and so-called religion on the other, to claim all the credit of this condition of things, is to confess embodied and organized egoism, nothing more. The impulse bringing about this result is older than all religions, deeper than all science, broader than all civilizations, higher than all heavens.

The humane impulse in individuals, is the true sign of advancement from egoism to altruism, from the animal, through the human, up to the divine. Even what is called culture may be one-sided and altogether selfish. One may have an eye only to the main chance, the best opportunity, in intellectual matters, as well as in money matters, or anywhere else. Strife and competition, here, often take unfair advantages and trample down the weak as unmercifully, as in the mart, or "on change." Where-ever someone else must lose, in order that I may gain, no matter in what realm of being, so-called profit, becomes plunder, howsoever protected by law, by usage, or glossed over by so-called respectability.

To the ignorant and time-serving, altruism has no other meaning than the giving up of earth, with the somewhat uncertain prospect of securing peace in heaven; foregoing self-indulgence here to secure greater and rather exclusive indulgence hereafter; or for the poor and despised here to change places with the rich and prosperous there, while the sum of human misery remains the same. Hence it was a little way back shown that the time-serving and the devout are often in the same plane, and equally mistake the purpose of life and the end of being. We are not placed here on earth merely to give it up for a better one, as though we were placed in an orchard whose trees were laden with fruit, hungry and famishing, and we should pass from tree to tree partaking of none, thinking the next would be better, and repay us for waiting, till we had passed by the last tree, and the night had overtaken us, and we sink, famished and exhausted, bewailing our folly.

Suppose we enter the orchard again, any of the fruit is good enough, a little will suffice; but all around us are little children who cannot reach the limbs where hang the choicest fruit. There are the weak, the sick, the crippled, who need food and who cannot help themselves. Shall we reach out our strong arms in every direction for the choicest

fruit, trampling down even the innocent children, and reach the highest branches from the broken bodies of the sick, weak and starving, and so gather all that we think choice into our little pile, and then fence it around, and guard it by law, and put watch dogs at every gate or avenue of approach ; nay, starve ourselves at last through fear that our store may decrease ? Have we never read the parable of the quails and the manna, by which a "stiff-necked and rebellious people" were taught ?

"Mine" and "Thine" is an inheritance of animal egoism. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and there is enough in this fair earth for all, and humanity, another name for altruism, gathers that it may give, and takes, only that it may bestow ; the almoner of the divine, realising that he who is permitted to give is more blessed, and more under obligation, than he who is necessitated to receive. He who forgetteth self, remembers God : not a far-away, "absentee God," but the God immanent in all his works, whose Altar is the human heart, and whose Providence is the human hand.

If religion was the first to announce "Peace on earth and good-will to man," superstition stood ready to obscure and make it of no effect, through the counsels of men. Wherever religion built her altars, superstition lit her fires of persecution, equally in the holy name of Deity. Even to-day the conditions are the same ; Christendom builds magnificent churches to "save souls," and magnificent ironclads to destroy them. If the money devoted to these two purposes alone were distributed among the poor, hunger and want would disappear from the "Christian World."

If the churches are deserted, and the armies scattered, and the ironclads turning to rust, Altruism may convert the former into bread, and the latter into pruning-hooks. If egoism, in the clerical profession, claims priority and superiority, and egoism in scientific professions is quick to deny, and claim for science the palm, both are wrangling over a dead carcase, while the spirit that gave it life has moved on. The counsels of men shall come to naught ; but the counsels of God remain.

If science and religion are ready to clasp hands, and work together for the unfoldment of truth, and the up-lifting of man : If the day of altruism dawns, and the night of egoism draweth nigh, every lover of truth and righteousness will welcome the new day. If science working upward, and divine revelation working downward, come to the same conclusion : If the sequence of evolution, and the sequence of inspiration, alike reveal the Divine Man as the supra-human, the conscious union of the natural and the divine : If the principle of altruism on the one hand, meet and mingle with the principle of atonement on the other, and thus the evolution of the natural, meet the involution of the divine, the ideal man enters our conception as something possible of realization, and no longer an impossibility, or a mere matter of sentimentality, but the one true meaning of life and time.

J. D. B.

THE JUNE TIME OF THE OCCULTIST.

BETWEEN THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

[A paper read before the LOTUS T. S., Michigan, U.S.]

THE man or woman absorbed in the duties inseparable from family ties, cannot become an Occultist." "To become an Occultist one must test all experiences and know them." "To neglect any duty to family, home, friends, or country, is to hopelessly obstruct one's progress at the very outset." Such in essence are some of the most emphatic and explicit teachings of those who speak with authority on matters pertaining to Occultism ; and while in each separate statement we instinctively recognize truth, yet taken collectively there is apparent conflict between them. Let us see whether the conflict is more than apparent or whether, like many seeming contradictions, these may not be transmuted and blended by the alchemy of intuition into one harmonious truth.

Does not the difficulty of reconciling these, as well as most of the propositions of Occultism, arise from a tendency to regard its teachings from one side only—the blossom side of life? We delight in the flower, and with the human short-sightedness which prevents our seeing that with all its beauty and fragrance, it is, after all, only a hint—only a promise ; held by the fear that is almost conviction, that in the blossom as a blossom merely, lies all of sweetness we shall ever realize, are we not too often found clinging tenaciously to it long after its petals should have been borne away on the wings of aspiration? For, before the fruit can begin to form, the blossom *must* fall.

And yet the blossom-stage of existence is not to be under-valued in importance, or regarded as a mere idle play-time ; for it is here, amid sunshine and shower, soft breezes and tempests, that the ego learns its most essential lessons ; for who can doubt that in order to rightly measure the heights and depths of that miniature universe called "I," we must personally experience all that the "I" is capable of experiencing. To understand the heart of childhood, we must sometime be children. To know all the possibilities of manhood and womanhood, we must sometime be men and women. To realize all the depth and meaning of human love, we must sometime be lovers, husbands, wives, fathers and mothers. And yet, valuable and necessary as we must admit this experiential knowledge to be, is there anything to be gained by aimless and indefinite repetition of our experiments? Because I have found it profitable at certain stages of my evolution to be a child, a man, a woman, a father, a mother, must I perforce admit the necessity

or wisdom of being any one of these to-morrow, or ever again? Of what value is an experience that is merely to be repeated over and over? Of what use was yesterday's lesson if from it we have not gathered something which makes it possible for us to learn a larger one to-day?

To *test* all experiences is not sufficient. We must test all experiences and *know* them, *i. e.* We must test them understandingly.

It is of no avail that I have essayed the actual trial of the condition of childhood, if out of it I have not learned to exercise a child-like trust in the divine, all-fostering love that watches protectingly over me and provides for all my needs. Whither has vanished the essence of my childish lessons in obedience, if I cannot unquestioningly and joyfully submit to that Omnipotence that sweeps up and bears along my little human will, as a great wind catches the baby breath that so confidently thinks to blow its shining bubble up to the very clouds? How am I wiser or better for being a man the other day, unless I gathered up and made my own the knowledge to be acquired by the use and understanding of manhood's highest gifts and powers? But having so gathered up, and wisely appropriated, will it profit me or the human race anything simply to become a man again and prove what I have so well proved before?

Why should we become lovers and husbands except that we may be led to cherish reverence and comprehend that other half of our natures so difficult to grasp and solve; so fascinatingly mysterious;—so provokingly elusive;—so like, yet so *un*like to the selves we *think* we know. Or why wives, except that we may learn deep heart-lessons of devotion, of divine patience and tenderness? What other condition than that of womanhood with its physical disability for active and positive expression of inherent power, would afford such opportunity for the practical understanding and demonstration of that silent negative force in nature which produces such mighty results in the physical and psychical world? If from the experience of fatherhood I have not learned to use the power I wield for the protection and good instead of the destruction and harm of every little helpless thing that appeals to my care, what has the "Great Orphan—Humanity" gained by my individual trial of that phase of experience. But having so learned, why should I go back and con the lesson all over again?

It is a beautiful thing to be a mother; to give of one's life to a child; to nurture it from the very fountain of one's being; to cradle and soothe and reassure it in the first beginnings of life in a strange environment; to watch over and so direct its physical and intellectual unfoldment that it shall round out into symmetrical maturity. Verily, it is a sacred thing to be even a merely human mother. But what purpose does such an experience serve if from it we catch no hint of the divine possibilities of motherhood? Instead of exaggerating the importance of mere maternity; instead of narrowing the circle of our devotion down to

the little group of beings we call *ours;* with an intense if slightly extended selfishness,—serving our own because they *are* our own;—is it not a more beautiful thing—aye, a more divinely *natural* thing—to feel that tender, pitying mother-love for all created things? To reach out yearning arms, to cradle on our breasts, to brood over, to comfort and encourage every weak, piteous, crying soul that puts out helpless hands and appeals to our mother instinct. Ah, this is motherhood indeed! And having attained to its sublime expression, shall we go back and vainly repeat the little lessons through the understanding of which our hearts were unfolded to the first, faint conception of its meaning!

But what conclusion may be drawn from the arraignment of these—to an aspirant for Occultism—self-evident truths? This: that having made actual trial of the various conditions pertaining to human life; having tested each and all of them in the crucible of understanding, casting away the residuum and appropriating only the pure essence of the experience, the ego comes at last to a point where, for him, experience of this kind is no longer necessary. Then let him beware lest he fall into a grievous error. Having gained good from his experience, let him not be deceived into thinking the good was *in* the experience itself, and thereby tempted to return and repeat the trials from which he can never again extract anything of value. Here the watch-word of life must emphatically be: "Look forward and not back."

And what, say you, are the signs by which the individual may know he has reached this point in his development? They are many and plain. When some day he awakens to an uneasy self-consciousness, to discover himself out of harmony with his life and kind: when the objects that engross the attention of others, excite but slight interest in his mind: when he finds himself unable to enter with zest upon the ordinary ventures of human life, because he can so easily fore-cast the issue and feels that the gain is not worth the effort: then let him pause and try if he can solve the meaning of this strange unfitness to his environment. If he but pause long enough, and listen deep enough, he will catch the import of that small voice trying to impart to him the first faint glimmering of a knowledge beyond mere human ken. He is ready now—though he know it not—for the initial step in Occultism. And right here is the critical point in the evolution of the ego; a point where he must make a decisive and voluntary choice—a choice involving a crucial test of the courage and the faith acquired in his various life-ventures. For courage of no ordinary kind or degree is required to voluntarily relinquish our hold upon the beauty and sweetness we know and love to enter upon the weary time of waiting between the flower and the fruit. And only by the unwavering light of a fixed, luminous faith can we detect all and more than the charm of the blossom in the hard, colourless, scentless thing that follows close upon its shedding. It is

not strange that here the disciple should shrink and falter, perchance refusing to advance further until he is borne along by the resistless rush of some mighty wave of progress. In his hand are the blossoms whose sweetness he has tested; if he lets them flutter from his grasp, there remains to his perception nothing but the meaningless, unbeautiful things whose possibilities he has yet to prove by long heart-breaking suspense and waiting, with no ray from the light of previous experience to cheer the darkness of this era; for be it remembered, this is the beginning of a new cycle of existence; the entering upon a new condition of being as much as the first essay of the ego into human life. Now is the metal of the spirit fairly tried. Will the disciple, having come so far, muster all his faith and courage, and flinging the blossom from him, go forward into untried ways with no familiar grace and enchanting fragrance to soothe and cheer him, trusting the dim, far-off goal will be worth the daring and the sacrifice? Or will he linger with the spring-time of existence, treading the well-worn pathways with their familiar milestones and pleasant, shady resting-places; although from the height to which he has climbed, the beginning and the end are at once discernible? If he dare to choose the new, who shall say what his reward shall be? If he linger with the old, what awaits him but final weariness of sweets grown insipid by too oft-repeated tasting, and at last despair at the inevitable discovery that human life is an aimless round of vain repetitions, leading nowhere and coming to no conclusion?

Fellow disciples, let us not hesitate. Ours is the opportunity, ours the goal. Let us bravely choose to forego for a while the sweetness of the flower, firmly trusting that the day is hasting to meet us wherein we shall realize all the fragrance, all the sweetness, all the beauty of the blossom concentrated, expanded, glorified in the fully-ripened fruit.

MARY R. SHIPPEY, F.T.S.

June 12, 1888.

As a piece of wood and a piece of wood may come together in the ocean; and, having met, may separate again; like this is the meeting of mortals.

As a traveller sits down to rest in the shade of a tree, and, having rested, sets out again; like this is the meeting of mortals.

By no means enduring is the sojourn which is secured by anyone, even with his own body; how much less so, with any other.

This body is wasting away moment by moment, unperceived; like a jar of unbaked clay standing in water, not till it is destroyed is its dissolution perceived.

C. J. *(from the Sanskrit).*

THE ENGLISH OF ANTIQUITY.

THE Etruscans were a strong-limbed, broad-headed, industrious race, given to road-building, sewer-making, canal-digging and nature-taming generally. They were religious, too, commercial, manufacturing, keen of business, of course luxurious, not wholly unmindful of beauty, but preferring the strength and comfort that comes of a practical view of things: a people in the end whose hard-earned riches and long-tested mechanical science failed to save their political being when imperilled by an ambitious, warlike neighbour. Still, though subdued in the field, their arts and civil polity conquered the conquerors. For centuries they ruled the seas, and were the great wave-lords of antiquity. English in their maritime skill and force, they were like the English in many other habits and points of character, especially in their fondness for horse-racing and pugilistic encounters. Their origin is lost in the remotest antiquity of the East. Nevertheless their earliest civilization comes to us indubitably filtered through Egyptian and Assyrian sources.

Of all the old peoples of Italy that have made a mark in history, leaving an impress on modern civilization, none interest more than the Etruscans. They have left a written language which no one can read; stupendous public works which time fails to destroy; and a rich and suggestive art, frail often in material, but exquisite in workmanship, which the grave has preserved during a silence of nearly thirty centuries. Everywhere their cities crowned the most picturesque and impregnable mountain sites, rejoicing in varied views, pure air and excessive climbing, as greatly as modern towns delight in the easy access, heavy atmosphere and cramped scenery of the lowlands. Independently of other inducements, it is worth while to make the tour of the ancient cities of Etruria on account of the loveliness of their situations and the varied beauty of the landscape encircling them. Take for instance Volterra, set on high, overlooking the Mediterranean, the fertile Pisan territory, and a Plutonic tract of country at its feet, split and warped into savage fury of chasm and nakedness by internal fires. Its situation marks it finally for a doom as tragic as that of the cities of the Plain; indeed, one more dramatic —for it will be thrown down from its towering height into a bottomless quicksand below, which is swallowing in immense mouthfuls the mountain on which it stands.

Orvieto is as firmly as Volterra is loosely placed, on its foundation of rock. Following the circuit of the perpendicular precipice on which the town stands, its walls rise many hundred feet in parts, in as straight a

line as if all built up of masonry. Perugia struggles in a vagabond manner along the crests of several hills or terraces, evincing a desire to get into the rich valleys below. Chiusi, with a glorious outlook over two lakes, girt around with a green swell of mountains, whose olive-grounds and vineyards rise and fall until they dash their fragrance against its ugly walls, shows like a dark spot in the bountiful nature around it. The kingly virtues of Porsenna are as much lost sight of in his now beggarly capital as is his famous tomb, once a wonder of the world.

The Maremma is a vast cemetery of Etruscan cities, but disease and desolation have replaced their once vigorous commercial life. Scarcely a spadeful of earth can be turned up without disturbing the dust of their inhabitants. The same picturesque choice of sites of towns obtains here as elsewhere. Cortona is the queen of them all, though Citta-della-Pieve, garlanded with oak and chesnut forests, looks on a landscape not so diversified, but in some details more exquisitely lovely.

I wish I could credit the founders of Etruscan cities with a love of the beautiful in nature in regard to the situations they selected. But they had no greater liking this way than modern Italians. Sanitary considerations and personal security led them up the hills to live and to girt themselves around with solid walls. The plains were damp and unwholesome before they were drained and planted. Still, in "locating" themselves as they did, and in disposing their walls and gateways, they must have obeyed a latent instinct of beauty even in a land where nature is so bountiful that it is difficult to go amiss in laying the foundations either of a house or a town. We find in them all a varied succession of surprising views which could scarcely be more completely pleasurable had the sites of their cities been specially chosen with this end.

In treating of Etruscan art it is not necessary to specify its antiquarian distinctions, but only its general characteristics. The best way to get at these is to study the contents of the tombs. They were excavated and built much after the plan of the dwellings of the living, with a similar disposition of chambers or halls, corresponding to the room required for the dead, except when they took the form of mausoleums or monuments, and were made immense labyrinthian structures, whose ruins now seem more the work of nature than of man. Interiorly they were lavishly decorated with painting and sculpture in relief on the walls and ceilings. When first opened, these decorations are quite fresh and perfect. After an experience of the ghastly relics of modern sepulchres, it is with pleased astonishment one enters for the first time an Etruscan house of the dead. If it be a sepulchre hitherto undisturbed, the visitor finds himself, or he can easily so imagine, in the presence of the original proprietors. The apartments opening one into another have a look of domestic life, while the ornamentation is not confined to mythological or symbolical subjects; but is intermingled with scenes of social festivity, games, picnics, races, theatrical exhibitions, and whatever they

enjoyed in their every-day world; thus indicating that they fancied they were entering upon a new life corresponding in many particulars with their old. It is another form of the Indian notion of new and better hunting-grounds in the land of the Great Spirit. But the good or evil past had much to do in their minds with the reception that awaited them. Guardian genii, effigies of the avengers of wrong, protectors of the good, symbols of immortality, occult doctrines put into pictorial life, these looked down on them from carved roofs and frescoed walls, which were further secured from wanton sacrilege at the hands of the living by figures of monstrous serpents and demon heads, or the snake-entwined visage of the terrible Medusa. There was so much of value to tempt the cupidity of even the heirs in the tombs of the wealthy, that it was necessary to render them awful as well as sacred to the common imagination. Indeed, there is room for believing that, while in some instances deposits of jewels and other costly objects were made in compliance with the religious customs, they were afterwards covertly withdrawn by means of a secret entrance known only to the persons interested, if not of the family itself; perhaps left expressly by conscience-hardened workmen for the sake of plunder. But, as enough has been already secured by modern excavators to stock the principal museums of Europe, it proves that the practice of burying treasures of art was in general respected among the old Etruscans, who, doubtless thinking to need them again, wished to have them within their ghostly reach.

If the tomb be anterior to the Roman fashion of burning the corpses, we often find the noble lady or great officer laid out in state on bronze biers and funeral couches, looking as in life, with their jewellery or armour on them, as prompt, to all appearance, for the pursuits of love or war as ever. Their favourite furniture, vases, bronzes, articles of toilet, and sometimes children's toys—the pet dolls and engraved primers—are placed about them ready for instant use. A few minutes' exposure to the air reduces the bodies to dust; but the records of their personal tastes and habits remain.

The family scene of some of the sepulchres is made more real by rows of portrait statues in various attitudes placed on urns or sarcophagi, and arranged in order around the chamber, very much after the manner of a fashionable reception. In those days, guests more often reclined at banquets than sat upright. We see them, therefore, commonly in that position; and if husband and wife, decorously embracing or caressing, the arm of the man thrown lovingly over the shoulder of the partner of his home. Each is draped as in life, wearing their usual ornaments and insignia of rank. The base, which contains the ashes or bodies, is elaborately sculptured, sometimes in full relief, with mythological or historical scenes, or symbols and events relating to the deceased persons. The oldest and most common of these cinerary urns are coarsely

painted and modelled in terra-cotta, but the finer are done in marble or alabaster, under Grecian influence, with occasional gilding.

These tombs are the libraries and museums of Etruscan history. Without them, not only would there have been important gaps in the annals of the people, and, indeed, all real knowledge of their life lost, but modern art would also have missed its most graceful and precious models and patterns in bronze, jewellery, and plastic materials in general. These offer a most needed contrast to the graceless, clumsy, meaningless, or vicious styles of ornament which prevailed after the loss of mediæval art, and before a revival of the knowledge of the pure forms of the antique Grecian taught us what beauty really is. We may estimate the extent to which the manufacture of artistic objects was carried by this people by the fact that from the small town of Volsinium, the modern Bolsena, Flavius Flaccus carried off to Rome 2,000 bronze statues. It is believed by many that the Etruscans were superior to the Greeks in the working of bronze, or anticipated them in perfecting it and the making of fictile vases. Each nation possessed a consummate art of its own, the origin of which in either was equally archaic and rude, while in time both styles in Italy became so intermingled that it requires a practised eye to discriminate between them, especially after Greek colonies settled in Southern Italy and their artists were employed throughout the peninsula.

Etruscan art proper is as thoroughly characteristic and indigenous as is the Greek ; but instead of a keen sense of beauty as its animating motive, there was a love of fact. It is essentially realistic, delighting in vigour and strength, and in telling its story plainly and forcibly, rather than with grace and elegance of expression. Before it was subjected to Greek influence, it was more or less heavy and exaggerated, with an unwitting tendency to the grotesque, faulty in detail, often coarse, but always expressive, emphatic and sincere. Ignoring the extreme principles of Greek selection, it takes more to common nature as its guide. Nevertheless, it has a lofty idealism, or, more properly speaking, creative faculty of its own, which, as we shall see in its best art, inspires its natural truth with a feeling of the sublime. This supernal mystical element, which it has always exhibited, comes of the Oriental blood of the race. Grecian art is poetry ; Etruscan, eloquence. Homer inspires both ; but the difference between them in rendering the same thought is very obvious. There was an essential distinction in their ideas of death and the future life, as interpreted by their sepulchral art.

Apparently the Greek was so absorbed in his sensuous enjoyment, or so shaken in his earlier faiths by the varied teachings of his schools of philosophy, that he formed no very precise notions of his condition after death. In its most spiritual aspect it was vague and shadowy, very beautiful and poetical in the interior sense of some of his myths, but lacking the exhortative and punitive character of the more fixed and

sterner Egyptian and Etruscan dogmas. Respect for the gods, beauty, heroism, enjoyment, leaving the hereafter to expound itself, or viewing it fancifully ; these were in the main the sentiments and feelings at the bottom of Greek theology.

But the Etruscan was far more practical and positive, notwithstanding the large admixture of Oriental mysticism in his belief. Indeed this positiveness may be traced back to a strong element of unquestioning faith in Asiatic ancestors, whose imaginations were extremely susceptible to the spiritual influences of unseen powers, and were also opposed to the pantheistic ideas of the more intellectual Greeks. None had it stronger than the Persians, and Jews. Descending from them, it rooted itself deeply in the creeds of Christendom—firmest and severest in Protestantism. As all know, whenever it has come in collision with science, religion is apt to require the latter to give way, or be denounced as heretical.

In this connection it is interesting to note how far the Etruscan idea of the future coincides with Christian ethics.

The joyous reliance on his fancy which contented his neighbour, evidently did not satisfy the conscience of the Etruscan. Like the more northern races, whose harshest doctrines find speech in the diabolism of Calvinistic theology, he, too, must have a positive, material hell, with suitable demons, but with the special and noteworthy difference that his final doom was not a question of faith only, but of works. His good and evil deeds were accurately weighed by the infallible judges, and he was sentenced accordingly. Etruscan tomb-sculpture is much taken up by these solemn scenes. At the door leading to eternal torment sits an expectant fiend, and directly opposite is the entrance to the regions of happiness, guarded by a good angel. These await the decision of the fate of the soul on trial, which is attended by the good and evil genii, supposed to be ever present with the living.

The demonism of Etruria is sterner and less mystical than the Egyptian, although not as frightful as that of mediæval Christendom. Images of terror, however, are common, and made as ugly and repulsive as those of an opposite character are made handsome and attractive. Still Typhon, one of the angels of death, is a beauty in comparison with his more modern namesake, and even big-eared, heavy-limbed Vulcan, with his fatal hammer, is mild and pleasing beside Spinello's Beelzebub. Their most successful attempts at ferocious ugliness arrive only at a grotesque exaggeration of the negro physiognomy in a form of the ordinary human shape. Serpents figure largely in these paintings, but as often in a good as a bad sense, as the symbol of eternity. The important truth that we find in them is the recognition of an immediate judgment passed on the soul after death, and the substantiality of the rewards or punishment awaiting it.

The Etruscans were eminently a domestic people of warm, social

affections. Woman evidently was held in equal esteem to man. Everywhere she shares his cares and pleasures. The position of wife is one of the highest honour and influence, subordinate to no accomplished class of courtesans as in Greece, nor accompanied by the great laxity of manners that at a subsequent period defiled Rome. Indeed, Etruscan art is singularly pure and serious, except as it borrowed from foreign sources its dissolute Bacchic rites. But these were never very popular. Their artists prefer exhibiting the natural sentiments and emotions with a touching simplicity of positive treatment. A favourite subject was the death-parting of families. Husband or wife, lover or friend, embrace or shake hands tenderly, the dying with an elevated expression of resignation and hope, the survivors with a quiet grief that bespeaks a conviction of future reunion. Children weep around, or are held to the dying lips to take a last kiss; the pet dog watches sympathetically the sorrowful scene; hired mourners perform their functions, and the whole spectacle is serious and impressive. The dignified courtesy manifested by the principals in these farewells shows that no doctrinal despair poisoned their latest hour on earth, but rather that they looked upon the separation as one does a call to a necessary journey. A spirit horse for the man, or a chariot for the woman, with winged attendants, are always depicted quietly waiting outside the house until their services are needed for the journey to the new country. If death has already occurred, their torches are reversed. The Greeks loved to look on death in a seriously beautiful shape, like Endymion sleeping, or Hylas borne off by water-nymphs. They sought to disguise to themselves its painful and dismal features. Death was best regarded as a sweet slumber or a delightsome ravishment. An Etruscan shielded his senses by no such poetical expedients. He felt it was a real journey to a new life, and so represented it for good or bad on the evidence of his actual character. His artistic creations peopling the world which opened itself to his dying view were not merely men deified and super-sensuous, but a distinct supernal race with attributes corresponding to their spiritual functions. What his devils were we have seen; his genii, furies, and other celestial powers were grand in idea, often sublime in creation, and, as well as he knew to make them, beautiful; more elevated in conception and functions than those of the Grecian mythology; fit precursors of the angels and archangels of Giotto, Orcagna and Luca Signorelli. In truth mediæval art had but little to do to adjust this phase of the Etruscan to its own purpose. The infant Jupiter in the arms of his nurse, as seen in the Campagna bas-reliefs, is the legitimate model in motive and grouping of subsequent Madonnas and Bambinos. But the most striking of their supernal creations are the two so-called female furies which guard the portal of the principal sarcophagus of the Volunni sepulchre near Perugia.

The contents of this family vault merit attention because of their pure

Etruscan character and feeling in the best time of their art, when its native strength was tempered by the Grecian sense of the beautiful. Several generations of the Volunni are found deposited here in elegant urns, all admirable as art, but especially the two that face the visitor as he enters the principal chamber. One contains the ashes of the chief of his family, the other, the remains of a lady of the same name of high distinction. Both these monuments are remarkable for extreme simplicity, purity of style, breadth of design, and refined adaptation to their honoured purpose. The man lies in a semi-upright posture, with head upraised on a richly draped couch. He is not dead, as we moderns persist in representing our departed friends, as if we were disbelievers in the doctrine of immortality, leaving on the spectator's mind only a disagreeable impression of material dissolution; nor does he sleep, as the mediævalists in better taste and feeling represent their dead, while calmly waiting the universal resurrection; but, with greater truth than either, he lives.

This characteristic vitality of the Etruscan effigies is worthy of observation in two respects. First, it displays the skill of their artists in rendering individual likeness—making their figures natural without diminishing aught of the solemnity of their purpose. They are the veritable persons they represent, receiving us moderns with the same polite dignity which would have distinguished them had our call been two thousand years earlier, while they were still in the flesh. Secondly, we learn from it that they believed their dead entered at once on a new life without any intermediate sleep or purgatorial probation. I interpret the Etruscan in his tomb to mean that he still regarded himself in all respects as his old identical earthly self called to a new part in life, but retaining every original characteristic and experience, and holding that future changes in him must be the result of processes of growth and development in accordance with laws analogous to those that regulated the formation of his personality on earth. Meantime he remains himself and none other at our gracious service, if I read the lesson in stone aright. It seems to me that the Pagan Etruscan recognised this vital principle of creation more decidedly, or at all events more practically, than we Christians do. They may have sensualized their faith in immortality overmuch by their funeral feasts, games, and music, or other exhibitions of their enjoyment of the good things of life, with the evident expectation of something corresponding to these pleasures and honours hereafter. But, as the moral qualities of the departed were made the test of his spiritual condition, the lesson was a salutary and hopeful one. The base of the chief monument of the Volunni is as completely a spiritualized motive in art of this sort as exists, uniting consummate simplicity of treatment to a sublimity of character, excelled only in this respect by Blake's design of Death's Door, which is the highest conception in the most chaste and suggestive form that the Christian

mind has as yet achieved to embody its idea of eternal life. The figures do not so much express the new birth as the mysteries attending it. On each side of the door, which represents the passage from the tomb to the life beyond, sits a colossal, winged, female figure, in whom the nobility of both sexes is harmoniously united, devoid of any sexual feeling proper, chastely draped, wearing sandals, a burning torch uplifted in one hand, the other slightly turned towards the door, and with an expression that seems to penetrate the secrets of eternity. I say colossal figures, though, in reality, they are very small, but so grand is their treatment that nothing actually colossal as to size excels the impression they make of supernal force and functions. They are in a sitting attitude with the feet drawn up and crossed; but the artist has succeeded in giving them a self-supporting look, and also of taking away from the spectator the feeling that they could need any material support. As they will they are in rest or motion. This is a real sublimity of art, because it diverts the mind from thought of material laws to sole cognizance of its loftiest spiritual functions. In this subtle superiority of spirit over matter, these figures, perhaps, surpass the sculptures of Michael Angelo, and in other respects are akin to his extraordinary power, devoid of the physical exaggeration which obtains in so much of his work, but which further stamps him as a genuine descendant of ancient Etruscan masters now unknown to us by name. Even with his finest symbolical statues, Night and Day, it is difficult on first view, to get rid of an unwelcome sense of weight, size and solidity, though this finally disappears as their full meaning and nobleness flow into the mind. The superiority of their Etruscan prototypes is manifest at once from the fact that they suggest nothing below the standard of their conception. We feel the trembling awe of the four shadowy figures, now dimly seen issuing from the tomb with an anxious, inquiring look at the mystical guardians of the gates of Eternity. Modern learning calls them Furies. Their countenances, nevertheless, are benevolent and inviting. If we meet no more unkindly faces than theirs on being ushered into the other life, it will be a desirable welcome.

The monument of the lady is less elaborate, but as finely treated in its way. A beautiful head of Medusa on a panel is the sole ornament of the base of the urn, the cornice of which, like the others, contains obituary inscriptions. A handsome matron in her prime is seated on the top in a curule chair. She is profusely draped, the right arm, however, being bare and upraised, and the hand with unconscious action lightly touching her shoulder, as she earnestly listens, and looks a little forward and downwards. One fancies her a judge; of a surety, one accustomed to be obeyed, but still just and gracious, and in every sense a lady.

Etruscan women were trusted housekeepers. They sat at the head of the table and kept the keys, except those of the wine-cellars. They had greater social freedom, and were more eligible to public posts

than are their English sisters, whom they so much resemble in their domestic habits. One of the female ancestors of Mæcenas had a military command. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in believing that the distinguished lady of the Volunni sepulchre once held an important office of state—a supposition which seems the more plausible from the masculine pose of the right hand on the knee, which is authoritative in movement and indicative of firmness and decision. It does not detract at all from the feminine grace and beauty of the statue, but rather adds dignity and character to it. As an art motive, this monument is as effective and suggestive as Buonarotti's "Duke Juliano," misnamed Lorenzo.

The miniature winged genii, modelled in terra-cotta, attached to the lamp hung from the roof of the tomb, are graceful and appropriate conceptions, on a par in sentiment with Fra Angelico's guiding angels in his "Last Judgment." A spiritual, almost ecstatic element, akin to his, is sometimes to be met with in the best specimens of genuine Etruscan art. It is not to be confounded with the Grecian beautiful, for it is the result of a higher clairvoyance of the imagination into spiritual life. It seems strange at first thought that such a lofty mystic element should be found in the art of a people whose chief attributes of their supreme good or god were strength, riches, wisdom—not love; not even admitting into their triad of divine credentials, like the Greeks, beauty, but taking the same materialized and practical view of the purposes of life that the English race does under the specious term "common sense." But through their grosser understanding of things there is ever to be detected the spiritual light which discloses their Oriental origin, purged of the worst shapes of Asiatic superstition and mysticism, manifesting itself in impressive and intelligible speech after 2,000 years of silence in Pagan graves. The greatest puzzle of Etruscan art is the extraordinary bronze found at Arezzo, but now in the Ufizzi Gallery, called, in antiquarian despair of interpretation, the Chimera. It has the body of a lion, with the head of a goat growing out of its back, poisoned by the bite of a serpent that forms the tail of the compound beast, whose entire body is showing the fatal effects of the venom.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

SANKSRIT PROVERBS.

Youth is like a mountain-torrent; wealth is like the dust on one's feet; manhood is fugitive as a waterdrop; life is like foam: who fulfils not duty with steadfast mind, duty which opens the portals of heaven, surprised by old age and remorse, he is burned by the fire of grief.

C. J.

A STRANGE BETROTHAL.*

IT was Christmas in a New England village. Old Mrs. Mason sat before her great fireplace, in which a splendid blaze of apple-boughs was glowing. Beside her were two young people; her grandson, Joe Bush, and his sister Mollie. Joe was home from the University for the holidays, and the two had run over from their home near by for the evening. Grandmother sighed gently as she looked at the flames and thought of the havoc that the last autumn gales had wrought in the orchard; some of the trees were getting pretty old, and she feared they would not see many more crops of golden pippins. The young folks, however, as they luxuriated in the deep glow, felt little regret for the mutilated orchard. Their grandmother's mournfulness was not deep-seated; she became cheerfully reminiscent, after the fashion of grandmothers, and it needed no urging to make her eloquent about the olden times. It was snowing heavily that night, which brought to her mind some of the old-fashioned snowstorms. Most remarkable of all was the famous fiery snow that fell when she was a girl. It came down soft and still, the air seemed alive with myriads of falling stars, the ground was covered with a sheet of powdery moon-shine, the trees stood like ghosts clothed in phosphorescent robes, and a handful of snow seemed like some unearthly cold flame. It lasted some hours, and then the fire faded away, leaving nothing but ordinary snow. People were terribly frightened, and many thought the day of judgment was at hand.

"I should think they might have caught on to that day-of-judgment racket after a while," said Joe, in his student vernacular. "It seems as if in those old times they couldn't have any kind of curious weather without laying it to the end of the world. I should like to have seen that snowstorm, though. Why can't they have such things nowadays? But we did have the 'Yellow day,' though, in 1881, and that frightened lots of people. Say, grandmother, did you have any ghosts around in those days? They are getting pretty thick lately. I have heard more ghost stories this term than you could shake a stick at. Some of the fellows are full of them, and they believe in them too, and in witchcraft, and all that sort of thing. They don't call it superstition any more, They have a regular scientific explanation for it all. Our metaphysics Prof. has tried lots of experiments in hypnotism, and knows all about it. I have taken it from an elective—that is, psychology."

* This story is founded upon an actual occurrence in the family of an American member of the Theosophical Society, and closely follows the lines of the real events, a brief account of which was given in one of the earlier numbers of *The Path.*—[AUTHOR.]

"Well, I am glad people are getting sensible at last," said grandmother solemnly. "Ghosts? Of course there are ghosts. And as for witchcraft, some of those Salem folks, you may be sure, got no more than their just and proper deserts. If they hadn't been brought to a stop, with a good sharp turn, there's no telling where their wicked doings might have ended," and grandmother's kindly face assumed for a moment a severity worthy a Puritan judge. "It's lucky my brother William didn't live in those days; some of his carryings-on would surely have brought him to grief, though he never did anything bad. Magic tricks would not have been in favour."

"What! good old Uncle William Helden, the best doctor in the county?" asked Mollie.

"He used to do some pretty queer things," said grandmother, "but, as I said, never anything bad. You know our father was a doctor also, and William began to study with him. William had a great taste for experimenting, and father liked to teach him. Among the books our father left was a curious old volume in Latin, printed in black letters. William said it contained various magic rules, but it was difficult to make anything out of it. He used to pore over its pages hours at a time, and he learnt to do some strange things which mystified and even scared pretty badly some of the folks who were curious to see what he could do. You know he was full of mischief in those days—Joe, here, is almost the image of him as he looked then—and was fond of playing practical jokes. But it was not one of his jokes that made him come rushing into the house one beautiful moonlight night in October, and drop, white as a ghost, and gasping for breath, into that very arm-chair you are now sitting in, Joe. It frightened me, you may believe, to see him looking so, but I said: 'Well, William Helden, what have you been trying to do this time? I am glad to see that you are scared at last yourself, for you have frightened so many people nearly out of their seven senses that it serves you right.'

"As soon as he could get his breath he said: 'I may as well tell you all about it. It was nothing to be frightened at, but rather something to be thankful for; it was the strangeness, the wonder of it, that startled me. You see I had been puzzling over a most mystifying passage in that old book for a long time, and at last I made out just what it meant. I determined to test it. Now don't laugh; you know I have never yet seen the girl to fall in love with, and—I thought I would lift the veil of the future and find out who my wife was going to be. So, when the last bit of daylight had faded out of the sky, and everything was still, I went out into the woods to where stood the largest beech-tree I knew. There was a great smooth place under its branches, which were wide spreading, forming a sort of natural circle. The ground was covered with crisp, new-fallen leaves. The moonlight poured down between the branches and covered the ground with bright streaks and silvery lace-work.

"'I tied my handkerchief to the trunk of the beech. Then I turned around, directly away from the tree, and took a certain number of paces, according to the directions laid down in the book. Turning to the right, I kept slowly on in regular steps, making the circuit of the tree, keeping time to the chanting of a certain verse, which had to be repeated constantly in a peculiar rhythm which, having had no one to instruct me, I had had great difficulty in acquiring, with nothing to guide me but the printed rules. I had tried various things that I had learnt from the book, as you know, and had always succeeded in attaining the result promised. I had no misgiving as to the consequence of this. I was as sure of the end as I was that one step would follow the other. I did not think of either success or failure, though; from the start I kept confidently on, knowing, as it seemed, that what I set out to do would be done. Just how, I did not know, but even the thought of wonder did not enter my mind as I kept on repeating the words of the charm in exact time with every step.

"'When I began it was as still as death in the woods. As, for a second, I stood facing away from the tree after having tied my handkerchief there, I heard the soft patter of an acorn dropping to the ground afar off. And just as I started on the circle an owl hooted somewhere near; his cry was very distinct in the silence. The lightest possible breath of air touched my cheeks; it seemed at first as if it were made by my own motion, slow though my steps were, but it increased as I went on, and when I reached my starting-point opposite the handkerchief, the dry leaves were rustling on the boughs around so that a great whispering filled the woods.

"'I kept on. The wind still freshened until, before I had finished my second circuit, a tremendous gale was blowing, wrenching the great beech-boughs as if it would twist them off, so that they creaked together, rattling the twigs like musketry. I paid no attention to this, but was only conscious that it was so. When I started to make the third and last circuit the wind had spent its force, and, as I kept on, it gradually died away until, when I came opposite my handkerchief, it was once more utterly calm.

"'I stood still, facing the tree, looking first at my handkerchief and then beyond. There, on the opposite side of the circle, was the figure of a girl advancing towards me out of the darkness made by the deep shadow of a large hemlock. She came towards me, straight across the circle, with a step as slow and measured as that which I had been taking. I stood as motionless as a statue. I had no desire to move, but I felt that I could not stir if I would, any more than if I had been turned to stone. The charm was worked, and its magic was upon us both.

"'When she came to the tree-trunk she stopped, and untied my handkerchief with a quick motion, although it was knotted hard after a peculiar

fashion. She then advanced towards me. The moonlight came pouring down in an unbroken flood through a wide space between the branches, and shone full in her face as she passed the spot. Then I saw that her eyes were open wide, not staring, but as of one walking in deep dreaming, seeing the unseen. A most lovely face, and a figure graceful in every line and motion. If ever man beheld a real form, that was one there before me: it was no dream fancy, no shadowy ghost; it cast a shadow of its own there in the moonlight, and the shadows of the twigs above seemed to make a mantle of moving network as they fell upon her while she walked, embroidering her gown of light grey stuff that, when she was in the distance, looked like shining silvery mist.

"'At last she stood close to me, face to face, her eyes still unperceiving; her hand held out the handkerchief towards me, my hand mechanically closed upon it, and then—a swift glance of recognition gleamed out of her dark eyes and made them glow with sudden fire; all in a moment I somehow seemed to turn from ice to flame, there was a melting sensation at my heart which welled up into my throat, almost choking me with a great gush of pity, of compassion, of a feeling I have never felt before, as if I would make the sweet being who had so strangely come at my bidding, not mine merely, but a very part of me. And the thought went out from me in a strong wave as if to enfold her. But it turned into a sob and filled my eyes with tears, for then I perceived that she was no longer there; in an instant she had vanished. As I saw the empty circle under the gaunt tree, I was oppressed with a feeling of desolation, of forsakenness; the aspect of the place into which I had come bravely now filled me with terror, and I fled. You see me, frightened, not by what I have seen, not by what I have done, but by the loss of it all. But it has left with me a deep and abiding joy. O! I could search all the world through to find her, but I know that searching would avail nothing. Some day our paths will meet.'

"William's words, so strangely spoken, with an emotion that I had never dreamed him capable of, burned into my memory and have remained there to this day. I listened in wonder, and when he finished I simply pressed his hand with the sympathy which every sister must feel for a brother whom she sees suddenly made a lover, and said: 'Will, I believe with you that she whom you have seen you will surely meet again.'

"William was unusually quiet that winter. His pranks ceased, and he devoted himself to his medical studies and to day-dreams of which I knew that one figure must form the motive. Early the next May he went to Burlingborough in Vermont, to continue his medical studies with Doctor Wilson, an old friend of our father's. The first letter which I received from him was written two days after he reached there. I have it still, and will read it to you if you would like to hear it. If you

will look in that upper right-hand corner of the secretary, Joe, you will find a package of old letters."

Joe jumped up with unusual alacrity, and after rummaging excitedly through the drawer, found what he wanted. His grandmother, whose gentle face had grown almost girlish with the renewal of old memories, untied the ribbon and quickly found what she wanted: a letter of ancient aspect, yellow with age and folded so as to make its own envelope. Adjusting her spectacles, she read:

"Burlingborough, Vt., 9th May, 1832.

"My dear Sister Martha,—

"When I write you that *I have found her*, you will at once know what I mean. I might better say, *we have found each other.* I promised to describe for you my journey hither, but I cannot fix my mind upon that now, agreeable as it was; neither would you care to read about it at this moment, in view of what I have just written. Suffice to say that when I reached here, I met with as warm a welcome from Doctor Wilson and his kind good wife as one could wish, and I felt speedily at home in their pleasant house, which is on the broad main street of the town; a thoroughfare lined with noble elms. I expected to find the country here almost winter-bound, but though spring is later than at home, it has come with a leap; yesterday was as mild as summer, and to-day is the same. It was very quiet in the house all day; the air of the place seemed to me unusually sympathetic, but Mrs. Wilson declared that it must be lonesome for a stranger; their daughter Jessie happened to be away spending the day with a friend; if they had known I was coming that day they would have kept her at home. As I did not have the honour of Miss Jessie's acquaintance, and as no girls but 'the unknown' had any particular interest for me, I remarked that I had found the house delightful, and that it would have been a great pity to spoil their daughter's visit for my sake. I spent the most of the day unpacking and settling down in my room, and after tea I took a little stroll through the town in the moonlight, the Doctor having been called away to a patient. Returning to the house, I paused at the gate a moment to look up and down under the arching trees, and then I stood a long time before the door, silently enjoying the beauty of the night. The moon was high in the heavens, and full, and as its light came pouring down through the branches of the great elm I was somehow reminded of that night under the beech-tree in the woods. The rhythm of the charm came involuntarily to my lips, but as I looked towards the street I became transfixed with wonder on seeing a graceful, girlish figure approaching, walking up the path in seeming unconsciousness of my presence, a handkerchief held lightly in her hand. The elm-shadows threw a lace-work over her and the moonlight shone full in

her face as she passed a space where it poured down in clear, broad stream. I knew her well. *She was the very same.* Even that dreaming look was in her eyes, and it suddenly changed to the quick flash of recognition as I, who had stood as motionless as I did that time, received the handkerchief from her hand. Again a wave of overpowering emotion swept over me and went out from me, and again it turned into a sharp pang, for I felt that I must be only dreaming the old scene over. But the figure did not melt away from me this time, and my arms enfolded the living form of her whom destiny had so strangely brought to me seven months before.

"And then she, frightened and amazed at what had happened, would have fallen, but I supported her and she sank to the steps, I bending over her. 'We have met before,' I spoke at last; 'we belong to each other.' As she wonderingly returned my gaze she seemed to be looking, far beyond me, her eyes fixed upon some distant scene. Then she answered: 'It must be true, for I remember you; but how, and where? Was it in dream? or am I dreaming now? I know not who you are, and yet it seems not strange that you should be here.'

"Just then steps were heard approaching; the Doctor came briskly up the walk, and as he saw us he said: 'Well, Jessie, so you have got home and found our friend; I wish you might have been here to help us welcome him.'

"'Doctor,' I said, 'it is my duty to tell you how it is that Miss Jessie and I already know each other—you may think me crazy, but I swear to you that what I have to say is true.' Then I told them the story of that night. They listened in silence to the end, and I could hear Jessie's soft, quick breathing at my side whenever I paused.

"'William Helden,' said the Doctor, when I had finished, 'I know that book, and from what I know, I trust your story absolutely. Your father, who was my dearest friend, had it when we were in college together, and he used to work some of those strange things which you have learnt from it yourself. And on that very day of last October, of which you tell, well on into the evening, our Jessie here fell suddenly into a swoon so deep that her pulse gave no sign of life, and her mother and I both thought her dead. She revived as suddenly, and said that she felt she had been away somewhere, but could remember nothing.'

"'Now I remember,' said Jessie, 'that it was that night I saw you standing alone in a wood, and as you took a handkerchief from me everything vanished and I awoke. And to-night when I found that handkerchief out under the elm-tree by the gate (where I must have dropped it) a strange feeling came over me the instant I touched it, and I seemed to be walking in a dream until you took it from my hand.'

"How strange it seemed that she should be at my side, and yet as natural as if we had been lovers for life, so well do the souls of two who were made for each other know when they meet. The thought of her

had been with me night and day ever since that time, and my heart beat quick with exultation at the realization of its desire. 'In truth, a most remarkable happening,' mused the Doctor, 'but indeed I could wish no better future for my daughter than that she should be the wife of my old friend's son ; just as fate has ordered.'

"Of course, all this will be kept quiet, and our engagement will seem to come about in the natural course of events, and, under the circumstances, this will be very easily arranged. And then our marriage cannot be far distant, for father's practice is waiting for me, with a comfortable home for her to make a happy one.

"This is all, my dear sister, that I have to write now, and as you finish these lines you may well believe that a devoted lover is

"Your affectionate brother,

"WILLIAM HELDEN."

The silence which followed grandmother's reading was broken by Joe, who exclaimed :

"Well, that is a kind of witchcraft worth knowing ; and to think of it all having been in the family, too! That's what might be called getting your wife by 'natural selection.' If it would only come to be the regular thing what lots of bother and mistakes it would save us fellows. I'd like to get hold of that old book!" Then, with a mischievous glance at his sister : "Say, Moll, and if I did, what do you think might be the effect if I should happen to lend it, with full directions for use, to——"

"Joe Bush, if you should dare——" blazed up Mollie, and an imperative gesture, accompanied by a look of maidenly distress, caused him to check his utterance. But the flushing cheeks, and the tender lights that played in Mollie's brown eyes while in half reverie she sank back in her chair, brought an amused and sympathetic smile to the face of her grandmother, who conjectured that there existed a young man who needed the aid of no old book of magic lore to call forth at his bidding the soul of a certain maiden.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

Even in a forest hermitage, sin prevails over the unholy ; the restraint of the senses in one's own home, this is asceticism.

Who performs a right action, free from impurity, the house of that man is a forest hermitage.

C. J. [*From the Sanskrit.*]

ODD SCRAPS AND NOTES FROM JAPAN.

CURIO HUNTING.

PROLOGUE.

THE policy of secretiveness and strict seclusion so jealously maintained by the Japanese—who surrounded the inquisitive foreign unwelcome intruder with a cordon of officials with that object—became somewhat relaxed during the political troubles and consequent disorganisation of details of government, during the sixth and seventh decades of this century. An intuitive conviction grew up stronger in my mind, from time to time, that important material lay hidden amongst the old literary treasures of temples and the older families.

With this idea ever present, many a stroll I took through the out-of-the-way bye-paths and secluded nooks and corners of Yedo and other places not yet frequented by the aggressive foreigner. I was ever on the look-out for a *find*, and I made not a few, when able to shake off the official espionage that was so constant.

Once, delving through a heap of old rubbish, in a second-hand dealer's stock-in-trade, I came across a very curious-looking piece of carving. With great caution, the outcome of some experience amongst the dealers, I suppressed my eager curiosity, but eventually got it out with other things I did not at all care for, and made a sporting bid for the lot. The dealer was less guarded, and eagerly nibbled at the bait. I got my treasure home and made a subsequent visit to the said dealer, but could gain no information from him. There had been a great fire, and many temples and houses burned. Then the trade (dealers in old wares) held one of their periodical sales among themselves and my "find" had passed through many hands.

Before describing my treasure I should premise by stating that in the eighth century A.D. a number of small pagodas were fabricated (some say 1,000,000) and in each was enclosed a small scroll upon which prayers were printed, which were, of course, very highly valued—many Sanskrit and Pali texts and Chinese translations of Indian religious literature were known to still exist, having escaped fire and the destructive effects of age and vandalism, and for such I was ever on the look-out.

When I examined my treasure trove, I found it was a curious, and evidently very old, piece of carved work, at first sight looking like a solid piece, but not heavy enough to warrant this idea. Black with dust and soot, evidently from ages of exposure to the flaring oil lamps always

burning on altars, it had doubtless been an altar stand for some highly valued object.

A small space on the top, that had been covered by something standing on it, was fresh-looking and clean, revealing the wood to be that of the Paulownia Imperialis—a light, spongy, but long-enduring wood, never attacked by insects, and most frequently used for the foundation of lacquered and other temple furniture. But let me now describe the general form of the curiosity.

The carving looked like the miniature of some rocky islet, with high cliffs and an inaccessible summit. Amongst the rugged faces recesses were cut, some of which still contained microscopic images of *Rakan* (Arhats), but many were missing—probably some hundreds had originally stood clustered around from base to summit.

Not more than two feet high, and one foot in its greatest diameter at base, and somewhat smaller towards the summit; its sides were very irregular in form, like rugged rockery or rustic garden work. There did not appear to be any metal in its construction, but there were several kinds of wood, difficult to identify without damaging or defacing.

As these clever, artistic people never do anything without design, it doubtless had more than exoteric meaning. Here and there were little shrines—halting places on what looked like a representation of a Buddhist pilgrim's progress, along this rocky road. Which of the Rishi carried the banner of Excelsior could not be discerned now.

The base was carved into wavelets, from which conventionalized forms of the dragon, turtle and other mythological creatures were emerging.

What this had been, what it all was meant to represent, "no fellow could tell," all my intimates gave it up, but not so with me, so I resolved to sleep on the matter, and allow matters to develop. What was *inside* being to me the chief concern, it is not surprising that after the usual *hot* tubbing *à la Japonaise*, and the shampoo of the blind expert "masseur," I fell into a dreamy, happy, unconscious state, that developed into realistic visions.

Before depicting a word picture of these dreamy investigations into the past history of my find, let me mention that I had been for some time previously very much interested in some curious books recently purchased, containing wonder stories of old Japan, some of which are now being presented to the readers of LUCIFER.

OMOIE TETSZUNOTSZUKE.

(To be Continued.)

THE MEANING OF A PLEDGE.

IT has been thought advisable that members of a certain Occult Lodge of the T. S. should have the meaning of the Pledge they are about to take laid before them as plainly as possible. At any rate, that those who have previously signed the Pledge shall lay before those who are about to do so all that they understand this Pledge to mean and what its signature involves.

The Pledge runs as follows :

"1. I pledge myself to endeavour to make Theosophy a living factor in my life.

"2. I pledge myself to support, before the world, the Theosophical movement, its leaders and its members.

"3. I pledge myself never to listen without protest to any evil thing spoken of a Brother Theosophist and to abstain from condemning others.

"4. I pledge myself to maintain a constant struggle against my lower nature, and to be charitable to the weaknesses of others.

"5. I pledge myself to do all in my power, by study or otherwise, to fit myself to help and teach others.

"6. I pledge myself to give what support I can to the movement in time, money, and work.

"So Help Me, My Higher Self."

It is at once plain that this is not a general Pledge like that which is taken so lightly by members of the Theosophical Society ; but that it is a specific undertaking to do and to endeavour to do certain things. Also that it is given under an invocation :—

"So help me my Higher Self."

The term "Higher Self" has recently come into considerable use—at any rate so far as the Theosophical Society is concerned. To those who have studied the meaning of the words it is at once evident that to "take an oath" in the ordinary fashion of Christians is much less serious than a Pledge in presence of the "Higher Self."

The "Higher Self," moreover, is not a sort of sublimated essence of any one man ; a sort of spiritualised "personality." *It* is universal and secondless and in such a sense the term "*my* Higher Self" seems misplaced. But every man, however dimly, is a manifestation of the Higher Self, and it is by the connection of the Jiva, the Monad, with the secondless "Higher Self" that it is possible to use the term. What then does the invocation mean ?

The man who takes this Pledge in the right spirit calls upon It, and

calls every help and blessing from It to his assistance. By an intense desire to be under Its protection he (though It *per se* is latent and passive) places himself under the protection of the active and beneficent powers that are the direct rays of the Absolute Higher Secondless Self.

But if a man takes this Pledge and betrays his Higher Self, he risks every evil and *brings it upon himself*. Thus then, he who remains true to the Pledge has nothing to fear; but he who has no confidence in himself to keep the Pledge when taken, had better leave it and, much more, leave Occultism alone.

Breaking this Pledge cannot, then, involve penalty on the "Higher Self," but it can affect the individual man. The "Higher Self" is immortal, but the Monad exists as a separate individual only during the Manvantaras, and around it various personalities are formed. This incarnates at every new birth, and not only can be, but is, punished if such a Pledge is broken. Once that it has progressed far enough to recognise the glorious light of the Higher Self and desire to live in it, the breaking of the Pledge tends towards a condition which would preclude the possibility of that light not only benefitting the Monad, but even reaching it.

Thus all men are in the presence of two forces in nature. One of them active and beneficent, whose aid and assistance is directly invoked by the Pledge; the other active, but maleficent, which is represented by beings who have a distinct interest in preventing the operation of the Pledge, and in hindering the work of the Theosophical Society. We see this more clearly when we know that we Pledge ourselves *to be* active, and not merely to endeavour to be.

Further, there are powers on the earth and in the flesh, as well as in the astral light, who desire to prevent and hinder the Pledge from taking effect. Some of these act consciously in this manner, and others because they are driven to such conscious action, but without any knowledge of the reason or force which drives them thereto.

We are to endeavour to "make Theosophy a living factor in our lives." Before we can *endeavour* to do this, much less *do* it effectually, we must first understand what Theosophy is, and actually define to ourselves what we individually mean by Theosophy. Now it is exactly this definition, its want, and our ignorance generally which hitherto has prevented us from carrying out this endeavour. Nothing need here be said of the Theosophical Society and the benefit which would come to it by even a small section of its members actually making Theosophy *the* living factor in their lives. Very few do so, and it is only too true that a member of the Theosophical Society is not necessarily a Theosophist. But those who take this Pledge are not content to remain nominally members of the Society, but aspire to be Theosophists indeed. And therefore it is so necessary that all should learn what a Theosophist is, and what any man must do to make Theosophy a *living* factor in his life.

As a negative definition nothing could be better than the definition in LUCIFER No. 3:

"He who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation, or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist."

But this definition also contains the positive side. It is not sufficient merely to abstain from doing that which is condemned in this definition. The negative side alone is useless to those who take this Pledge—and not merely useless, for it involves practically the breaking of the Pledge. The Pledge demands not only that the man who takes it shall abstain from evil doing but, more, that he shall *positively* work altruistically and defend any innocent person as he would himself.

Many men may be so colourless as not to offend against the negative clauses of the Pledge and definition; but few are they who are sufficiently positive in their own character as not only not to offend against these clauses but also work in the opposite direction. For the greatest importance does not consist in "I will not" but in the "I will do." Thus some strength is needed for impersonality. This impersonality is of two kinds, negative and positive. For the negative, strength is needed to fight against the forces of heredity and education, and prevent obedience to the instincts and acquired habits of this and other incarnations. But greater strength is needed to cross the zero-point and create new instincts and habits in the midst of conditions of life and habits of thought which are violently opposed to the new creation. And it would seem that strength is required so that it would be possible to conquer the tendencies of a devil and grow up into divinity. And if we regard the Pledge generally it would seem to be an admirable instrument, in view of the above quoted definition, for finding out and assailing everybody on their weak points. As men and women the Pledge compels us to refrain from acting and thinking in our daily life as our education has hitherto compelled us to do. If we do not so refrain, we do not make Theosophy a living factor in our lives. And more, while we are engaged in this difficult task, the positive side appears and we are told that we have to do other things as difficult—otherwise we are not Theosophists.

The second clause of the Pledge will prove a stumbling block to many lukewarm members of the Theosophical Society. Many may be in complete accord with the objects of the Theosophical Society, so far as they understand them, but also be in complete disagreement with the leaders of the Society and their method of work. Not only may they disagree but also be in either open or concealed hostility to those leaders and many of the members. It is of no use to disguise from ourselves

the fact that this has been the case, and unfortunately may be so again. We work for "Universal Brotherhood" and we are at enmity with our mmediate neighbours. This then we pledge ourselves to put a stop to, and to excise the tendency from our natures. Thus Clause 2 has a special reference to certain persons arising out of the general circumstances.

The question naturally arises: "Of what use is a Theosophical Society with such aims, when it is composed of such diverse elements?" And again: "Has the Society any coherence and purpose which shall make *it* a living power in the society by which it is surrounded?" For an analogy exists; and the Society is an individual among societies, just as men and women are individuals. And it may here be emphatically stated that the power and force of any given body is not the total force of its component units, but that the body has an individual force and power of its own apart from them. One has but to turn to the chemistry of "alloys" to see that this is true. If then we regard the Society, it does not seem that any of its strength is due to the united purpose and action of its individual members. But it has a great purpose, and to this a certain number of devoted individuals have sacrificed all that lay in their power. Among these the founders and present leaders of the Society are notable examples. The result is that the Society continues to exist exoterically. But the continued existence of the Society is not due to these few individual efforts alone but to the underlying influence of those under whose direction the Society was founded by its present leaders, and to the fostering care of those Masters in Wisdom, after it was founded.

Clause 3 opens out to many, as the Society is at present constituted, a good deal of casuistical reasoning. It has been said, and it would seem truly said, that it is perfectly open to those who are true Theosophists to condemn an act but not the actor. But this will be found to be a distinction which is very subtle and difficult to make in life. "Light on the Path," too, warns the aspirant against self-righteousness of a like character, "for the soiled garment you shrink from touching may have been yours yesterday, may be yours to-morrow." Thus those who take this Pledge are about to meet a very subtle difficulty (for in life the act and the actor are indissolubly connected), unless they have attained the power of observing and reading on a plane which is at present beyond the reach of the majority of mankind. However, even if this power is beyond reach at present, it is at all events right for those who aspire to be Theosophists to try. We can at least put a bridle on our physical lips and endeavour to do so on our mind, and thus abstain from "condemning others." For the silent condemnation of the mind would seem more "vicious" than physical speech, for, at any rate in the "judge," it is a form of moral cowardice. And herein lies the casuistry. For apart from the definition in LUCIFER, No. 3, it has been open to those who

take the Pledge to consider that their human brothers are not "Brother Theosophists," and therefore that it is legal to judge and condemn. Thus if it could be clearly proven that any man or woman has erred against the said definition it might be possible to receive absolution from the pledge "never to listen without protest to any evil thing spoken" of them. But the definition stops this with its "whether a brother Theosophist or not," and agrees with the legal maxim which is so seldom acted upon—always to consider a man innocent until proved guilty. Suspicion is a dangerous guest to harbour, and we are finally brought back to the fact that it is best to "judge not that ye be not judged."

Clauses 4 and 5 are the completion of resolutions which go straight to the centre of all that militates against Theosophy and against its forming a living factor in men's lives. In this sense Clause 6 is a completion also. But the power to help and teach others can only be found in the united spirit of life, which is a spirit of absolute equality and in the sense that to the Theosophist every man is a teacher.

Clause 6 is a ratification of all that has gone before, but places it in more definite terms.

Thus then before this Pledge is taken it is necessary for all who aspire to take it to carefully ascertain, before pledging themselves to work and activity for Theosophy, what Theosophy really is. Is Theosophy identical with the practice of the Theosophical Society? If it is not, ought it to be? Shall I endeavour to make it so? In pledging myself to work for it, am I in the near or distant future, in this or in some succeeding incarnation, looking for a reward? It would then seem that one of the first requisites is to endeavour to "Know Thyself."

Such a Pledge must not be taken lightly nor in a spirit of mere emotionalism. It has to be taken with a stern resolution to ever and ever more fully carry out its requirements, even at all costs to the man who takes it. It is taken at the risk of the man who takes it in a thoughtless spirit without examining what it really means and without the intention of making its fulfilment the supreme object of his life.

It is necessary "to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the truths which exist in Theosophy and then perhaps there may dawn upon the world the day when all men shall be as brothers, and Universal Brotherhood shall be a reality and the guide of all existence.

ONE WHO IS PLEDGED.

ON CERTAIN FRIENDS.

"I found them blind, I taught them how to see,
And now they know neither themselves—nor me."

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Correspondence.

ASTROLOGICAL.

OVER the ambitious signature of "Magus" a correspondent asks in your July issue, "What is planetary influence and how does it act on man?" "Nemo" in his reply answers other questions but fails to answer this one.

Not being myself a Magus I will not assume to fully describe planetary influence, since to do so would lead us into realms quite beyond our comprehension. But we will get a better idea of the subject by recollecting that the ancients always considered the "ambient"—or entire heaven—at birth, as being that which affected man, and that planets were only the pointers or indices showing when and where the influence of the "ambient" would be felt. The modern astrologers, following those great leaders, but unable to grasp the enormous subject, reduced the scheme to the *influences of planets.* They have thus come to leave out, to a great extent, influences cast by powerful stars, which often produce effects not to be sought for under planets: "When such stars have rule nor wise nor fool can stay their influence." The planets were held, rightly as I think, to be only foci for "the influence of the whole ambient," having however a power of their own of a secondary nature exercisable when the ambient influence was weak.

When London was burnt a mighty star—not a planet—had rule, and Napoleon was prefigured by a star also, his fall being due in fact to the aspect of the heavens *as a whole*, and not to the ruling of Wellington's significator. A slight accident might have thrown the power of the latter out of the horary field. Similarly, the cyclic vicissitudes of this globe will not be shown by any planetary scheme, but by certain *stars* that fix the destiny of poor Earth. When they have their day and term the wise man will be unable to rule his own stars or any others.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

New York, July 27th, 1888.

THE DEVIL, WHO IS HE?

SIR,—The Rev. T. G. Headley, who puts the above question in the August number, in the course of his remarks admits that the Devil and Jesus are simply impersonations of Good and Evil, and although it would appear he considers Jesus as an historical character yet I do not gather that he so identifies historically the person of the Devil, so that by your kind permission I will endeavour to give a reply to his question; leaving the question of the identity of Jesus for the present, although it may be that there is a great affinity between the two, and that the much-abused Devil may be transformed into an angel of Light.

The names of these so-called evil *genii* are, it will be found, many and varied, and the same impersonation appears under different aliases in all ages and in all countries. In Egypt it is found as the Serpent Thermuthis which the Egyptians are said to have used as a royal Tiara on the statues of the Goddess Isis, and as the Areph or Serapis, whose bishops were known as Bishops of Christ, in Persia; as Agathodæmon encircling the mundane egg; as the person of Vishnu himself in Hindostan. Then as Vitzepuptzli, the great God in Mexico; and coming finally to the sacred books of the Christians, we find the Serpent in the Garden of Eden. This is the Brazen Serpent lifted up by Moses, with whom, significantly enough, Jesus identifies himself when he says, "So must I be lifted up." So also in all varieties and modifications of the name. The serpent (the Hebrew *'nocash*), the Greek "Dragon" or Οφις, the snake or the Basilisk, the Royal Serpent—the radical idea in all is one. It is the attribute of a peculiar acuteness of sight which hath, says St. John, in Hebrew his name Abaddon or Ab—ad—on the Father, the Lord, the Being; and in Greek Apollyon, that is Apollo, as Sathen or Satan, in 1 Chron. xxi. 1, where the same is used as in 2 Sam. xxiv. 1, showing that Satan and *Yahou* are one and the self-same being; and in Rev. xii. 9, where the writer speaks of that old serpent called the Devil and Satan. Briefly, Ophiolatry or Serpent worship was universal and symbolical of Wisdom and Eternity, its inarticulate or terrible hiss representing the voice of God, since Isaiah assures us "That the Lord will hiss for the fly (or scarabeus) of Egypt."

He is called Satan or Shethen—opposition—and also an Accuser—not, however, a *false* accuser—as, in the book ascribed to Job, he is represented as one of the Sons of God, who presents himself with the others, and as such is invested with superior wisdom, directing even the providence of God. * In fact there is no name, attribute or title of Godhead, Power or Majesty, ascribed to God either in the Old or New Testament, but that same is the name, title and attribute of Satan.

The "Devil" is the Accuser or Tempter. But, so also we read that God tempted Abraham, and in the prayer we beseech God "to lead us not into temptation." He is the Adversary or "stander over against," or Diabolus, the opposite; hence the French Diable, and as our text says, "Your Adversary, the Devil." Now, briefly, tabulating all the names of the Devil which occur in Scripture, and all the attributes ascribed to him, they will be found to be the Common names and attributes of the Supreme God as follows:—

Baal-Shadai	God Almighty.
Bel-Aitan	The Mighty Lord.
Bel-Geh	The Lord of Health.
Bel-Ial (Belial)	Lord of the Opposite.
Baal-Zebub	Lord of the Scorpion.

* This is undeniable; for we find stated in the *Zohar* that the "Ancient of all the Ancients" (Ain-soph, the Kabalists say, the *Logos* or At-tee-kah, also Hokhmah, or Wisdom, the Occultists maintain) having evolved or "created" *Thorah* (the law, or Dharma), hitherto hidden, Thorah forthwith addressed IT (the Ancient of all the Ancients) in these words: "IT, that wishes to arrange in order other things, should first arrange Itself in its (to it pertaining) Forms." And the "For ever concealed" did follow Thorah's advice and did so arrange its forms as to become manifested as the Universe. And if Thorah, why not Satan?— [ED.]

Baal Berith	Lord of the Covenant.
Baal Peor	Lord of the Opening.
Baal Perazim	Lord of the Divisions.
Baal Zephon	Lord of the North.
Baal-Samen	Lord of Heaven.
Adoni-Bezeck	Lord of Glory.
Moloch-Zedeck	King of Righteousness.
Lucifer	Son of the Morning or, as in

the margin, Isaiah xiv. 12, Day Star, the very name of Jesus Christ in the Testament: "The Day Star from on high hath visited and redeemed his people." It is corroborated in *Revelation* xxii, "I Jesus am the bright and morning star," or Day Star (xxii. 15); or plainly, I Jes-us am *Lucifer*; that is I am Satan, also the Devil. And so, as the "initiated" apostle truly states, "Satan is transformed into an angel of Light."

Having therefore in this note briefly shown the dual character of the Devil and *Yahou*, or God, and seeing this curious and unedifying intermingling of the attributes of the Supreme, amidst and with the accumulation of centuries of theological confusion, contradictions, and contrarieties, passing before our mind, we are constrained in the strength of the Spirit of Truth to cut the Gordian Knot.

As the Rev. T. G. Headley says, there appear to be two powers at work, Good and Evil, or the Devil and Jesus. But, in their *esse*, they are but one and the same; the Prince or Power of Darkness is the adversary—the opposite—or opponent of the Prince of Light, and constantly follows or persecutes him, as day and night, and as the cold and cheerless reign of winter succeeds the summer, as the earth revolving in space presents its whole surface successively to the sun. So the illuminated *half* was the Kingdom of Heaven while the adverse, diabolically adverse, symbolically represented Hades, Darkness, the Under World, Bottomless Pit, Hell, &c., which the blackness of infinite space readily realizes. And, as the Hebrew word, and the Greek, for both a Dragon and a Serpent are derived from words which signify the eye, and in all the languages of Asia, the same word expresses the Eye, and the SUN, so Milton's Adam, addressing the sun, says, "Thou sun of this great world, both EYE and SOUL," so all the names that have been given him either in Pagan or Christian Mythology are but the names and personifications of his different supposed attributes: as, Lovely in Spring, Powerful in Summer, Beneficent in Autumn, and Terrible in Winter. So that whatever be the name, whether Jupiter, Pluto, Dionysius, God, Devil, Christ, Satan, Demon, or Angel, it is ever as that famous verse of the Orphic song truly says: "One Jupiter, one Pluto, one Apollo, one Bacchus. It is but the One God in them all." So also our Christian poet sings:

> "These as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the *Varied* God: the rolling year
> Is full of Thee: forth in the pleasing *Spring*
> Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love,
> Then comes thy glory in the *Summer* months

With light and heat refulgent.
Thy beauty shines in *Autumn* unconfined
And spreads a common feast for all that live.
In *Winter*, awful thou with clouds and storms.
Riding sublime, thou bidst the World adore
And humblest nature with thy northern blast."

To conclude, if we carefully investigate the origin and derivation of the various names by which this Evil (d'evil) or dark genius has been known in all ages, we shall discover that they one and all turn upon the phenomena of darkness and light, day and night, Summer and Winter. Bearing this in mind, the apparent contradiction, and yet dual characters and natures, of the Devil and Jes-us, or God as pourtrayed in the Christian sacred books, and which is so perplexing to the ordinary reader, becomes clear and distinct. As the Seasons and periods of time revolve, so naturally does the One Esse or Source of all, by the reflection of which these seasons or shadows thrown upon our mentality, become alternately Day, Night, Summer and Winter, &c., correspondingly God, Devil, Christ, and Satan, &c., hence, outside these phenomena which are many and varied, the Divine Esse or God is but One and Supreme and All, even as the seven colours of the Sun's rays appear but as one.

THOMAS MAY.

Chelsea, S. W. Aug. 22, 1888.

CHRISTIAN OR MENTAL SCIENCE?

IN your review last month of Mrs. Gestefeld's recent work "Statements of Christian Science," you seem to include Mental Science and Christian Science under one head. As a student of the former, I beg to make a few explanations in regard to our doctrine.

In the first place, Mental Science objects as strongly to the name "Christian" being applied to the science as does LUCIFER. For although the manner of healing is the same in essence as that practised by Christ, yet he was not the first to practise it, for it was known and used centuries before his birth.

The whole doctrine of Mental (or Christian) Science is based on the belief that there is an one Universal Whole and that we are all parts of that Whole. The views of Mental Scientists, concerning the relation of matter to spirit, were well voiced by a writer on Occultism, when he defined "Matter as being latent Force" (or Spirit), and "Force (or Spirit), as being free Matter," one substance. Or as it is sometimes expressed "All is Spirit (or mind) there is no Matter," that is, matter has no real existence by itself; it being but a condition of spirit—spirit conditioned—made visible and tangible.

All our diseases can be traced to one fundamental error, the belief that we are separate entities, entirely unconnected with one another. If you will consider this point fully, I think you will agree with me that all sin (and from sin sickness) arises from this almost universal belief. Society is built on that foundation. Instead of man co-operating with man, at present he expends

more than half his energy in fighting his brother. Instead of helping those weaker than himself he looks upon them as his lawful prey.

I heard once of a distinguished physician who told his class in a large medical college that every known disease could be traced to a cold. He might have carried that statement even farther and said that every disease could be traced to a *fear*—conscious or unconscious—caused by a sense of separateness.

You ask where is the guarantee—the hall-mark by which the true Mental (or so-called Christian) Scientist may be known. "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*"*

As to the safeness of intrusting this power to the multitude, I am not in a position to judge. But "the powers that might be expected to intervene in order to prevent Keely's inventions from becoming factors in human life" might, I venture to suggest, also be expected to intervene if "mankind is too selfish, too cruel, too stupid, too pitiless, too animal to be intrusted with minor 'divine powers,'" for such the powers of Mental Healing certainly are.†

Mental Science wars against the materialism of the age. It endeavours to make man realize that behind his material body he has a soul, that that soul is one of the rays of the sun of Infinite Spirit—distinct in itself but inseparable from that sun—that by virtue of his relation to that Universal Spirit every man is your brother in fact as well as in word.

Jesus rarely used material means when he accomplished his cures, and when he did it was but to prove their inefficacy. When he employed clay and saliva to open the eyes of the blind man, was it to support belief in material remedies?

A strong mind dominates a weaker with which it comes in contact. A child is under the dominion of the thought of those by whom it is surrounded; and, all "children's diseases" are caused by the fears of those in the atmosphere of whose minds the child lives. So-called "contagious diseases" are usually caused by the fears of communities and bodies of men. In each of these cases I have said fears because I wished to get as near the root or primary cause as possible. It may have been anger, jealousy, selfishness &c. but those are but different forms of fear arising from the false belief of separateness (personality).

True prayer never went unanswered. How could a whole nation possibly offer up fervent prayer when probably there was not one in a thousand who even knew what fervent prayer meant? Mental Science *is* true prayer.

* Just so. And it is precisely because we find these fruits abortive, by reason of the ever-failing attempts—as far as we have seen and heard—to cure a really serious disease by such means, that we permit ourselves to doubt the efficacy of Mental (or Christian) Science, in its modern garb and practice. It is not mental *Science* itself—thousands of years old—that we doubt, but the Scientists, whether Mental or Christian. We doubt as little the existence of such a Science in days of old, and he possibility of its revival in our age, as we do Theosophy, and the Wisdom-Religion, of which both Theosophy and Mind-Cure are part and parcel. But what we do say is that "many are the called and (very) few are the chosen." Neither the Mental Scientist, nor the Theosophist, are such by the saying "*by their fruits ye shall know them.*" Two-thirds of the Mental (or Christian) Scientists and Theosophists are, we fear, but bad wine corked in good bottles.—[ED.]

† It is this pernicious doctrine of ever relying upon extraneous help that leads to the collapse—physical, mental, moral, and spiritual—of well-meaning, but weak and unbalanced minds. It slays the patient of the mesmeriser and the mental healer, the neophyte of the sorcerer, and the *dilettante* of Reform. Neither success nor safety is to be found outside self-development.—[ED.]

As for Bright's disease of the kidneys being produced in persons who are untruthful and practise deception, I think the assertion far too sweeping; nor would I treat a patient for deception or any like error *directly*, knowing that to be but secondary and that the primary cause was fear. Instead of cutting off one branch of the briar which happens to hang over your path, how much better to root it up and so have it out of your way for ever.

Mental Science interferes in no way with the law of Karma. In fact the majority of Mental Scientists firmly believe in it. The Healer does not change his patient, he shows him how he can change himself, he simply points out the way, he is his teacher.

In closing, I will merely say that Mental Science never claimed to be new. It is an old science reborn under a new name.

Its aims are those of Theosophy—the conquering of the lower and the development of the higher nature. It stretches forth its hand to theosophy hoping to be recognized as an old friend and that they may henceforth go hand-in-hand, accomplishing their great purpose faster and more effectually by their united efforts.*

Yours fraternally,

REGINALD BIRNEY, F.T.S.

Hartford, Conn. U.S.A. August 6th, 1888.

* AMEN, with all our heart—upon the condition of MUTUAL justice.—[ED.]

THE EMENDATIONS OF HAMLET.

IN your review of my edition of "Hamlet," the reviewer politely invites me to explain "a fault in sense of rhythm." Two instances he gives; first:

"Why this same strict and most observant watch?
Why so nightly toils the subject of the land?"

In all the editions these two lines are united, without any point after "watch," which is nonsense. "Why" must be *understood* or *expressed* (in the second line), and an interrogation point should evidently close the first line. If expressed, the rhythm is certainly disturbed, unless we slur "Why so" into one syllable, which would be as justifiable as treating "Marry" in this way (instances of which are not few), or "England" (also instances), as well as many other words, which are intractable enough to double up into monosyllables.

The next instance is:

And *tether* the devil, or throw him out."

As I simply substitute *tether* for "*either*," I do not disturb the rhythm here.

The reviewer says that he "notices several passages" of a similar character, but only two others will be found. The one is:

"And stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters *bred* in the sun; and the moist star,"

Apply here the ordinary treatment of "i' the" for "in the," and the rhythm

is perfect. This I thought was obvious, but I did not print it so because I did not wish to depart from the text, which prints "in the."

The other is:

"The most select and generous, are chief in that."

Here, as above, the slurring of the last two words will secure the required smoothness—for "generous" is of course a dissyllable.

Shakespeare was "not sure of hand," wrote Matthew Arnold; this should be remembered, not that I cast my faults, if any, upon Shakespeare. I hope however, that I have been able to explain what have appeared to be faults. Permit me to express my pleasure that the rest of my work has met with unqualified approval at your hands.

M. MULL.

GERALD MASSEY IN AMERICA.

THE intelligent American public will shortly have another opportunity to hear that brilliant orator, poet, Egyptologist and philosopher, Mr. Gerald Massey, about to visit America for the third time on a lecturing tour. Our trans-atlantic brethren of the T. S. will give him, we feel sure, a hearty welcome, for his own sake, and for that of the help he has given LUCIFER, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of his views to that of the Theosophists in some respects. All our theosophists and readers remember the charming poetry and excellent articles on symbology that have graced the pages of our magazine over Mr. Gerald Massey's signature. His is a richly stocked mind, full of learning, where there is no room for narrow-minded prejudice. His noble endeavours to raise the British working-man to higher aspirations and ideals have made his title clear to ennoblement in the list of benefactors of humanity and won the respect of the greatest thinkers of our age.

The last time he was in the States, his health broke down in the midst of a course of lectures in Chickering Hall, New York, and he was laid up for some months. He is probably better known or appreciated in America than in England. At least we know of an occurrence in a London drawing-room which points that way. Two American ladies claimed that Mr. Massey was an American poet, and there was no one present who could disprove it. This is a story that Mr. Massey tells with great glee. There are, however, some reasons for this. Mr. Massey's poems have been published in a collected edition in Boston, U. S., but never in England. He is perhaps the least published of any living author. At the present time the whole of his writings in prose and verse, with the exception of his "Natural Genesis" and "Book of the Beginnings," are out of print. He is preparing to make a re-appearance with his work in the "Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets," which has lately been re-written by him in the light of later knowledge, with a reply to the anti-Shakspeareans. It is to be issued immediately from the press of Messrs. Clay and Sons in two editions, one for subscribers only, the other for the public. A foolish notice, full of errors, recently appeared in Mr. Redway's circular attached to the June number of LUCIFER. Amongst other mis-statements it was alleged that Mr.

Massey was "a ghost-seer" as well as a poet. This is simply untrue.* Nor was Mr. Massey's work on Shakspeare based on any abnormal experience of his own. A "psychic origin for anything professedly outside the consciousness of the author" in that relationship has to be referred to the mediumship of Mr. Massey's first wife and not to his own, as explained by him in one of his lectures. Mr. Massey's later studies and researches bring him nearer to the Theosophists. He has never lectured better than he did in delivering his recent course of lectures in London. What he has to say is the result of profound research and wide experience, and is sure to be uttered in that masculine English of which he is a master. His list of lectures contain subjects that are Evolutionary, Anthropological, Gnostic, Neo-Naturalistic and Literary. A few of these are :—

Woman, as the Victim of Ancient Symbolism.
Mythical Mares'-Nests.
The Devil of Darkness in the Light of Evolution.
Man in Search of his Soul for 50,000 Years, and how he Found it.
The Coming Religion.
A Leaf from the Book of my Life.
The Historical Jesus of the Jews and the Mythical Egyptian Christ.
Paul the Gnostic Opponent of Historic Christianity, called by Tertullian the "Apostle of the Heretics."
The "Logia of the Lord," or Pre-Christian Sayings assigned to Jesus in the Gospels.
The Hebrew Creations fundamentally Explained.
The Fall of Man as an Astronomical Allegory and a Physiological Fable.
Gnostic and Historic Christianity.
Christianity in the Roman Catacombs, or the Testimony of Gnostic Art.
Luniolatry : Ancient and Modern.
Natural Origin of Spirits : Elemental, Celestial, and Human.
Mythology as a Primitive Mode of Representation.
Totemism as a Primitive Mode of Representation.
Fetishism as a Primitive Mode of Representation.
Sign-Language : From Gestures to the Alphabet.
Thought without Words.
The Anti-Shakspeare Craze ; or, Shakspeare and Bacon.
Reality and Shams in Art and Literature.
Charles Lamb : The Most Unique of Humorists.
Robert Burns.
Thomas Hood : Poet and Punster.
Old England's Sea-Kings : How they Lived, Fought, and Died.

We subjoin a sample of Mr. Massey's teaching, from the latest of his lectures, privately printed :—

Men like Jesus, or Jehoshua ben Pandira, the Jewish political and social reformer, or Gautama, or Bruno, or Garibaldi, or Gordon, or Garfield, are in a sense Saviours of the world. They set before us an illuminated image of immortal love. They pull down on themselves, and bear for us, the heavy burden of martyrdom, because of the wolfish selfishness of the world! But there is no salva-

* The circular was appended by Mr. Redway to LUCIFER without being submitted to the editors. LUCIFER is now its own publisher.—[ED.]

tion possible for us out of the mere act of their suffering. The only salvation is for those who range themselves on the side of these martyrs, and reformers, and forerunners, against the selfishness of the world, to work and change the crude conditions of things, which for ever demand the sacrifice of the best and dearest of women and men. When Arnold von Winkelreid took the double armful of the enemies' spears into his own breast, it was to make a way for his fellow-countrymen to pass on and widen the gap he had made—*not* for them to stay behind and pat him on the back, or merely subscribe to erect a statue to his memory. That the innocent *are* continually offered up on account of the besotted selfishness of the many is a fact. That they must continue to be thus offered up, until the world awakes to see this shameful sacrifice of others to save its own selfishness, is likewise a fact. But to erect this into a religious dogma, and call it the divine means of saving men, who wilfully continue and necessitate the conditions of society which cause and demand the martyrdom, is about the most immoral and damnable doctrine ever offered to humanity. Why, this doctrine of atonement is so unmanly, so cowardly, and currish, that, if put in its naked truth, the lowest rough in Whitechapel, if unperverted by orthodoxy, would be too manly to accept such an immoral mode of salvation. Any one who would consent to be saved at the expense of another, and an innocent person, ought only to escape, if at all, because he would not be worth the damning. Far nobler was the teaching of Captain George W. Pendleton of the Cleopatra, of Gloucester, Mass. His vessel was doomed and sinking fast, when the boat put off from the "Lord Gough" with a crew that volunteered to try and rescue the shipwrecked men. But with salvation in sight the American captain, by agreement with his men, hauled down his own flag of distress. He thought no boat could live in such a sea. "I said to my men, shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours? and they said 'No.' Then I hauled down the flag." And so they deliberately elected to die first! That was the gospel according to George Pendleton! But this sacrifice of the innocent to save the guilty—of others instead of self—is the religion of savages; it belongs to the most benighted conditions of the human race, and as such is doomed to die out of any state of true civilisation. The doom of Historic Christianity is sealed, because it was based upon Dogmas against which the highest instincts of the race will for ever rise in insurrection, and doctrines that are certain to be rejected by the growing moral sense of humanity.

Enfranchised from what I have learned of the interior operations of natural law, such selfishness defeats its own end and aim. The only way of helping oneself is by helping others. The only true way of receiving is by giving. The fear of being lost never yet saved the soul of any man. Put aside the fable, and the foolish fraud that has been founded on it, and we are face to face with the fact that man has no power to lose his own soul or damn himself for all eternity. If man be immortal by nature, continuity is not based on morality—however much he may retard development by limiting his life to the lower self, which may be a hell to think of and struggle out of hereafter. Nor is the hereafter a heaven provided on purpose to make up for the man-made sufferings to those who have been deluded and cheated and starved out of their life in this world. If it were so, then Providence would not only be responsible for all the mal-arrangement and the misery, through not merely allowing it, but for permitting it, and *providing for* it! Whereas we see the wrong is remediable, the sufferings are unnecessary, and the Christian way out of it is a misleading *cul de sac*. It is like some of the squirrel tracks in the forest with the trail ending up a tree.

The orthodox teachings are so false that they have made the utterance of truth a blasphemy, and all the proclaimers of truth blasphemers! Oppose their savage theology, and you are denounced as an Atheist. Expose the folly of their faith, and you are an Infidel all round. Deny their miracles, and they damn your morals. *The Christian Rock*, not knowing what to say against me that was *good enough*, charged me with having published a volume of *indecent* poetry. It was a malicious lie!—a real instance of *original sin*. But that was what the ignoramus said—mistaking me, as I suppose, for Mr. Swinburne. There was something grand in the ancient martyrdom suffered by the heralds of free thought; whereas the modern reformer has to endure the prolonged torture and ignominy of being kicked to death by butterflies, or gnawed to death by gnats. The religion, founded on misunderstood and perverted mythology, has made everything wrong, and nothing short of an utter reversal, with all Nature for our guide and on our side, can set us right. Its apotheosis of sorrow, of suffering and sacrifice is entirely false, because these are on account of that which, like the "Fall of Man," never really occurred—and weeping over that which is not real is nothing more than a waste of water. Nature offers no evidence that man was meant to moan as a miserable animal. It is true that sorrow and suffering may purge and purify the life, and add a precious seeing to our sight. That which gives the wound may deposit the pearl. The iron of a stedfast soul has frequently been forged in purgatorial fires of pain. The greater the pressure from without, the more has it evoked and evolved the rebounding spirit from within. But that is because there is a power which can turn all experience to account if our life be right in its root-relationship. And human life will always have its full share of sorrow and suffering. But nothing can be falser than o try and found a religion on

sorrow and suffering, by the representation of this world as *destined* to be a vale of tears, which we are bound to grow anxious to get out of as soon as we recognise that we are in it. No! *it is not in sorrow, but in joy*, that we can *attain the greatest unconsciousness of self, and live the larger objective life for others.* We learn as we come to a knowledge of joy, that all sorrow and suffering are but the passing shadows of things mortal, and not the enduring or eternal reality. When no longer darkened or eclipsed by the false creed which has benighted our minds and totally obscured so many natural truths, we can see to the end of these shadows—we can overlook them—in the larger intellectual light of a truer interpretation of the necessities of evolution and of the human environment. If nature has one revelation of truth to make more plainly apparent than another, it is that her creature, man, is intended for health and happiness here, in this life, and not merely hereafter—on condition of suffering here! Pleasure is the natural accompaniment of our creative or productive activities, and the human likeness of life itself is conceived and imaged in delight. Health, physical or mental, means happiness. And everywhere the pull of the natural forces and elements are on the side of health, and, therefore, of consequent or premeditated happiness; children of the blind who never saw, being born to see, and the children of the deaf mutes being born to talk. That delight in life was intended by means of health and happiness may likewise be read in the stern punishment administered by nature for every breach of natural law by which we injure our health and destroy our happiness; and, lest the personal memory of the fact for *one* generation should be too short-lived, the results and effects of the violated law are kept before us, in some cases from generation to generation, *not as gibbets* for mere vengeance, but as sign-posts pointing to the way of reformation. Health is intended, and happiness is the result. It is the happy who will be moral; not the miserable. Now, the Christian scheme would make us miserable, in order that we may be moral here and happy hereafter! Whereas Nature says, be happy here and now, by learning the laws of health—individual, social, political, universal; by getting rid of all opposing falsehood, and establishing the true conditions for evolving health and happiness everywhere for all.

From a mass of the most flattering testimonials, we cull the following few, for the information of those distant admirers who have not yet had the good fortune to make his personal acquaintance.

Said the *London Review*, speaking of his poems:—

"Brave, honest, free-spoken Gerald Massey! Assuredly, it is no vain speculation to suppose that the name of such a poet will become a household word amongst millions; that his writings will be regarded as a precious jewel amongst their domestic treasures; that wherever the English tongue is spoken, and an English heart beats with paternal love, or throbs for liberty, there will the poems of General Massey be received with welcome."

To which, the London *Quarterly Review* adds:—

"His love-poetry is very pure and sweet, and frequently rivals the most genuine strains of Burns.

"To him, indeed, we owe the sweetest songs of courtship, the merriest marriage-ditties, and the most touching lays of child-life, that have ever been given to the world."

The most appreciative and suggestive, perhaps, of all is Walter Savage Landor's opinion of Mr. G. Massey's writings in general. Says that able critic:—

"In the first thirty-seven pages there are all these 'passages and many more, perhaps, of equal beauty. Here is such poetry as the generous Laureate will read with approbation; such poetry as Jeffrey would have tossed aside with derision, and as Gifford would have torn to pieces in despair; can anything more or better be said for it?"

John Ruskin gives him unqualified praise and says that it is his profound conviction that "few national services can be greater than that which you (he) have rendered."

Sir Arthur Helps thinks that Mr. Massey has entered "on the one field of Shakespearean literature which has not been sufficiently explored," and that his "Work is likely to be of permanent value."

Lord Tennyson confesses to his having read his "Book more than once and got others to read it." In the words of the *New York Tribune*:—

"Mr. Massey comes to us to lecture upon literary subjects, and he brings with him a reputation as a lecturer not second to his poetical fame. In a truer sense than any English writer he may be called the poet of the poor. But his early association with labouring people did not prevent him from becoming an ingenious scholar. He has made the most subtle and curious study of the character of Shakespeare, as shown in his writings, which has yet been put forth."

Finally one can do no better than to close our notice by quoting a few lines from the *Guardian* which so well epitomizes our own opinion:—

"In whatever part of the field of literature we meet him, he deserves recognition as a writer of earnestness and ability, who has achieved success under circumstances which, in the case of the vast majority of men, would have involved total failure."

AN OLD ADMIRER.

INDIAN PROVERBS.

As transitoriness, like a nurse, takes first to its breast the new-born child, and afterwards the mother, what way is there then for grief?

Where are now the great lords of the earth, with their armies and chariots of war?

To-day the earth herself testifies that they have departed.

Whatever mighty deeds King Sagara and the great kings performed, even these deeds, yea, and the kings themselves, have sunk into night.

As the streams of a river flow on, and return not, so pass away the days and nights, taking away the lives of men. C. J.

Reviews.

THE SECRET SYMBOLS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS OF THE 16th AND 17th CENTURY.*

THE reappearance of this celebrated work, in an English translation marks an epoch in the history of the theosophical movement. The original work, from which this translation is an exact copy, exists partly in print, partly in unique manuscript, and treats of the science of the *Universum*, and contains in a collection of symbols all that may be known about the spiritual aspect of the Microcosm and Macrocosm and their constitution, as a whole and in their details. It is a work whose existence is often mentioned in the writings of the mediæval philosophers, but which has been seen only by few persons living at present, all accessible copies of it having been destroyed by the Jesuits in the interests of their order; because by representing the true nature of the Christian symbols and allegories, it seriously interfered with the dogmas and the financial interests of the Catholic church.

The acquisition of "Dangerous" books by means, fair or foul, and their theft or destruction by the clergy is not a fable, as is well known to the writer of this review, who during his boyhood saw one after the other of the most valuable books on Occultism mysteriously disappear from his father's library, and when, at the secularisation of the neighbouring convent of monks of the order of St. Augustine, the monastery was taken in possession by the civil authorities, the stolen books were found in the library of the convent, they having been stolen by a member of the family, who was induced to steal and surrender them to the monks by means of the confessional.

Dr. Hartmann's translation is evidently made from a complete copy of this celebrated work, of which only a few torn and detached sheets were in my father's library, and a part of which are said to be in possession of Mr. Sachse of Philadelphia. It is a work whose importance cannot be too highly estimated by those who desire to enter the inner temple of occult knowledge. It consists of a great number of coloured plates and designs, describing the interaction of the forces existing on the spiritual, astral and physical planes, and in it may be found a representation of all the mysteries contained in the visible and invisible universe. It is a work which requires the study of a lifetime before it will be completely understood; but he who succeeds in completely understanding it, is an Adept.

For this reason it cannot be the object of the writer to write a complete *review* of the book; to do so would involve the capacity to describe in words, spiritual truths, such as cannot be described in words; but which must become

* Translated from the German by Dr. F. Hartmann and published by the Occult Publishing Co., Boston.

clear to the mind of the student by means of interior perception and meditation. For the same reason no one but a true Rosicrucian could possibly *criticise* the work, the same being a representation and summary of Rosicrucian wisdom.

There are two ways of receiving instruction. One is to obtain information in regard to a truth; the other is to find a truth oneself. The former method usually leads only to merely theoretical results; the latter is the practical way. In external science teaching consists in answering questions; in occult science, the best method is to put questions to the student and to show him the way how he may find their solution himself. The higher mysteries are therefore taught in parables and allegories; to give their complete explanation—if it were possible to do so—would destroy their utility; it would be like publishing a *charade* or a riddle with the solution printed at the end; it would be an injury to the reader, for it would render it useless for him to exercise his own thoughts.

We are therefore thankful to the translator, not only for having saved such a valuable work from destruction and for having it made accessible to the English reader, but also for *not* having attempted to fully explain its contents, as the introduction of the work and its vocabulary of occult terms is sufficient to furnish the key to its understanding.

To the merely superficial reader this book will be merely of antiquarian interest; but to those who desire to acquire self knowledge it will be an aid to find within themselves a mine of untold treasures and of immortal wealth.

DR. A. PIODA.

CHANTS OF LABOUR.

Edited by EDWARD CARPENTER. Published by SWAN, SONNENSCHEIN & Co., London.

THIS little volume would seem destined to be the Hymn-Book (saving the term) of the advanced Democracy. It contains over fifty "chants" set, for the most part, to old well-known, stirring tunes, such as "the Vicar of Bray," "Scots wha ha'e," the "Marseillaise," &c., with a few new and original airs scattered among the old favourites. A characteristic of the book is that its poems are chiefly by members of the real working-classes; for we see appended to most of the names such descriptions as "cabinet-maker," "machine-fitter," "porter," &c. But, far from this fact involving a poor quality of verse, the "chants" are most stirring in their thoughts and diction. From among the rest we may select two for special mention, the first by W. H. Dowding (cabinet maker), which runs as follows:—

"Comrade, in a world where Gold
Is the god of young and old,
Only hearts by Love made bold
May its power defy!

For to-day we round us see
Gold's own victims abjectly
To the Gold-god bow the knee,
Prone before him lie.

"In our longing hearts we pray
That the dawn of Freedom's day,
Competition's curse, may stay;
And from shore to shore,
Every child of earth may be
Sharer of God's bounty, free,
Sloth and want and misery
Banished evermore!"

These words come home to us with redoubled force at the present moment, when the revelations of the Sweating System are filling our minds with horror, and rousing in us all a determination to do our utmost to strangle this demon of commercial competition.

From the second (by Evelyn Pyne), we have only space to quote one verse:—

"Young men 'reft of love, my brothers,
Maiden's beauty worn away—
Old men sore and sad with labour—
Children with no time to play—
Hearken! hearken! Oh, my brothers,
What the grand new time will say!"

To this "Song-book of the People," Walter Crane has designed the frontispiece with his customary command of ornamental outline; and, with this attractive sketch to recommend it to notice, we look for a wide success of a volume which appeals to all who are beginning to awake to the evermore articulate cry of the "masses."

WOMAN. VOL. II.

HER GLORY, HER SHAME, AND HER GOD.

IN the above volume Saladin prosecutes the campaign against Christianity to which he has devoted the larger part of his literary work. Readers of LUCIFER will recall the recent review of the previous volume of the book in these columns, and the favourable criticisms which this brilliant writer then evoked. We have now simply to endorse that verdict, and, although unable to agree with the extreme conclusions occasionally arrived at by Mr. Ross, we cannot but see in the terrible indictment before us an impeachment of Christian morality which admits of no answer. Christian ethics and Christian *practice* are exposed and satirized with merciless severity, and the reader is confronted with a vast array of facts bearing on "modern civilization" which show the *total inadequacy* of present creeds to grapple with the vices and brutality of man.

"Woman" is never dull; it is, on the contrary, so sparkling and versatile as to throw a charm even over the most plain-spoken passages where English impurity is brought to light. But let no reader of a pharisaical or fastidious turn of mind peruse his work. Saladin is a pure-minded and high-souled writer, but he stops at no revelation when he intends to prove his case. The annals of vice are deliberately sifted—from the *support and legalization of prostitution* by the English *Christian* Government in the East down to the revolting secrets of "modern Babylon" at home. The exposure is not pleasant reading, it reads far worse than anything penned by Tacitus regarding Roman vice under the emperors, but it is unfortunately true. "And yet," writes the author, after unveiling one hideous sore, "the pulpit and the religious press are possessed of sufficient ignorance (?) and effrontery to declare that Christianity has exalted the status of woman and sweetened and purified the atmosphere of social and domestic life. To writers of this sort "Woman" will prove a very efficient eye-opener.

[We copy this extract from a review of "Agnosticism and Christianity," by "Julian" (*Secular Review*, June 2nd, 1888), as embodying remarkably logical and philosophical arguments against some so-called axioms which can never be accepted as such—ED.]

"Mr. Samuel Laing, in his new booklet, 'Agnosticism and Christianity,' begins with stating Professor Huxley's definition of knowledge. The Professor is made to say: 'A man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe.' As an axiom this is most faulty. As a universal truth it is, *me judice*, wholly untenable. It may be in part true, so far as phenomenal 'knowledge' is concerned, but certainly is not at all true of 'belief.' Belief is based solely on man's faith in the competency and credibility of the person who professes to instruct, and not 'on scientific grounds,' as the Professor states. Children do not believe on scientific grounds, but solely because they think the person who tells them is competent to know and honest to state what he knows. All our belief in history is based entirely on our faith in the historian. Nine-tenths of our knowledge is that of faith; the remaining tenth is of a very mixed character indeed, and very often inferential and most erroneous. Experiment is by no means infallible; data are by no means always to be trusted. Hasty inferences from experiment and data have led to a legion of errors, and new experiments with new data often re-write the 'knowledge' thus obtained.

"Then, again, not one in a million has any 'scientific grounds for his knowledge or belief' even in phenomena. He is taught by a master, that master by other masters or by books, and those masters or books were most of them only second-hand. Phenomenal knowledge, no doubt, must be originally based on personal observation, data, or experiment; but such science forms only an infinitesimal part of our 'knowledge or belief.'

"Then, in regard to the other dictum of Professor Huxley, quoted by Mr. Laing—'We know nothing beyond phenomena'—it is by no means clear what the Professor means. We know scores and scores of things *besides* phenomena; but of phenomena themselves we only know what our senses inform us of, or

what we believe the senses of others have taught them. Thus a blind man has no personal knowledge of the phenomena of sight; but all he knows of such matters is from faith. And very often the knowledge derived from our five senses is quite erroneous, and requires correction. Trusting to our eyes, the sun, moon, and stars are round planes like plates; but telescopes inform us they are balls or spheres. A ship at sea viewed from the beach seems quite near at hand, but may be many a long mile off the spectator.

"Sometimes these corrections are truly marvellous, as when rays of light of widely different lengths appear to be all equal: as, for example, in the sun, many thousands of miles make no difference in the apparent lengths of the rays of light, so that those from the solar equator seem no longer than those from the pole nearest the earth. Our sight, therefore, is not trustworthy; our sense of touch is equally deceptive; and so is our sense of hearing, which perpetually leads us astray in regard to the direction and source of sounds.

"If, however, Professor Huxley, by the phrase 'beyond phenomena,' means what is called 'noumenon,' then he only expresses a platitude and means by 'beyond phenomena' what the old schoolmen called 'substratum.' Thus, in a rose the petals do not make the rose, the perfume does not, the colour does not, the shape does not: all these are logical accidents, subject to change; but, when all accidents are taken away, a substratum remains, which evades knowledge and escapes detection."

THE KING'S RING.

ONCE in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his signet-ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel, at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance;
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away!"

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not as gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say,
"'Even this shall pass away.'"

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay:
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Lady fairest ever seen
Chose he for his bride and queen.
Couched upon the marriage bed,
Whispering to his soul, he said,
"Though a bridegroom never pressed
Dearer bosom to his breast,
Mortal flesh must come to clay:
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers, with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried;
"But with patience, day by day,
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay:
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of Gold,
Spake he with his dying breath,
"Life is done; but what is death?"
Then in answer to the king
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"Even this shall pass away."

THEODORE TILTON.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN UNPOPULAR PHILOSOPHER

THOUGHTS

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF LUCIFER.

Ever Onward.

IN its ceaseless and, also, too rapid flight along the path of Eternity, Time has taken one mighty stride more : a step of twelve months' duration toward the last day of our present age ; also of the lives of many of us within, and of all of us beyond—the ultimate frontier of our senile century. In twelve years more the curtain will have dropped, shutting out the foot-lights from the actors and all the latter from the public view . . . . .

It is only then that many a scene enacted in the sad drama of life, and many an hitherto misunderstood attitude of some of the chief actors in that Mystery of the Age called Theosophy and its Societies, will appear in its true light.

The Verdict of Posterity.

In those days of the forthcoming age Solomon shall sit in judgment over David. The century that shall be born shall pass its sentence over the century which is now fast dying. And, the grandchildren of the modern theosophists will have to find a verdict for, or against their sires. What shall it be? Perhaps, there are those who know, but who of them shall tell ! Those who can see into the womb of futurity and could prophesy, keep aloof from the sneers of the Philistines. In our days of Iconoclasm and prosaic realism he is no philosopher —not even an "unpopular" one—who dabbles in things unseen. Let us abstain, since Theosophists are denied the privileges granted to certain astrologers —let us rather render to Cæsar that which belongs to Cæsar ; the full homage due to the eminent virtues which characterize our age. How glaringly its bright image falls on the dark screen of the Past ! what a contrast between its Christian purity, fortitude, charity, chastity and unselfishness, and the vices and dissipation of—say—its long departed predecessor, the age of the Imperial and Pagan Rome ! This is affirmed in scores of works, preached from thousands of pulpits. What will be the *impartial* opinion of Century XX. about its predecessor is easy to see. Our historians are the sons and descendants of those patristic biographers who made of the Emperor Julian an apostate, and of Constantine a Saint. Fear not then the verdict of thy immediate posterity, O Century XIX. Blessed shall be the fruit of thy womb, in any case. For, whether that fruit be green or over-ripe, godly or diabolical, so long as thy rotten civilisation goes on producing historians, so long shall thy policy of plunder and bloodshed be called civic and military virtues, and sham, lie and hypocrisy stand proclaimed as Sparto-Christian ethics.

Our "Morning Star."

LUCIFER is one year old this month. The child is growing and waxing strong in Spirit—if not altogether as much in wisdom, as one might like it. Its temper is often complained of, and it has made enemies. But its friends are many, and in certain parts of the world it is petted and even spoiled—temper notwithstanding. Our baby is teething, in truth, and therefore subject at times to fits of pessimism and biting. But its humour will soften down with age ; and as material for its food is gradually collecting for the second year, it may yet be proved, even to its enemies, a precocious and well-informed, if even an unwelcome child.

A Wicked Charge.

Meanwhile some subscribers have thought fit to throw a shadow on his second birthday. LUCIFER, they say, does not live up to its promises ; *i.e.* it does not sufficiently "bring to light the hidden things of darkness" concerning the Book of God and the "friends of God," the Jewish Patriarchs. Payne Knight and Inman have done so far, more fully and efficiently, etc., etc.

Respected Subscribers ! LUCIFER is Venus only in astronomy ; nor have its editors ever bargained to equal, far less surpass, in the exposition of phallic mysteries, Inman and Payne Knight, or even their miniature "*Bijou*" edition, Har-

grave Jennings. The methods used by these gentlemen are, no doubt, very scientific; but, they are too realistic and too crude and too one-sided for us to follow. If people will have truth, then, of course, the "hidden things of darkness" in the Sinaitic Symbology have to be unveiled. Let us then *re-reveal* Revelation by all means.

But why should we go out of our way to use the Bible as a colonial store of spices with which to flavour our Western viands, or turn LUCIFER into a Scotland Yard detective staff for patriarchal delinquents? The amorous debates of the *dramatis personæ* in Pentateuchal esotericism, are very well in archæological works of research, but entirely out of place in a theosophical magazine. LUCIFER is intended to review, and preach modern not ancient ethics, and metaphysical as against materialistic philosophy. The *faux pas* of Lot and David, "the friends of God," belong, together with the poetical glyphs of "fish," "heel" and "thigh," to scriptural symbology. It was an archaic attempt at feline cleanliness, and speaks rather in favour than to the detriment of the authors of the revealed book. Those who prefer naked sincerity of language, are asked to turn to the Prophets.

The Age of Ovid or Hosea?

The word of the "Lord" unto Hosea, the son of Beeri, was surely addressed to our age of civilization. The latter is truly the reincarnation of the docile prophet, who, acting upon the advice of his God, loves "a woman beloved of her friends, yet an adulteress," looks to many gods and loves "flagons of wine."

What have we to envy in the "stiff-necked" people of Israel? From its Sodom and Gomorrah, its worship of the Golden Calf, the innocent pastimes of King Solomon, down to the practice and policy of those whom the Christian Saviour addressed as the "generation of vipers," we are the worthy followers of the "chosen people." We have made of the "upper ten" our high places wherein we worship, and the symbology of modern society is of as concealing a nature as that of the Biblical writers. Their symbology pales before ours. The magic wand of our century transforms in its astuteness everything under the sun into something else, in social, political and daily life. The hideous marks of moral leprosy are made to appear as glorious scars from wounds received on the battlefield of honour; black tresses are changed into yellow hair, and the adipose tissue of carrion metamorphosed into the poor man's butter. We live in days of a moral (alias immoral) *féerie*, in which every Mr. Hyde puts on the mask of Dr. Jekyll. It is the latter who is the symbolism of our age, and the former its ever more and more irrepressible tendency. Thus the cloak of esotericism, which modern society, the representative and key-note of the average population in every nation, throws over its sins of commission and omission, is as thick as Biblical symbolism. Only the two have changed and inverted their *rôles*; it is the external cloak of ancient symbolism which has become the inner life and true aspirations of modern Mrs. Grundy.

Then and Now.

To the adept versed in the modern society-symbolism the allegories of old become like unto a transparent artifice of an innocent infant when confronted with and brought face to face with the Machiavelistic craft and cunning of what we know as Society-ways. The two symbols of modern culture respectively referred to as RELIGIOUS CANT and Drawing room PROPRIETY have reached a practical perfection under their mask, undreamt of by the Rebekahs and Jezebels, the Jacobs and even Solomons of old. They have become the two exotic, gigantic plants of modern culture. Therefore is it that LUCIFER refuses to follow in the footsteps of our modern Symbologists. He believes that the muddy water of the "Rivers of (modern) Life," ought to receive more attention than the "Rivers of (ancient) Life." The modern revealer of the archaic "things of darkness" is too much coloured with the general tendency of the age to be more than one-sided, and therefore he can hardly be correct in the interpretation of its symbolism. He sees in the smooth dark waters of these "Rivers" the reflection of his own century, when he does not actually mirror himself personally, in them. Hence, he perceives everywhere phallic worship; and primitive symbolism can represent to his distorted fancy nought but what he would find in it. Why give preference to imagined over real events? The Ahabs and Jezebels who kill the prophets are as plentiful in our day as in the days of old. The modern Mrs. Potiphar, finding no Joseph to offend her, expends her slanderous energies to the detriment of her best "lady friends." Sweet are her whispers into the greedy ear of Janus-faced Grundy, who, nodding her venerable head, listens to them drinking slander like heavenly dew. The modern Lot requires not to be made drunk with wine to give a mother to Moab; the XIXth century Epopees repeat on a grander scale the adventures of Helen and Sita. Only Homer and

Valmiki have now made room for Zola, and the modern literature of the realistic school in France, puts to blush by the sincerity of its language all the private dialogues of the "Lord" with his prophet Hosea. What have we to envy in the ancients?

Where are we going to?

Ahimé! We live in strange and weird times. Ours are the days of Sheffield plating on the moral plane. True silver has almost gone out of use and has fallen, like the Indian rupees, far below par. This is not a time for golden rules, for people prefer moral pinchbeck. Nature, as well as man, seems to crack on all her seven seams, and the universal screws have assuredly got loose somewhere, if not everywhere, on their hinges, after the fashion of this earth. Paradox flourishes and axioms are running to seed. Nature and man vie with each other in shams. The Lord God of our state religions is proclaimed a god of mercy, of peace and love, and at the same time he is a "man of war"; "the Lord our God" who "fights for Israel." "Thou shalt not kill," says the commandment; and on this principle improvements in murderous, man-killing engines are being invented by the "humble" servants of the said Power —for a consideration. Rev. F. Bosworth, a *man of God and peace*, has just been rewarded by the paternal Government with a premium of £2,000, for "the advancement of gunnery science."

Esoterically explained, this "advancement" means, I suppose, in political symbology a cannon possessing a ten-fold greater power and rapidity for killing the bodies of one's enemies, than the fulmination of Church canons for killing their enemies' souls. Hence, the reward to ingenious parsons. Every Christian nation is busy now with preparing guns and rifles superior to those possessed by its neighbours. Duels fought between two nations seem to be judged by a different code of honour from those between two individuals. Battles won by *trickery*, are laid down to "military genius" and regarded as "the poetical and imaginative side of the war." (*Fortnightly Review*, Lord Wolseley). Trickery in commercial or private business is punished with hard labour. In the former case, the cunning and unexpected employment of weapons of superior murderousness and devilish cruelty are lauded and their successful use made to bring the highest military honours; whereas the private antagonist who uses an unequal weapon or takes an unfair advantage in any way is counted a murderer and a felon. So, statesmen who "lie for their country's good" and derive benefits for it by foul deception have promotion and honours; while their less culpable imitator who plays with marked cards and loaded dice, or "pulls" a race, is scourged out of decent company. So chronic and congenital is our obtuseness, that we have never yet been able to distinguish the one moral baseness from the other. But to a reflective philosopher, the difference between such a modern statesman or general and a modern blackleg and a coward is imperceptible.

Still more puzzling!

And what of the inventive and Reverend "Bosworths"? Have they become so familiarized with the Salvation Army motto of "blood and fire" as to be led to pass by an easy transition to their actual shedding and use on the physical plane? They pray and repent and glorify their Lord and therefore fear nought for themselves. They are the modern Ahabs of whom the word of the Lord came to Elijah, the Tishbite, saying:— "Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before me? *because of that, I will not bring the evil in his days: but in his* (innocent) *son's days will I bring the evil upon his house.*" (1 Kings xxi. 29).

Therefore do the Reverend "Bosworths" snap their fingers at *Karma* and say:— "*Après moi le deluge.*"

Why, then, should any one object to help toward the glory of one's country through human butchery and rivers of blood? What harm can befall any one through it, provided he only *humbles* himself before the "Lord" like Ahab? And do not both the belligerent armies pray? Does any such human slaughter on a battle field begin without that Lord being almost simultaneously addressed and implored for help by both parties? . .

Query:—Does the kind and merciful Father in Heaven—one with Him, we are taught, who said that "he who kills with the sword shall perish with the sword"—listen to both sides, or to one? And can even He, to whom all is possible, perform the miracle of sending victory to both his humble petitioners? To which of the two does the good God listen? Is it to the weakest of the two, or to the strongest? O, Problems of the Age! Who can solve them save his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury? But he will hardly pay any attention to an "unpopular philosopher" who is not even a conservative member of Parliament. What great general was it who said that Providence was always on the side of the heaviest battalions?

By their Fruits shall ye know them.

What is the difference between a devout Christian and an Atheist? The problem was philosophically solved by a little girl in the United States. The anecdote is told by one who heard it himself—"our mutual friend,"—the very popular American, Edmund Russel.

On the day before the funeral of Peter Cooper—the late millionaire and philanthropist—at New York, Mr. Russel went to a "bakeshop." Three little girls were serving behind the counter. It was a holiday in the city, as every one was preparing to honour the memory of one of the people's benefactors by following the procession.

"Only to think!" reflectively said one of the girls. "He," (meaning Peter Cooper) "owned a whole pew in church and never went inside one."

"Well," replied another, "he was perhaps a Unitarian?"

"No he was not," put in the third girl. "He was a philanthropist."

"Oh dear no," groaned the first that had spoken. "He was an Atheist."

To which the youngest of all the three begged to be informed of the meaning of that term. "Well, and what is an Atheist anyhow?" she asked.

"An Atheist," gravely explained the eldest—"means a man *who believes in doing all the good he can in this world and taking his chance in the next.*

Uncanny Signs.

The outlook for the British Isles is hopelessly depressing. *La boule à cancans* ("Gossip ball"), as Anatole France calls our mother earth, is losing her spin, and the Cosmic dynamo is emptying itself. The worst of all is, that we do not know who to hold responsible. What ails the divine COSMOCRATORES? India is exporting her superfluous "*monsoon* clouds" to Europe *via* Port Said, and the rain-God seems to have permanently established his sprinkling machine over Great Britain. Siberia sends her hyperborean frosts to the southwards, and herself flirts with the tropics. Kangaroos have appeared in Surrey; and parrots may soon be heard warbling their sawfiling *staccato*, and birds of paradise sun their jewelled plumes on palm trees in Archangel. Everything evidently is upside down, the times are out of joint, and the screws of the Cosmic "Carpenter" are working loose. In vain our men of Science waste their Greek and Latin over the problem. What is it, what can the matter be? What makes all this sidereal and terrestrial "tohu-bohu" *à la mode*, of Chaos? The Globe is shrinking, we hear; and the firmanent thickening with foreign matter of all sorts. The ceaseless soot and smoke from millions of chimneys, furnaces, railway engines and other fires may perchance have angered the Powers above. Naturally enough, for they must object to being smoked out of their Swargas and Walhallas and other pleasant detached Elysiums, by the products of incomplete fuel-combustion. As for our poor mother Earth, what with the ever extending mines, canals, and tunnels, aqueducts, drains, sewers and subways, her venerable hide is becoming so honeycombed as to resemble the skin of a morphiomaniac addicted to subcutaneous injections.

How long she will suffer her robust flanks to be thus scarified, who can tell? The astrologer on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has just prophesied that October will bring us terrible disasters, floods, houses falling and earthquakes.

Woe to London if the latter should happen, for at the first strong shock every tall mansion within the seismic area will crumble into its own basement and cellar; at the second all the streets sink into the subways; and at the third the four and a half millions of houseless people will find themselves hoisted into cerulean space, *en route* for the starry land of Silence, by the explosion of all the gas, steam, dynamite and other expansive products of modern ingenuity. We doubt if there will be a sufficient number of ready-made wings and golden harps in stock against the *dies iræ*. But it is at least consoling to feel that there will be ample fire and brimstone for all who are "predestined" by God to migrate to tropical regions.

For myself I confess my utter incapacity to know where this exact line will be drawn. Perhaps some Daniel among our subscribers may be able to "come to judgment." Is it only Presbyterians who can be saved? The conundrum is sufficient to puzzle any philosopher when he reads something like the following, which we copy, *verbatim*, from the original handbill sent us by an American friend. The scene is at Baraboo, Wisconsin:

LAWN PARTY

At the Residence of

MRS. R. H. STRONG,

For the Benefit of the

EPISCOPAL BUILDING FUND,

Under the Auspices of

4—FOUR YOUNG GENTLEMEN—4

Of the Congregation.

On Wednesday Eve, July 18th.

HAMMOCKS, ICE-CREAM,

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADIES,

AND A VERY WARM WELCOME!

Gates open at 8 o'clock.

The Episcopal Church is the American section of the Church of England; its bishops are just now preaching over here, in our cathedrals, and sitting in conclave at Lambeth Palace. What will his grace of Canterbury say to the new plan of raising funds for Church building? Is it immoral for publicans to hire "pretty barmaids" to dispense "something hot" across the counter, but moral for Episcopalians to employ "attractive young ladies" and "hammocks" to give a "very warm welcome" to visitors "under the auspices of four young gentlemen of the congregation"? LUCIFER shrouds his face in his mantle to hide the blush which his ignorance excites. He recalls the memories of previous incarnations when, as Venus, he saw the sacred mysteries debased into the lascivious rites of Venus-Astarté, wherein the highest ladies gave themselves to increase the revenues of the Temple, and the *Kadeshuth* of the Jews (*Vide* 2 Kings xxiii. 7) performed the ignoble duties of the depraved Vallobecharyas of India!

Meanwhile, join us in wishing many happy returns of his birthday, to LUCIFER, "Son of the Morning." May he grow to equal in profundity his elder brother, the THEOSOPHIST of Madras; in suavity and graciousness his elder sister the PATH, of New York; and in combative zeal and daring the LOTUS which flourishes on the banks of the Seine. LUCIFER is just in time to salute the fledgling of the Theosophical literature the *Hestia*, which our brother, Mr. Sturdy, has just founded in New Zealand as a local organ of Theosophy.

That nothing should be wanting to make the birthday pleasant, our tireless old President Founder, patriarchal beard and the rest, turns up on a special mission of peace and organization confided to him by the Executive Council at Adyar. A less cool and patient man might well despair of pouring oil upon the troubled waters of European theosophy through which our ship has been labouring during the past twelve months.

Floréat Adyar.

WORDS FROM THE "BOOK OF FRIENDLY INSTRUCTION."

[*From the Sanskrit.*]

Let the wise think on wisdom as unfading and immortal; let him fulfil his duty as though Death grasped him by the hair.

The shadow of a cloud, the favour of the base, new corn, a bouquet, these last only a little time; so it is with youth and riches.

In this world, fugitive as tempest-driven waves, death for another is a rich prize earned by virtue in a former birth.

Unenduring are youth, beauty, life, wealth, lordship, the society of the beloved; let not the wise be deluded by these.

LUCIFER

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LODGES OF MAGIC.

"When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proofs to pass her down."

CHURCHILL.

ONE of the most esteemed of our friends in occult research, propounds the question of the formation of "working Lodges" of the Theosophical Society, for the development of adeptship. If the practical impossibility of forcing this process has been shown once, in the course of the theosophical movement, it has scores of times. It is hard to check one's natural impatience to tear aside the veil of the Temple. To gain the divine knowledge, like the prize in a classical tripos, by a system of coaching and cramming, is the ideal of the average beginner in occult study. The refusal of the originators of the Theosophical Society to encourage such false hopes, has led to the formation of bogus Brotherhoods of *Luxor* (and Armley Jail?) as speculations on human credulity. How enticing the bait for gudgeons in the following specimen prospectus, which a few years ago caught some of our most earnest friends and Theosophists.

"Students of the Occult Science, searchers after truth, and Theo-
"sophists who may have been disappointed in their expectations of
"Sublime Wisdom being freely dispensed by HINDU MAHATMAS, are
"cordially invited to send in their names to . . . ., when, if found suitable,
"they can be admitted, after a short probationary term, as Members of
"an Occult Brotherhood, who do not boast of their knowledge or attain-
"ments, but teach freely" (at £1 to £5 *per* letter?), "and without reserve (the nastiest portions of P. B. Randolph's "Eulis"), "all they find worthy "to receive" (read: teachings on a commercial basis; the cash going to the teachers, and the extracts from Randolph and other "love-philter" sellers to the pupils!)*

* Documents on view at LUCIFER Office, viz., Secret MSS. written in the handwriting of —— (name suppressed for past considerations), "Provincial Grand Master of the Northern Section." One of these documents bears the heading, "A brief Key to the Eulian Mysteries," *i.e. Tantric* black magic on a phallic basis. No; the members of *this* Occult Brotherhood "do not boast of their knowledge." Very sensible on their part: least said soonest mended.

If rumour be true, some of the English rural districts, especially Yorkshire, are overrun with fraudulent astrologers and fortune-tellers, who pretend to be Theosophists, the better to swindle a higher class of credulous patrons than their legitimate prey, the servant-maid and callow youth. If the "lodges of magic," suggested in the following letter to the Editors of this Magazine, were founded, without having taken the greatest precautions to admit only the best candidates to membership, we should see these vile exploitations of sacred names and things increase an hundredfold. And in this connection, and before giving place to our friend's letter, the senior Editor of LUCIFER begs to inform her friends that she has never had the remotest connection with the so-called "H (ermetic) B (rotherhood) of L (uxor)," and that all representations to the contrary are false and dishonest. There is a secret body—whose diploma, or Certificate of Membership, is held by Colonel Olcott alone among modern men of white blood—to which that name was given by the author of "Isis Unveiled" for convenience of designation,* but which is known among Initiates by quite another one, just as the personage known to the public under the pseudonym of "Koot Hoomi," is called by a totally different name among his acquaintance. What the real name of that society is, it would puzzle the "Eulian" phallicists of the "H. B. of L." to tell. The real names of Master Adepts and Occult Schools are never, *under any circumstances*, revealed to the profane; and the names of the personages who have been talked about in connection with modern Theosophy, are in the possession only of the two chief founders of the Theosophical Society. And now, having said so much by way of preface, let us pass on to our correspondent's letter. He writes:

"A friend of mine, a natural mystic, had intended to form, with others, a Branch "T. S. in his town. Surprised at his delay, I wrote to ask the reason. His reply was "that he had heard that the T. S. only met and talked, and did nothing practical. I "always did think the T. S. ought to have Lodges in which something practical should "be done. Cagliostro understood well this craving of humans for something before "their eyes, when he instituted the Egyptian Rite, and put it in practice in various "Freemason lodges. There are many readers of LUCIFER in ——shire. Perhaps in it "there might be a suggestion for students to form such lodges for themselves, and to "try, by their united wills, to develop certain powers in one of the number, and then "through the whole of them in succession. I feel sure numbers would enter such "lodges, and create a great interest for Theosophy." "A."

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* In "Isis Unveiled," vol. ii. p. 308. It may be added that the "Brotherhood of Luxor" mentioned by Kenneth Mackenzie (*vide* his *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia*) as having its seat in America, had, after all, nothing to do with the Brotherhood mentioned by, and known to us, as was ascertained after the publication of "Isis" from a letter written by this late Masonic author to a friend in New York. The Brotherhood Mackenzie knew of was simply a Masonic Society on a rather more secret basis, and, as he stated in the letter, he had *heard of, but knew nothing of our* Brotherhood, which, having had a branch at Luxor (Egypt), was thus purposely referred to by us under this name alone. This led some schemers to infer that there was a regular Lodge of Adepts of that name, and to assure some credulous friends and Theosophists that the "H. B. of L." was either identical or a branch of the same, supposed to be near Lahore!!—which was the most flagrant untruth.

In the above note of our venerable and learned friend is the echo of the voices of ninety-nine hundredths of the members of the Theosophical Society : one-hundredth only have the correct idea of the function and scope of our Branches. The glaring mistake generally made is in the conception of adeptship and the path thereunto. Of all thinkable undertakings that of trying for adeptship is the most difficult. Instead of being obtainable within a few years or one lifetime, it exacts the unremittent struggles of a series of lives, save in cases so rare as to be hardly worth regarding as exceptions to the general rule. The records certainly show that a number of the most revered Indian adepts became so despite their births in the lowest, and seemingly most unlikely, castes. Yet it is well understood that they had been progressing in the upward direction throughout many previous incarnations, and, when they took birth for the last time, there was left but the merest trifle of spiritual evolution to be accomplished, before they became great living adepts. Of course, no one can say that one or all of the possible members of our friend A.'s ideal Cagliostrian lodge might not also be ready for adeptship, but the chance is not good enough to speculate upon : Western civilization seems to develop fighters rather than philosophers, military butchers rather than Buddhas. The plan "A." proposes would be far more likely to end in mediumship than adeptship. Two to one there would not be a member of the lodge who was chaste from boyhood and altogether untainted by the use of intoxicants. This is to say nothing of the candidates' freedom from the polluting effects of the evil influences of the average social environment. Among the indispensable pre-requisites for psychic development, noted in the mystical Manuals of all Eastern religious systems, are a pure place, pure diet, pure companionship, and a pure mind. Could "A." guarantee these? It is certainly desirable that there should be some school of instruction for members of our Society ; and had the purely exoteric work and duties of the Founders been less absorbing, probably one such would have been established long ago. Yet not for practical instruction, on the plan of Cagliostro, which, by-the-bye, brought direful suffering upon his head, and has left no marked traces behind to encourage a repetition in our days. "When the pupil is ready, the teacher will be found waiting," says an Eastern maxim. The Masters do not have to hunt up recruits in special ——shire lodges, nor drill them through mystical non-commissioned officers : time and space are no barriers between them and the aspirant ; where thought can pass they can come. Why did an old and learned Kabalist like "A." forget this fact? And let him also remember that the potential adept may exist in the Whitechapels and Five Points of Europe and America, as well as in the cleaner and more "cultured" quarters ; that some poor ragged wretch, begging a crust, may be "whiter-souled" and more attractive to the adept than the average bishop in his robe, or a cultured citizen in his

costly dress. For the extension of the theosophical movement, a useful channel for the irrigation of the dry fields of contemporary thought with the water of life, Branches are needed everywhere; not mere groups of passive sympathisers, such as the slumbering army of church-goers, whose eyes are shut while the "devil" sweeps the field; no, not such. Active, wide-awake, earnest, unselfish Branches are needed, whose members shall not be constantly unmasking their selfishness by asking "What will it profit us to join the Theosophical Society, and how much will it harm us?" but be putting to themselves the question "Can we not do substantial good to mankind by working in this good cause with all our hearts, our minds, and our strength?" If "A." would only bring his ——shire friends, who pretend to occult leanings, to view the question from this side, he would be doing them a real kindness. The Society can get on without them, but they cannot afford to let it do so.

Is it profitable, moreover, to discuss the question of a Lodge receiving even theoretical instruction, until we can be sure that all the members will accept the teachings as coming from the alleged source? Occult truth cannot be absorbed by a mind that is filled with preconception, prejudice, or suspicion. It is something to be perceived by the intuition rather than by the reason; being by nature spiritual, not material. Some are so constituted as to be incapable of acquiring knowledge by the exercise of the spiritual faculty; *e.g.* the great majority of physicists. Such are slow, if not wholly incapable of grasping the ultimate truths behind the phenomena of existence. There are many such in the Society; and the body of the discontented are recruited from their ranks. Such persons readily persuade themselves that later teachings, received from exactly the same source as earlier ones, are either false or have been tampered with by chelas, or even third parties. Suspicion and inharmony are the natural result, the psychic atmosphere, so to say, is thrown into confusion, and the reaction, even upon the stauncher students, is very harmful. Sometimes vanity blinds what was at first strong intuition, the mind is effectually closed against the admission of new truth, and the aspiring student is thrown back to the point where he began. Having jumped at some particular conclusion of his own without full study of the subject, and before the teaching had been fully expounded, his tendency, when proved wrong, is to listen only to the voice of his self-adulation, and cling to his views, whether right or wrong. The Lord Buddha particularly warned his hearers against forming beliefs upon tradition or authority, and before having thoroughly inquired into the subject.

An instance. We have been asked by a correspondent why he should not "be free to suspect some of the so-called 'precipitated' letters as being forgeries," giving as his reason for it that while some of them bear the stamp of (to him) undeniable genuineness, others seem from their contents and style, to be imitations. This is equivalent to

saying that he has such an unerring spiritual insight as to be able to detect the false from the true, though he has never met a Master, nor been given any key by which to test his alleged communications. The inevitable consequence of applying his untrained judgment in such cases, would be to make him as likely as not to declare false what was genuine, and genuine what was false. Thus what *criterion* has any one to decide between one "precipitated" letter, or another such letter? Who except their authors, or those whom they employ as their *amanuenses* (the *chelas* and disciples), can tell? For it is hardly one out of a hundred "occult" letters that is ever written by the hand of the Master, in whose name and on whose behalf they are sent, as the Masters have neither need nor leisure to write them; and that when a Master says, "*I* wrote that letter," it means only that every word in it was dictated by him and impressed under his direct supervision. Generally they make their chela, whether near or far away, write (or precipitate) them, by impressing upon his mind the ideas they wish expressed, and if necessary aiding him in the picture-printing process of precipitation. It depends entirely upon the *chela's* state of development, how accurately the ideas may be transmitted and the writing-model imitated. Thus the *non-adept* recipient is left in the dilemma of uncertainty, whether, if one letter is false, all may not be; for, as far as intrinsic evidence goes, all come from the same source, and all are brought by the same mysterious means. But there is another, and a far worse condition implied. For all that the recipient of "occult" letters can possibly know, and on the simple grounds of probability and common honesty, the unseen correspondent who would tolerate one *single fraudulent line in his name*, would wink at an unlimited repetition of the deception. And this leads directly to the following. All the so-called *occult* letters being supported by identical proofs, *they have all to stand or fall together.* If one is to be doubted, then all have, and the series of letters in the "Occult World," "Esoteric Buddhism," etc., etc., may be, and there is no reason why they should not be in such a case—*frauds*, "clever impostures," and "forgeries," such as the ingenuous though stupid agent of the "S.P.R." has made them out to be, in order to raise in the public estimation the "scientific" acumen and standard of his "Principals."

Hence, not a step in advance would be made by a group of students given over to such an unimpressible state of mind, and without any guide *from the occult side* to open their eyes to the esoteric pitfalls. And where are such guides, so far, in our Society? "They be blind leaders of the blind," both falling into the ditch of vanity and self-sufficiency. The whole difficulty springs from the common tendency to draw conclusions from insufficient premises, and play the oracle before ridding oneself of that most stupefying of all psychic anæsthetics—IGNORANCE.

CONSCIOUSNESS.

CONSCIOUSNESS is the seat of the real life of the human individual. The mere carrying on of his bodily functions is not his life. Those functions are the channels and avenues through which his real being has communion with the phenomenal world, and with other units of consciousness similiar to his own. Through them his life is greatly affected ; by their means his thoughts are fed, his feelings modified, his actions suggested. But let us consider the modes in which consciousness may work, and the specific forms in which it may manifest itself. Observation of human modes and objects of life indicates three classes of consciousness. In other words, there are three modes of existence which the consciousness of an individual may fall into, or work itself into, and the adoption of the particular mode, knowingly and deliberately, or the contrary, determines the character and intrinsic value of the consciousness.

The elementary or simplest mode of consciousness we designate as *lineal.* In this, the feelings, thoughts, and energies of the individual lie not only on one plane but merely in one direction on that plane.

The consciousness which belongs to this class is limited to the faculty of moving *backwards or forwards in a straight line.* It is bound like a railway train to its special track. This form of consciousness is very common. It is the lot of those who have only one aim in life, and that a personal one. Whatever the chief aim of the life may be, whether that of the shopkeeper, merely to earn money, or of the professional man in his special sphere, or of society men and women, in their incessant flittings to and fro in the whirl of pleasure and excitement, it matters nothing ; the consciousness, which is the essence of the individual, exercises itself and possesses power only in the limited sphere described. It is simply necessary to look around to observe many examples of this class. A very large number of men and women of the present day belong to it.

In the second class the consciousness enjoys a wider freedom.

The dimensions of the realm over which it rules lie in two directions ; for, in addition to backward and forward movement, the consciousness may traverse regions that lie to the right and to the left.

This form of consciousness we shall term the *superficial ;* it has length and breadth, but no depth. It is the possession of those who, while devoted to one special employment which absorbs their chief energies, also occupy themselves, as adjuncts of life, in other spheres having for them a particular interest. This consciousness predominates largely

amongst men and women who, following a daily avocation to supply the main needs of life, have sufficient mental or emotional activity to lead them into secondary engagements that exercise thought or fulfil an aim. The persons possessing this form of consciousness are active and seem to follow a purpose, though the purpose may not be noble or of intrinsic value. Naturally, this consciousness enjoys much more of life than the form belonging to the class designated as lineal. Men of business, not wholly immersed in the getting of money, clergymen and ministers of wise sympathies, teachers not limited to one peculiar tendency of thought, and persons whose lives generally are useful and active, are those who belong to the second class of superficial consciousness.

The consciousness, the nature of which remains to be described, is of vastly greater extent than either of the two classes already discussed.

Its dimensions lie in three directions. Not only does it exist in all directions superficially, but it further penetrates below the surface in possessing the quality of *depth*. It is true that the superficial area may vary in extent. This may appear, to the observer, but limited, or it may seem to spread far and wide, but the circumstance of depth in its nature and extent will be recognised only by the few, and not even by them to its full extent. The territory below the surface can neither be seen nor gauged, except by the faculties of a consciousness of similar nature. In the depth of an object there is capacity for substance, and consciousness is of a nature so real that wherever it exists in depth it is as true substance. The objects with which the lineal and superficial forms of consciousness deal are but of temporal character and will pass away, but those that are the possession of the solid form are secure beyond possibility of removal.

Within that deep region, and corresponding to its intricacy and in the extent to which it penetrates, there are tracks of infinite variety and number.

In exploring these, the consciousness may find unending employment. This class of consciousness gives to the world those men from whom it learns, whose depth of nature is the abyss from which spring fountains and rills that irrigate life, and turn its wheels, and cause it to be fruitful.

Such men are the richest of earthly beings; their wealth is inexhaustible and imperishable. That depth, in which their consciousness revels, belongs to another world than that of ordinary human existence; it is the universe of eternal and infinite life, of which they are already subjects.

The first-named form of consciousness we should term sensuous, or that which operates merely through the senses and the nervous system; the second form we should call the intellectual or inner-sensuous; the third form is the spiritual or super-sensuous.

Sensuous consciousness delights merely in the external forms of

objects and receives impressions only from those forms as they are found.

Intellectual consciousness finds its exciting cause not so much in the forms of external objects as in their movements and the effects of those movements upon the objects themselves.

The spiritual consciousness moves amidst the *hidden causes* of the sensuous and intellectual.

I.

BEFORE.

My life is like a flight of stairs
  That slopes towards a stagnant stream
  Weed-choked and dank, no stray sunbeam
E'er breaks the sullen frown it wears,
Nor ever bark of love it bears ;
  No lily born of foam moon-kist,
  No violet woven from the mist
When sweet Aurore her bosom bares
At morn, and flings down unawares
  Her veil to earth—not one faint bloom
  Dares light with flower-eye its gloom :
Nor may I see for myriad cares
Or span of sky, or stretch of sea,
One stair makes all my world to me!

AFTER.

My life is like a flight of stairs
  Down which perpetual glories stream,
  And like the smile of Spring's sunbeam
Is the gold gladness that it wears ;
Innumerous are the feet it bears—
  Diana by Endymion kist
  Crowns its dim heights with silver mist,
Yet evermore her sweet face bares
And floods with rapture unawares
  My swooning soul, that half in gloom
  Beholds its yearnings bud and bloom
Beneath pure spirits' tender cares.
Full arch of sky, full stretch of sea,
My gleaming life-stair spans for me!

Evelyn Pyne.

ACCURSED!

"THERE are strange and weird events in one's life, and just such an one has fallen to my lot. . . . I propose to tell it without flourish or exaggeration, as its grim features hardly need embellishment."

Such was the remark made by way of a preface by an old officer while filling his pipe. It was his turn on that night to narrate to us an event from real life, and we prepared eagerly to listen, for he was the Homer of our little club.

. . . In 1854, he began, our regiment was quartered in a poor, out-of-the-way borough in Poland. It was a bad year for all Russia, but a worse one had never fallen to the lot of the province in which we were stationed. Besides the usual war calamities and sufferings, the cholera was raging in the western provinces of that country, and a terrible drought had capped the climax by helping the spread of the epidemic. Famine prepared the victims, and carried off as many of them as the cholera. It was terrible to see the poor people dying as much from unavoidable starvation as from disease. The dead bodies of women and children were daily gathered during that spring from the still bare fields, whither they kept crawling from their wretched huts, in the futile hope of finding some forgotten roots, or a few blades of early grass. Whether the fat, ruddy-cheeked *Ksiondz*,* who was met by our officers more frequently at dinner in the *palazzo* of the Countess Sedminska, the magnate of the place, than in the dirty, sandy, and now desolate, streets of the borough, had a hard, or even a busy time of it—I am unable to say. As to the Russian Priest in whose house we were quartered, it is not too much to say that he was fairly knocked off his legs, hurrying incessantly, as he did, from one dying parishioner to another just taken ill, and from patients to funerals. That priest was then still a very young man, and whom the hard school of life and seminary had failed to train to full indifference to the sight of the sufferings of his fellow-men. He felt very wretched before the helplessness of his parish, and did for it what he could, but this was very little. He shared his last remnants of food and money with the still poorer wretches; and more than once his young wife complained loudly of his prodigality. In case of the illness of the one or the other of them, she said, there would be no money for physician or druggist. But Father Vassiliy heeded her not.

"Why should we try to carry the burden of all this alone, when even

* *Ksiondz* means, in Polish, a Roman Catholic "Priest."

their natural protectors and masters do not mind their misery at all?" she indignantly urged. "Only see the gay life they are leading at the *Palazzo*, while refusing to take the slightest concern in the misery of their own people. And so rich, too! Surely they might help their poor vassals and save them from starvation, without making too large a hole in their own wealth!"

"Do you mean to say that the proprietors do not help at all their own serfs?" I once asked the *pope* * and his wife, as I overheard them talking in the yard through my opened window.

"Very little, indeed!" reluctantly replied the priest. "Perchance *she* may help occasionally her own people" (meaning the Roman Catholics), "but very little care she has, indeed, for the welfare of her orthodox serfs. . . ."

"How is this? The Countess, I was told, is herself a Russian, and belongs to our own orthodox church?" . . .

"A nice kind of a Russian she is!" grumbled the priest. "Methinks she must have forgotten to cross herself from right to left by this time." And lest he should fall into the sin of condemning his neighbour, the good priest hastened to retire into his rooms.

But his wife was less reticent and more willing to converse about the old Countess, whom she seemed to dislike for many good reasons. It was from her, and later from my personal observations, that I learned that the Countess Sedminska was neither a good woman nor an orthodox Russian. She had evidently been polonized in her husband's family. But this was the smallest of her sins, however, and concerned only her own conscience. That which was really bad, was that she was an absolutely heartless woman: cruel toward her inferiors, indifferent and unfair toward the whole world. Her whole family was made to suffer from her terrible despotism. Her own daughter had been sacrificed and forced to wed an old magnate, the Prince Tcharterinsky, who had already caused the death of two wives. But nothing could equal the sufferings of her serfs. A good master would take more pity upon a useless cur than the Countess ever felt for a servant or a serf. Besides eternal extortions and fines, and cruel bodily punishments, she and her land-agents killed the miserable vassals with overwork, exiled and sold them, treating them even worse than animals—as inanimate material. It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the endless series of the saddest stories which years ago settled into local legends, with regard to the cruelty of the Countess and those stewards, butlers, secretaries, and confidential servants, who happened to become her favourites of the passing hour. She seemed especially ferocious with regard to her peasants of the Greek orthodox Church. The poor wretches trembled and turned pale at the very mention of her name, or

* The common title of Russian priests.

that of "Pan"* Matzevitch, her chief land-agent. I happened to become an eye-witness to the terror and the tears shed by a group of young peasant women, chosen as candidates for wet-nurses for an expected grandson of the Countess. One of them, a young wife, a Pole, who had been to town only a few days before in search of a like situation, almost fainted with fear when forced to take place in the ranks of those who were driven to the Castle, like so many cattle, to be examined by celebrated physicians, invited by the Countess to assist in the selection of a healthy foster-mother. But her fears were groundless. The choice of the medical luminaries fell upon a young peasant woman, from a well-to-do Russian family, who was nursing her first baby. She was born free, being the daughter of a small town tradesman, but had become a serf through her love match with a vassal of the old Countess. Brutally separated from the husband she loved, and her little baby, the poor young thing fretted and wept to such an extent that, notwithstanding her blooming health, the physicians felt scared. They declared unanimously that under such conditions her milk would be like poison to the infant aristocrat, and offered to select another young woman, less attached to her home and child. But the Countess would hear of this no longer. "How, then? Shall this slave, this vile child of Ham, be permitted to withstand her own ladyship's choice? Nonsense! She should be made to know better. . . . She *shall* get very soon reconciled to her fate!" . . . .

But the "slave," the "very vile child of Ham," did not get so reconciled. One fine morning she escaped her jailors and ran away. She was found in her husband's cottage, had her son, an infant hardly six weeks old, snatched from her arms, and was brought back to her ladyship's castle in an almost unconscious condition.

"She had better go, she is unfit, in her present state, to nurse the princely baby. She has a brain fever" . . . argued the physicians.

"Nonsense! I will drive the craze out of her. . . I will conquer the obstinacy of that daughter of Ham!" . . . replied the Countess. And, the better to secure her object, the cruel old patrician ordered the poor little nurse's baby to be forthwith sent away to a distant village, to be brought up in a half-starving family of serfs, and her husband to be given away as a recruit into the nearest regiment. . . .

Nevertheless, these sage orders brought little luck to the descendant of the glorious house of Tcharterinsky; firstly, his future nurse *was* taken with a violent brain fever; and secondly, the descendant himself did not choose to adorn the world by his presence; he died without a glance at it, or even uttering a sound at the moment of his birth. The wet-nurse proved useless, and was allowed to go as soon she could stand again on her legs. Unconscious of the time that had passed since she had been taken ill, half insane from the unexpected happiness, she ran

* The Polish word for "Mister."

without stopping from the Castle down to the village, where, reaching her husband's cottage, trembling with joy and excitement, she almost fell senseless on the threshold. But her strength soon returned with the overpowering idea that she would see in a moment more her husband and darling babe.

"Paul!" she called. "Paul, my beloved one! . . . Where art thou, and where is our son? . . . Where have you hidden?" . . .

But neither—the husband, the poor wretch now marching far away with his regiment, nor the infant son, buried a week before in a strange cemetery and by a stranger's hand—answered her passionate appeal. Instead of these, two old people, the father and mother of her Paul, came at her call and recognizing her burst into tears, sobbing over her as though they were moaning over her dead body.

And so they were in fact. For upon hearing the sad news, she ran away and could not be found. For a whole fortnight she eluded pursuit. People saw or thought they saw her occasionally; some near the village where her infant son had been starved, others, in the burial ground whither she had wandered, probably in search of his nameless grave. During the third week, however, her dead body was picked up and recognised near a side gate of her cruel Lady's park. She had evidently passed the whole of that cold autumnal night on the half-frozen sod near the alley, for her poor body was quite stiff; one hand of the unfortunate girl, with bleeding nails and flesh, was stuck deep into the soil she had dug out and scattered around; the other, concealed in her bosom under the chemise, clenched firmly a long sharp knife, as though she had lain in wait for someone, when merciful death came to save her from crime and suffering! . . . She was buried on that spot, as they bury dogs, without coffin or a rag of covering. The place was a lonely spot that neither the Countess nor any of the family ever approached, the gate itself having remained locked for long years before. . . .

Very soon after this, balls and festivals went on in their usual way in the lordly halls. The Countess Sedminska hated a quiet life and sad faces. No sooner had her daughter recovered, than, to please her mother, the poor Princess Tcharterinska, who had hoped to find in motherhood the joys she was denied as a wife, had to show a smiling face and change three times a day her Parisian dresses. A young cousin of hers was getting married. So much the better! It was a legitimate pretext for gaieties. She was aware that her mother hated this Russian girl and that she would have consented to her marrying even a Russian *Katzap* * if she could only be delivered thereby from her presence. The only duty she recognised was to commemorate the wedding of a kinswoman of *hers* in a way that should be remembered throughout the whole country. The young girl was getting married to one of our officers, Korzanof, who had left the service after inheriting a rich property in the neigh-

* A contemptuous name given by the Poles to the Muscovites.

bourhood of the lands of the Countess. He was beloved by all his regiment. As I was a chum and a school-fellow of his, I could hardly refuse his invitation, and had therefore to submit to the disagreeable necessity of being personally introduced to the Countess Acsenia Cooprianovna Sedminska in utter disregard of my great antipathy to her. This dislike instead of diminishing increased considerably upon our acquaintance.

Notwithstanding her brilliant education and high culture, her graciousness and evident desire to flatter and win certain persons, that woman inspired in nearly all who knew her a dislike bordering upon positive loathing. My friend Korzanof confessed to me that he not only hated but positively dreaded the old woman. . . . Indeed, all her sweet phrases and benevolent smiles nothwithstanding, there was in the expression of the face of that tall, black-haired and dark-skinned woman something undeniably cunning and cruel; while the occasional phosphorescent sparkle in her small, coal-black eyes, at once restless, cold and merciless, produced a most weird sensation upon persons whose nerves were not of the strongest.

Whether justly or not, her past life was made the subject of uncanny charges and gossip; of accusations far more serious than that of cruelty in the treatment of her serfs, itself something not infrequent in those days of serfdom. The wicked and at the same time scared expression in her small and disagreeable eyes, the evident hypocrisy of her manners and conversation, had perhaps lent an air of greater probability to such charges. Of defenders she had few. We all knew that the nobility and the smaller fry of proprietors of that province, who ate, drank and danced at her expense from year's end to year's end, in the magnificent palatial residence of Rujano Lyass, felt fully convinced that the rich mistress thereof had defrauded her brother of his legitimate inheritance after their father's death, by means of a forged will. And that she had systematically annihilated a large though illegitimate family of her late husband; the old mother, by exiling her to the cattle-yard, the young daughter, virtually recognised by the Count, brought up from childhood as a lady in his rich palazzo, by forcibly wedding her to a drunken serf. She had even opposed her husband in his charitable determination of liberating his natural sons, two fine young men, who had thus remained legally serfs, and disposed of them in her own way; one was confined in the military prison, the other exiled to Siberia *for insolence* to the Countess. But this is not all; the nearest neighbours were absolutely convinced that the death of the Count had not been a natural one. It was whispered that the agent Pan Matzevitch, as also the ruddy-cheeked Polish priest—the fast friend, adviser and confidant of the Countess, knew of her participation in the sudden death of her late consort. For why should both of her officials be blessed with such lavish generosity, and so loaded with favours by her that few were the land and

slave owners around who did not envy the position of these two menials? However it may have been, all these dark deeds remained hidden from the law, and the Countess went on reigning in the Province.

As for myself, the obligation I was under to visit that Polish female magnate of Russian birth, was a great strain on me, and I felt heartily relieved when the wedding was over and the newly married couple had departed for their property. But as if to impress the image of the horrid old woman still deeper into my memory, as fate would have it, I was doomed not to leave the place before I had become once more an eye-witness to a very sad drama indeed.

On the eve of the wedding there was a double festival performed in the Castle: namely, the bride's and bridegroom's farewell nights.* The Countess had ordered it to be held simultaneously in opposite wings of her enormous castle. As the clock struck eight, music, choral singing and the *petits jeux innocents* of the young girls began in the central reception rooms; while in the large wing of the building, where guests had their private apartments, the whole edifice, illuminated *a-giorno* became one blaze of light, and a lively orgy went on among the men who had assembled in its large hall. The female festival had ended, and the young girls and dames had long ago retired to bed, but the men's drinking party was still at its height. Just before dawn, tired of the excitement and wine-fumes, I left the banquetting-hall with a fellow officer, and we stepped out on the balcony to smoke a cigar in the fresh air.

The season was well advanced, but notwithstanding the first winter month, the weather was fine and no snow had fallen. My companion soon felt chilly and re-entered the rooms; as for myself, being less susceptible to cold, I remained in the morning twilight, filling, greedily, my lungs with the slightly frosty air, and admiring the clean-cut, capricious outlines of the bare trees on the clear sky, as yet hardly tinted in the east with golden and rosy streaks. To my right extended the main body of the great building. All was dark and quiet in it with the exception of one solitary window, behind which twinkled a feeble light as if from a lamp hung before the *ikony* (religious image). I recognized it as one of the windows of the apartment of the young Princess Tcharterinska and thought how disturbed must be her sleep on account of the noise over her rooms. . . . "Nigh time," I thought, "for her princely husband and all of us to be in our beds!" . . . Hardly had the thought crossed my mind, when I heard the sound of a window being cautiously opened, and, at the same moment, a dark shadow, which I had not before observed, emerged from behind the bushes under the trees and approached the house nearer.

* It is an old custom in Russia and Poland that on the eve of the marriage ceremony the Bride and the Bridegroom should give each a farewell soirée, one to her unmarried female, the other to his bachelor, friends.

"Hallo!" I thought, "what is this? Thieves or lovers?" Unwilling to be an impediment to the latter, I retired into the shadow, but was greatly surprised by seeing the light in the apartment of the Princess Tcharterinska suddenly extinguished, her window thrown open and herself appearing in it. I knew her by her voice.

"Vanya; is it you?" . . . she asked in a hurried and subdued tone. "Well; has your poor mother received her money? . . . I was expecting you earlier. . . . I fear people will be soon waking in the house!" . . .

The shadow approached still nearer, under the very window, looking cautiously about in every direction.

"No, *pani* (madam)," answered a sad, boyish voice, in the local dialect, "mother has had nothing. Yesterday we both ate nothing the whole day. . . ."

"How? ate nothing! . . . Impossible, Vanya. I asked, particularly, the *Ksiondz* to help you. My mother gives him plenty of money for the poor. . . . He promised to do so, and told me only last night that he had handed over the money to your mother and a warm fur coat for yourself."

"He gave us nothing!" repeated the boy. "*Pan Ksiondz* (Mr. Priest) said that he had plenty of his own poor and that we could go for help to our own Russian *pope*. And what can the pope do? He is himself penniless and without bread. . . . He gave all he had! Mammy knew it and did not go."

"Oh, God! my God! . . ." repeated the young aristocrat, almost weeping. "Why did you not come to me, Vanya? . . ."

"Why should I?" muttered the boy, shaking sadly the head. "The *heydook* (footman) Vincentiy hits hard. . . . I preferred to wait till dawn, as you had commanded."

"Yes, yes! . . . You have done well!" whispered in a kind of frightened and helpless way, the princely wife. "I could talk with you at no other hour, and . . . Stop! you had nothing to eat? . . . Wait one moment! . . . I have hidden some food for you . . . Wait, wait! till I get it!"

And disappearing for a second, she reappeared in the window almost immediately, wrapped up in a priceless fur cloak, all trembling, and handing to the beggar boy a package of provisions she had *stolen* in her own mother's house.

"Take, take; you see I can give no more; I have no money, my poor Vanya! My husband gives me none and you must let your mother know this, lest she think I have forgotten her, and let her starve! . . . I would gladly give her some of my things . . . but I am afraid! . . . You know when I gave your sister Marianka a ring to sell, what happened . . . and how she was tortured for it! . . . I dare not, now . . . But I got from my maid a warm shawl and a flannel petticoat

. . . I will return them to her tenfold. . . . Give this to your mother . . . and, here, one loaf more . . . of sweet, nice bread, and some good strong wine that I got from the larder, for your mother . . . it will warm and do her good . . . I will try and get for you, also, a warm coat, Vanya! . . . I will speak again to the Ksiondz. I will ask my mother to order him to help you . . . She will do it; she will, Vanya! . . . And now, go; go! . . . lest some one should see you and give you a beating. Good-bye! . . . Tell your mother that I will never neglect her . . . that, perhaps, I may be able to get for her some money . . . before I leave this place . . . Tell her . . ."

The window was suddenly closed, and the boy took to his heels. Highly interested in what I had heard, I left the banquet hall unperceived by the half-drunken company, crossed to the servants' hall, where the exhausted footmen slept, stretched on the floor, found my cloak and cap, and rapidly followed the boy through a short cut to the village. I had calculated rightly, for I saw him running toward the place where I stood, from an opposite direction, when I stopped and cross-examined him. The poor young wretch got so terrified, that, throwing on the ground the bundle, he attempted to run away; but I easily caught him, and soothing him with a few kind words, got into conversation with him. A few minutes later, we had reached my quarters, at Father Vassiliy's house, and I learnt from him the whole story. This boy was a herdsman, the son of an almost beggared old mother, sick and homeless. A few years before she had been ordered, together with her daughter Marianka, as kitchen-maids, into the Castle, where, as serfs, they received, of course, no wages. The young Countess, then just betrothed to the old prince, took a great fancy to the daughter, who was made over to her, as a serf, together with other articles of her trousseau, but who, very soon after the marriage of her new mistress, died. On her deathbed she implored her lady to help the old mother in case of need, and the Princess pledged her word to do so, and had never broken her promise. But what could the poor young thing do? A millionaire by both mother's and husband's sides, she was powerless to give away even a hundred roubles—a sum which would have made the family of Vanya rich for ever. She had not even one rouble in her possession with which to buy them bread. She, that poor, weak, colourless, society doll, the young aristocrat who thrice daily changed her toilettes, even in the country, and her white kid gloves after every *quadrille*, as they were obsequiously brought to her on a silver salver by a liveried *heydook*—she had to secretly beg from her maid an old petticoat and shawl if she would give alms, and to actually pilfer wine and sweet cakes from the gorgeous larder, if she would only save from starvation an old Russian beggar, doomed by her cruel, heartless mother, and her worthy confederates, the Roman Catholics to slow death! . . . Such was the position of this young patrician and millionaire!

"It is lucky," thought I, "for that helpless and irresponsible victim of her mother's and husband's despotism, that she is not doomed to live much longer in this world!" To all who knew her, it was evident that the sickly, delicate and consumptive Princess Tcharterinska could not live long, nor could anyone who knew her life intimately, so full of sorrow and humiliation, feel otherwise than thankful for the prospect of her speedy liberation.

Soon after the wedding of the Korzanofs, our regiment left that province, and I lost sight of all the personages of this country drama. For long years I heard nothing of the old Countess Sedminska and her familiars.

VERA JELIHOVSKY.

(To be continued.)

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

AT a meeting of members of the Theosophical Society held at Cambridge, England, on the 6th day of October 1888, Mr. G. A. Passingham in the chair, it was resolved to form a Local Branch under the title "The Cambridge Theosophical Society."

Upon motion it was resolved that the bye-laws of the Parent Society be temporarily adopted, and the following members of the T. S. present were appointed a committee to draft permanent bye-laws for the Branch.

MR. W. S. MACGOWAN.
MR. H. T. EDGE.
MRS. C. A. PASSINGHAM.

The election of officers being next in order, the following were unanimously chosen:

PRESIDENT: Mrs. C. A. Passingham.
VICE-PRESIDENT: Mr. C. V. Naidu.
SECRETARY & TREASURER: Mrs. Gillig.

There being no other business, the meeting formally adjourned.

AMY GILLIG, secretary.

Attest. RICHARD HARTE.
Special representative of the President Founder.

The following advertisement appeared in LIGHT of Oct. 6th:—

THEOSOPHY.

A Liverpool Branch Lodge of the Indian Theosophical Society is now in process of formation. Those interested in the Society are requested to communicate immediately with SIDNEY G. P. CORYN, 86, Queen's-road, Bootle, Liverpool.

A GLANCE AT "PARSIFAL"?

ONCE more has the world been summoned to a religious festival so wide-reaching in its ethical purpose that the routine ceremonies of the most all-embracing earthly Church sink into insignificance beside it. Once more has the civilized world obeyed the summons, and pilgrims from the Eastern and the Western hemisphere have flocked in greater numbers than before to the little town in the Bavarian highlands where, as in the humble village of Bethlehem, a new gospel has been born to mankind—the Gospel of Love. Love in its purest, most ideal form, the love of Universal Brotherhood, is the theme and lesson of the Bayreuth *Festspiel*, "Parsifal."

What else but this is the meaning of these banded, consecrated knights, whose mission was not only to preserve the *Grâl* unspotted from the world, but to sally forth into the world "on highest errands of salvation?"

The ideal republic of the future is pictured in this wondrous play, where each man shall count his own advancement as nought, and offer up his individuality as a sacrifice to the common weal, and where the king is singled out from among his subjects by no distinctive mark of rank, but only by the divine right of greater suffering and more perfect service. What is it that causes the sometime fall of this brotherhood from its high estate, its temporary powerlessness to help the world when "enfeebled is the heroes' might, no message comes to greet us, no call from out the distance to holy warfare"—what but the deplorable fact that each has buried himself in lonely separation from his brothers, and each has sought *for himself* his miserable means of sustenance?

In "Parsifal" we have a world-picture, the fall of a world from harmony into discord, and its redemption by the resolution of that discord, when one arises who, by his example of compassionate toil and unselfish suffering, lifts up once more the downtrod banner of religion and brotherhood. This is the lesson that Bayreuth teaches, a lesson never more needed than in these days when each man's hand is turned against his brother, when materialism is rife, and egoism is enthroned in every state as an all-devouring idol, grotesque and hideous; when the Churches in the powerlessness of dotage lift up their cracked and feeble voices in half-hearted protest against a selfishness encouraged by the very exclusiveness of their dogmas, and each state in Europe, laughing at their shrill, unmeaning bleat, adds another fifty thousand paid butchers to its bloated armaments! It was time that the

voice of the preacher should be lifted up "in the wilderness"; but how to gain a hearing?

The answer is "Bayreuth." Set in a quiet corner of the world, freed from the carking cares of commerce and the glittering display of the hollow joys of wealth and fashion, a temple has been raised by a man whose whole life was consumed by the fire of earnest purpose, and into whose breast the flatus of divine inspiration had breathed the burning spirit of a new art.

His music and poetry sprang from his inmost heart in spontaneous flow, and were no products of a cold, calculating brain, and thus it is that they have such a magnetic effect upon his hearers, fettering their senses as with a spell, for, as Goethe says, "*Es muss von Herzen gehen, was auf Herzen wirken soll*," from the heart must proceed what men's hearts shall enthrall.

Rousing the attention of every civilized nation by works so daring in their exposition of hot, human passion, and their Promethean creation of new musical forms, that no one in the close of this nineteenth century can treat them otherwise than prodigies, whether sent from hell or heaven, Wagner had found the ear of the world, and, having found it, allowed it not to be turned away until he had whispered into it earnest words of comfort and of promise that must ring within its caverns for centuries. No cathedral did he choose wherein, in lifeless form of oratorio, to hymn his message, no crystallized ceremony of ancient use, but the warm life of the stage whereon his hearers might see as well as hear the history of the fall of man and his redemption, and no one who has ever witnessed a performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, but must feel that he has been eye-witness of a great mystery, wherein the spirit of religion has been set free from its old and time-spent forms, and sent once more as a new leaven into the world.

Space forbids that I should discuss the details of this mystic drama, for an analysis of which I must refer my readers to No. 11 of the "Transactions of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society," and to Nos. II., III. and IV. of "The Meister."* The chief points alone of its occult teaching are all that I propose to deal with here. Greatest among these is the mystery of the *Grâl* (the "Holy Grail") which sacred vessel was brought down by a host of angels and given to the keeping of holy men. Is not this the Divine Wisdom of the ages, the *Theosophia* which has been ever jealously guarded by bands of brothers, and to which, in the words of the drama, "there leads no path throughout the land, and no one can its precincts tread, unless his footsteps it doth lead," for "to the *pure* alone it is allowed to join themselves unto the Brotherhood on whom the wondrous influence of the Gral rains down their strength for deeds of healing"? Sought by no earthly paths, found by no course of learned study, set in a spot whence Time and Space have fled away, this

* Published by George Redway, 15 York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

is the eternal well of changeless truth. The powers of evil can nowise prevail against its might nor lift the hand of desecration to rob it of its virtues; for *Klingsor*, though the Spear might fall into his power, could not obtain the *Grâl*. This Wisdom is the source of all good, and without its dictates the brothers have no might. Yet, as the world is evil and men are filled with enmity and not with love, it cannot be revealed to all mankind, until as years roll on and suffering has done its purifying work, the spirit of Love and divine Compassion has conquered the world and Parsifal is crowned as king; then there goes forth his first command, "no more shall it concealed be; unveil the Grâl, open the shrine." This is the work that Wagner himself has attempted in the laying bare of the mysteries of "Parsifal"; but who shall say that the world is yet prepared to hear the message? Some few, at least, will hear and lay to heart, but to the many the oracle cannot but sound in phrases of an unknown tongue. Yet there shines the Grâl, as it has shone from countless ages, and ever shall the brotherhood increase, until it numbers in its ranks each member of the human race.

Second only to the Grâl is the Holy Spear in this drama; but, unlike its sister symbol, it can be wrested from the service of good and seized by the spirits of evil; for it typifies *Power*, and as soon as this power is employed for any other but the highest objects, is paraded for vain-glory —as many would wish to see the phenomena of occultism paraded—or made subservient to a selfish end, he who wields it will surely fall as fell Amfortas. Its place is by the side of the Grâl in the custody of the Brotherhood, and not to be borne in self-seeking strife by any individual member, though it be the king himself; and not till it is restored to its rightful sanctuary, and set beside the holy cup of Wisdom, does the Universal Spirit descend, on the wings of the snow-white dove.

This restoration is effected by *Parsifal* who unites in his nature the characteristics of Jesus Christ and Gautama Buddha, who by their example of godlike endurance of suffering and sacrifice of all selfish desires to the one unswerving aim of the good of all mankind, became the redeemers of their race. He typifies the Higher Self in Man, in whose development the experiences of this world are a necessary lesson, but whose inner intuition guides it ever to that unseen world where the Grâl is waiting for those whom it has called unto itself. Compassion and intuition are the Jachin and Boaz of Parsifal's soul, and thus he is represented as one of the "foolish" things of this world which are chosen to confound the worldly wise. It was needed in these days—when men deny the essence of their souls because, forsooth, they cannot extract it by any chemical process and store it away in bottles,—it was needed that once more the existence of a higher insight should be proclaimed, and the story told of the youth who, led forward by the dazzling beings who appeared to him in his forest vision, presses on to the temple of the Grâl, led by an impulse

which he cannot yet express, and who fulfils the great last work of renunciation of self and gains, instead of individual, universal bliss.

But there is another side to this picture. Opposed to Parsifal, we have the sorcerer, *Klingsor*. Eaten up by the desire of boundless power, he has mastered for himself the Spear, the symbol of Will and Power ; this he has accomplished by painful self-mortification, a mortification perilous in that its object is concentrated selfishness and lust of dominion, for when the body is tormented by the throes of self-imposed penance, a door is opened for the entrance of elemental forces, which, though excellent as servants, become most tyrannous as masters. Thus has this black magician striven for power, and, for a while, succeeded ; but with the advent of a mightier than himself, of the guileless youth "whom shields the buckler of innocence," his power recoils against himself and he and all his magic stronghold sink into annihilation. The occult law is here most strictly observed ; the wielding of occult power is full of danger to him who attempts it, and if not guided by occult wisdom, the day must come when the whole strength of the sorcerer is sent forth in some task beyond his might ; with failure comes retaliation, the blow rebounds upon the striker, left defenceless by the expenditure of force, and the end is swift and sure extermination.

In *Kundry* we have the victim of the magician's art. Striving to do the good which she is too weak to persevere in, she is obsessed by an evil spirit, and subject to the magnetic control of Klingsor. Yet for her there is salvation, as Parsifal casts out from her, as Christ cast out from Mary Magdalene, the possessing dæmon. A type of Matter and of animal passion, she is redeemed from ill and purified by Spirit as the world passes from out of its weary round of bondage into the bosom of the infinite, in the night of Pralaya.

It is not only the whole structure of the plot and characterization of "Parsifal" that is mystic, but the poem is full of profound philosophy, as in the allusion by Gurnemanz to the mysterious kingdom of the Grâl where Time is swallowed up in Space, and in the various hints of the doctrine of re-incarnation, of which we may instance the words of Parsifal, "all that breathes and lives, and *lives again*." But the great lesson of the drama is summed up in the promise of the victory of "Wisdom won by Love," whereby the redeemer, Parsifal, heals all the wounds of sinful men. Thus once more is the mysterious rite of the Love-Feast of the Grâl celebrated within the sacred temple in perfect harmony, and the great work of Renunciation is crowned by the entry into Nirvana of the soul that has learned on earth to recognize its highest self in the universal spirit in which all things in nature do live and move and have their being.

W. ASHTON ELLIS.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

A MARTYR THEOSOPHIST.*

"MY name is Giordano, of the family of Bruno, of the city of Nola, twelve miles from Naples. There I was born and brought up. My profession has been and is that of letters, and of all the sciences. My father's name was Giovanni, and my mother was Francesca Savolini; my father was a soldier. He is dead, and my mother also. I am forty-four years old, having been born in 1548," were his words before the tribunal of the Inquisition in Venice in 1592, on entering those dungeons which he only left for the torture-chamber and the stake.

In Nola, where Bruno passed the early years of his life, still lingered the atmosphere of the old occult school of Pythagoras. And the mantle of the Samian fell upon Giordano Bruno. His early years were passed in a time of social and political disorganization; all Italy was in disorder. The Inquisition stood grimly firm, ready to play its part, through all turmoils and devastations. In order to gain opportunities for study, Bruno entered the Dominican convent in Naples when he was fifteen years old. But under the friar's robe beat the heart of the indomitable enthusiast and philosopher.

In Naples he remained till his twenty-eighth year; until his daring and unfettered spirit rousing the fear and hostility of the monks, he was compelled to flee to Rome and thence to Genoa, narrowly escaping the warrant for his arrest.

For some time Bruno earned his bread by teaching the children in the little town of Nola, but after five months he was again obliged to flee, taking refuge first at Turin and afterwards at Venice. There he composed several works, but these, and everything else he wrote in Italy, were destroyed by the murderous Inquisition. Italy was no longer safe, and Bruno took refuge in Geneva amongst the adherents of the new Reformed Church. Their intolerance, however, was only second to that of Rome; he crossed over into France, and for some time lectured in Paris as Doctor of Philosophy. On the conversion of Henri III., Bruno crossed to England, where he met many of the Elizabethan worthies; Sir Philip Sydney, to whom he dedicated "Gli Eroici Furori," Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke and, perhaps, also, Shakespeare. In 1585 Bruno returned to Paris, and then passed through Germany and Austria, resting finally at Frankfort. While there the treacherous

* "The Heroic Enthusiasts" (Gli Eroici Furori), of Giordano Bruno, translated by L. Williams. (George Redway, London, 1887.)

scheme which led up to his martyrdom was being devised at Venice. Gregory XIV. was then Pope. Mocenigo, the infamous tool of the more infamous Inquisition, was the Judas who betrayed him with a kiss. Inviting Bruno to Venice, he treated him with every mark of esteem, while secretly plotting his betrayal and murder. One morning Mocenigo threw aside the veil, and Bruno was cast into the dungeon of the Inquisition. Before the Inquisitors the full nobility and grandeur of his character came out. Instead of weakly pleading for pardon, he boldly, and yet calmly, faced his torturers in their tribunal.

"Being interrogated, he gave details of his life, and expositions of his philosophy. He spoke of the universe, of the infinite worlds in infinite space, of the divinity in all things, of the unity of all things, the dependence and inter-dependence of all things, and of the existence of God in all." He was carried to Rome, and there he passed eight years in dungeons and torture-chambers. On the 17th February, in the year 1600, the fiendish engine of the Inquisition finally struck its victim. Hearing his sentence of death, Bruno said: "You, O Judges! feel perchance, more terror in pronouncing this judgment, than I do in hearing it." Rome was full of pilgrims from all parts, come to celebrate the jubilee of Pope Clement VIII. Bruno was hardly fifty years old at this time; his face was thin and pale, with dark, fiery eyes; the forehead luminous with thought, his body frail, and bearing the signs of torture; his hands in chains, his feet bare, he walked with slow steps in the early morning towards the funeral pile. Brightly shone the sun, and the flames leaped upwards and mingled with his ardent rays; Bruno stood in the midst with his arms crossed, his head raised and his eyes open. When all was consumed, a monk took a handful of the ashes and scattered them in the wind. A month later, the Bishop of Sidonia presented himself at the treasury of the Pope and demanded two scudi in payment for having degraded Fra Giordano the heretic!

Not less remarkable than the purity and heroism of his life, were the grandeur and nobleness of his philosophy.

"He taught that everything in Nature has a soul, one universal mind penetrates and moves all things; the world itself is a *sacrum animal.* Nothing is lost, but all transmutes and becomes."

"The primal idea of Pythagoras, which Bruno worked out to a more distinct development, is this: numbers are the beginnings of things; numbers are the cause of the existence of material things;* they are not final, but are always changing position and attributes; they are variable and relative. Beyond and above this mutability, there must be the Immutable, the All, the One.

"The Infinite must be one, as one is the absolute number; in the original One is contained all numbers; in the One is contained all the elements of the Universe.

* *Vide* "Stanzas from the Book of Dzyan," in the "Secret Doctrine."

"One is the perfect number; it is the primitive monad. As from the One proceeds the infinite series of numbers which again withdraw and are resolved into the One; so from Substance, which is one, proceed the myriads of worlds; from the worlds proceed myriads of living creatures; and from the union of one with the diverse is generated the Universe. Hence the progression from ascent to descent, from spirit to that which we call matter; from the cause to the origin, and the process of metaphysics, which, from the finite world of sense rises to the intelligent, passing through the intermediate numbers of infinite substance to active being and cosmic reason.

"From the absolute One, the sum of the sensible and intellectual world, millions of stars and suns are produced and developed. Each sun is the centre of as many worlds which are distributed in as many distinct series, in an infinite number of concentric centres and systems. Each system is attracted, repelled, and moved by an infinite eternal passion, or attraction; each turns round its own centre, and moves in a spiral towards the centre of the whole, towards which centre they all tend with infinite passional ardour. For in this centre resides the sun of suns, the unity of unities, the temple, the altar of the universe, the sacred fire of Vesta, the vital principle of the Universe.

"That which occurs in the world of stars is reflected in the telluric world; everything has its centre, towards which it is attracted with fervour. All is thought, passion, and aspiration.

"From this unity which governs variety, from this movement of every world around its sun, of every sun around its centre sun—the sun of suns—which informs all with the rays of the spirit, with the light of thought—is generated the perfect harmony of colours, sounds and forms. That which in the heavens is harmony becomes, in the individual, morality, and in companies of human beings, law. That which is light in the spheres becomes intelligence and science in the world of spirit and of humanity.

"Through the revolution of the worlds through space around their suns, from their order, their constancy and their measure, the mind comprehends the progress and conditions of men, and their duties towards each other, the Bible, the sacred book of man, is in the heavens; there does man find written the word of God.

"Human souls are lights, distinct from the universal soul, which is diffused over all, and penetrates everything. A purifying process guides them from one existence to another, from one form to another, from one world to another. The life of man is more than an experience or trial; it is an effort, a struggle to reproduce and represent upon earth some of that goodness, beauty, and truth, which are diffused over the universe and constitute its harmony. Long, slow, and full of opposition is this educational process of the soul. Through struggle is man educated, fortified, and raised.

"Through the midst of cataclysms and revolutions humanity has one guiding star, a beacon which shows its light above the storms and tempests, a mystical thread running through the labyrinth of history—the religion of philosophy and of thought. The vulgar creeds would not and have not dared to reveal the Truth in its purity and essence. They covered it with veils and allegories, with myths and mysteries, which they called sacred; they enshrouded thought with a double veil, and called it Revelation. Humanity, deceived by a seductive form, adored the veil, but did not lift itself up to the idea behind it; it saw the shadow, not the light.

"Speaking of the Immortality of the Soul, Bruno maintained that nothing in the universe is lost, everything changes and is transformed; the soul transmigrates, and drawing round itself atom to atom, it reconstructs for itself a new body. The spirit that moves all things is one; everything differentiates according to the different forms and bodies in which it operates.

"In place of the so-called Christian perfections (resignation, devotion, and ignorance), Bruno put intelligence and the progress of the intellect in the world of physics, metaphysics, and morals; the true aim being illumination, the true morality the practice of justice, the true redemption the liberation of the soul from error, its elevation and union with God upon the wings of thought." This idea is fully developed in "Gli Eroici Furori," to which, in the present translation, we refer our readers. In the works of this noble philosopher and hero we find all that is vital in the Secret Doctrine of the ages; and more, we find a divine harmony with the one truth, for ever eternal in the heavens. When Bruno's courage, and dauntless bravery in the face of danger, torture, and death, are more clearly reflected in the present generation of mystical thinkers, when they are more ready to emulate his earnestness, sincerity, and unflinching resolution, then we shall have less hesitation than at present in calling this martyr-hero a "Theosophist."

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F.T.S.

NOTICE.

THE Lending Library of the T. P. S. will be opened to the Members and Public on the 1st October. The charge will be Twopence per week for each Volume. All inquiries should be addressed to "T. P. S. Library," 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Country Readers will be charged postage.

Donations of books, or funds for their purchase, will be thankfully received.

FROM THE EAST OF TIME.

By Charles Hannan, f.r.g.s., Author of "A Swallow's Wing," &c.

PART I.

THAT my letter must be of the most fragmentary kind you will understand as I proceed, and you will pardon me if, from time to time, I fail in the transmission of that complete sympathy of thought which, as writer, I would strive to give.

I am a man neither young nor old, and yet the blight of countless ages seems to have descended upon me to make me what I am. Could you see me it would sadden you. See? yes, with the inward eye; in the truest sense conveyed by the simple word. For to see with the eye is nothing if the brain fail more deeply to perceive.

My life has been spent in a single pursuit—a pursuit which never gains its end, for in the momentary satisfaction I have learned that there can only lie that which the oil gives to the flame—and there is no water to quench the thirst in my soul.

Have I done well? I cannot tell. Have I lost my life, or gained it, who shall say?

Mine was always a dreamy nature—dreamy without that sympathy for the beautiful—without that depth which finds a harmony in the fresh airs of spring and bursting of the buds upon the field—dreamy with a vain selfishness which fed upon its lifeless self.

I was never young, for I have never tasted youth. What can I remember in the days which have been which I would desire to recall? Ah! Let the past—my past—be the dead, dumb thing it has become.

Curious that I should say so now! How vaguely do my senses conceive their own volition—how dimly do I understand myself; I who would penetrate into that darkness which is gone—into that darkness far far beyond the years which my memory might recall.

Never young—no, surely never young—and I wonder at those whose youth hangs about them like the ivy that clings to the rotten tree.

No such ivy has circled round the stem of my life, as the years rolled by. Zealously have I pursued my way—only now—now that I know that I possess more than I can understand—have I wakened to the reality of what I am.

There is a great demon within me—an evil spirit that cries endlessly, "Seek—seek—seek and know," and I *have* sought, for who could disobey. Thus has it always been. Yes, I *have* sought for good or ill—I *have* sought ceaselessly for the knowledge which is now stored within.

Knowledge! Thine is the unquenchable flame that consumes my soul—thine the fuel added to the fire—thine the never-ending thirst.

Have I wakened to some truer thing? How shall I say, who write these lines?

Enough. Thus I am young in years, yet old—with a brain stored with accumulated wisdom—fired with the desire, endless in its unsatisfied intensity for more—knowing earthly things as you cannot know them, and desiring that you who read should hesitate upon the threshold of the House where Knowledge dwells.

* * * * * * *

I write you from the East of Time. It is a strange expression is it not? Yet I can find no other fitted to what I would convey. How far East you must judge, not I. Many centuries have rolled onwards since *you* inhabited the earth. It is through the vista of these centuries that I speak to you now, for I am writing to an age which seems to have passed away.

Centuries lie between you and me, and I who write do so by a strange means *backwards through Time!*

And if *I* tremble and am filled with wonderment at the power which knowledge has given to me, how can *you* understand, who live countless generations before. Is it possible for you to grasp that which I cannot grasp? You forget who and what I am. You forget who it is who writes to you. You fail to remember what he has written of his youthless life.

You cannot believe? Why not? Must the unknown be always refused belief. Is it not possible that others who live after you (who gather from your research a little, it may be), understand more deeply than you.

And I am one of these, and still I say I do not understand.

I simply know what is, and, therefore, must believe.

Do not think that I have not sought to understand. Even as I write to you I would strive at this; and more, I would tell to you the little that I know.

I have studied to be with you, even to think with you, for your age, your little century out of all the past draws me towards it, and were it possible, I would fain have existed amongst you, and with you instead of existing now, hundreds of years in what to you is future time.

I have told you that I know *what is*—that I believe because I *know* and yet cannot fathom all.

This is what I cannot understand;—that you and I are co-existing, living in the world at the same time! You in the nineteenth century, I in the twenty fourth! ! !

What is time? How is it that we, you and I, *are living* (as we must be if I can communicate with you) and yet live different lives in cities

and in towns that are not the same with you and me. It is impossible, and yet *I* write to you—How can I penetrate the past if it is not living, breathing, existing now?

One word. Can you explain to me the meaning of the word "Everlasting"? Think well before you frame an answer. Let your mind try to grasp its vastness, its impossibility, and then tell me what it means! What is Time? Time is everlasting, are its parts less so? If Time exist for ever it must simply *be*, it cannot move, so there can be no part that is not present, no future that is not existing now.

But for me, a mortal, it is too deep a question to entertain, and my brain cannot think otherwise than that you are in the past even as I am in the present to myself and in the far future to you!

I write you from the East of Time, that is all. From the land of the ever-rising sun to the land where the sun has long since set.

You are in the distant West to me. I in the far East to you. And I am writing to you through the power of mind over mind, a mental telegraphy if you will, which connects myself with one of you.

You have wondrous tales as to the Mesmeric power, have you not? I smile sometimes when I read in the old old books of your faint beliefs and strong and firm disbeliefs. *You* do not know the powers that are given to man.

What little I understand I will endeavour to make clear to you—to you as *you* think hundreds of years ago! I will take an instance which I think may be intelligible to you.

Suppose that I were in India, you in England. If I telegraphed to you, you have my message from beyond the seas to all appearance hours before it was sent off by me. A simple thing bearing nothing on the point at issue! So you say, but wait. We admit that though by the electric current time appears to have been gained it has been really lost. But supposing that the telegram had come instantaneous as a flash from mind to mind, what then? It *was* instantaneous; that was all, no more, there was no gain! Granted! but the fact remains that you in England have conceived my thought, *actually at the same moment*, and also actually, as we mortals look upon Time measured in days by the circling of the globe, hours before it had origin with me.

And this is all that I can give you which may be in a degree intelligible to you, the people in the West:—

Think of me as of one in a land more distant than India (I am in England though none of your generation have met me face to face). Think of me as of one in some far Eastern clime influencing by the mesmeric power the man who is writing my words in the distant West! and the truth may be near you now.

The centuries which have rolled since you were, have changed the world you used to know. I have read much of your day, and I have of late been buried in research, thus it is most interesting for me to write to

you. Could you read the History of the world during the ages which have intervened, I think you would marvel that such things could have been but I do not tell you of these, for mine is a selfish task. I would penetrate into and know something of your time rather than inform you of mine. Yet it is easier for me to write to you than to be with you until——

I broke off suddenly because of the arrival of some news. It comes at all hours and interrupts me frequently when I would be still. And a curious question now occurs to me.

What was my medium—the author who pens for me my words, five hundred years ago — what was he doing during those few seconds whilst I was perusing what had come? Most strange, most unintelligible.

It may be that his inspiration seemed to leave him, for I doubt not he is unconscious even as he writes these words that it is *my* thought, the thought of the man in the East, that he puts upon the page.

Perhaps he sat backwarks in his chair merely waiting, or perhaps he crumpled an odd corner of his blotting sheet and threw it into his curious old fire. I would that I could see these things!

I am waiting and I hope that it may be!

My news? you are curious as to what it was and how it came? It may interest you, it is so different from what you knew.

There is a little case standing in the corner of my room. When the bell rings something has occurred and a paper falls out upon the lower shelf which tells me all. Very different, is it not, from those quaint old sheets of which I have quite a number somewhere in my store. And to get my news as it occurs I think I pay considerably less money annually than you expend on your evening "Globe."

Are there no newspapers for sale then in my age? Certainly for those who choose to buy, but you would scarcely know them as such, I think, and it is preferable, is it not, to learn important events as they occur and to have the resumé printed by the same machine at a later hour.

This paper that I have crumpled in my hand comes through the medium of The Universal Agency.

"The Bridge across the Gulf has just been opened in presence of a vast crowd. There have been no accidents!"

That is the sum and substance. The powers of the world have been present and I at this moment, a disinterested individual, am calmly sitting here. The Gulf crossed at last! a huge cavity into which the sea rushed fifty years ago when those who lived belived the world was at an end. It is crossed now, and America I suppose is a single continent once more!

I too shall cross my gulf, a greater gulf it may be, a gulf which I have already half bridged across, the gulf between the present and the past.

For I stand now amongst my fellows as one different from them and callous to the present time.

Do you understand the selfishness of my design? It is to be amongst you though it be but as a dream, to live in your bygone age and to leave this present which I detest, *not* to write to you of the age in which I live.

In Mesmerism, as in electricity, there is a negative power, and upon this do I base my hopes. I, who am mesmerising the man who writes in the West, wait till he shall unknown to himself grow as it were a part of me and call me by the power of his thought over mine into a life that has existence hundreds of years ago!

Meantime I wait.

* * * * * * *

Amongst my books I came across one lately which I had never opened before, for I have a vast library which I may never live to read, although my time has been ceaselessly spent amongst my books. It was the Biography of an author, in a word that of the man who is writing now, who transcribes as his own this letter from the East of Time. Whence the book came I have been unable to discover. The author's works are unknown now, no one even knows his name, and yet in your day he must have gained a certain fame, else surely none had written of his life! The book is entitled, "An Essay upon the Life and Works of Geoffrey Harborough, in 2 vols."

And I alone possess the book that tells me of his career, a career which interests me deeply for reasons more than one!

I have told you that your age, out of all the past, draws me towards it with a longing to know of your time, a longing which has grown into an unquenchable thirst to be with you and exist with you. This reason made me read the book. It was of your time, and I read.

Often have I longed to pass into the days gone by, and being aware of the power which is mine, that of Mesmerism in its most intense depths, was it not strange that I should hesitate to take the first step?

One moment and I shall explain.

Why should I step into a nature uncongenial to mine?

Where should I find one which could be otherwise?

These two problems held me back. I have never liked my fellows of the present time. My gloomy nature, the knowledge which I have amassed, my vague unending desires to know, separate me from them; and I stand apart.

Shall we suppose it to be a nature alien to mine which lives and breathes my thoughts upon the page you now read five hundred years ago—do you think my communication would be so clear?

That is a small matter to me. This is the greater:—With an alien nature mine would strive. I should never then be able to descend to

your age because, consciously or unconsciously, I should *resist the negative power*, and my mind would refuse to yield to another which it might despise or could not trust. The second problem was solved on the day I found that book, and its solution meant the solution of the first and of all else.

There is a portrait—a curious old thing—at the commencement of the book. When my eye fell upon it a strange excitement filled me, for I seemed to see something of my own nature mirrored on the face of a man still young. The likeness was taken in his youth.

I read the little book with avidity, nor, till I came to the last page that it contains, did I pay attention to the fact that the volume was but one of two, and that I did not possess the whole. The second volume is not in my possession!

My whole library have I ransacked in its search. It is useless, for I cannot find it. But I have enough to prove to me that this, of all others, is the man whose nature is most akin to mine, and yet I would that I might have read the whole.

His portrait first:—I have opened the old volume beside me, and am sitting with it before me, whilst the original of the picture, five hundred years ago, obeys my will and writes this description of himself:—

It is a young face, rather round than otherwise, and somewhat too heavy in features to be esteemed good-looking. Of the face the nose is the most prominent part. The mouth is at once firm and weak; the upper lip exhibits a certain strength; the lower contradicts it, and the slight dimples at either end add to the boyishness of the face. It is in the eyes and forehead that there are some signs of thought. The brows run straight, not curved, and by the power which they indicate might cause us to overlook the sadness which is inseparably connected with the eye itself. For the rest his hair is light, and in the portrait brushed from the brow and too long, and the face itself is hairless. The likeness is that of a young man upon whose features I read chiefly these things—first, Self-conceit, Arrogance, and Belief in his own powers; secondly, Something of sensuality and the gloom of those feelings which intermingle with poesy and love; and lastly, The capabilities of unending misery and mental pain.

Is it strange to you that I should choose this man out of all the ages that have been? Why should I *not* choose thus? My life, as I have said, has known no youth. I have no longing for the youth which others know. And yet I could know—ah, no! I long to know—such a youth as may be his.

There is something in his face, be it in the eye, be it where it will, that speaks to my heart and tells me that he and I have something which others have not, and which is ours alone. I turn again to the book. It is a musty old volume—many pages have here and there been lost, and what remains is yellow and faded with the age of centuries.

Strange, is it not, that I have this before me, I who influence his life in part, stranger still it would be had I the volume I have sought, the second of the two telling of his life. What does it contain? what is the end of the man who interests me, who is inspired by my thought, and who writes now to my will. I have followed his life to the conclusion of the twenty-fifth year. He commenced to write in his early youth, and the volume before me is filled with extracts from his earlier works. It is useless to cry against a fate which has hidden from me the volume which is lost.

There is little to arouse the curiosity even of the most excitable in the account which I hold of the poet-author's earlier years. Were it not that I feel that we are akin, I doubt not but that the book had been cast aside ere now. As it is I have read and re-read, and I have sought in vain for the remainder of the book—it is not to be found.

Yes, there is but little which would interest you in the earlier half of the author's life. He is an orphan where my volume ceases, not wealthy, almost a beggar, and yet not looked upon as such, because his wealthy uncle has taken him under his roof. Does his soul chafe against the dependence forced upon him? Does his heart beat wildly to be free—to face the wild winds of poverty rather than view the gilded cage? My volume does not say!

I have read and re-read, and this poem, simple and crude, if you will, tells me there are thoughts which cannot be chronicled by other than himself. He has a youth—it tells me so.

He has a youth, and I, who have none, long greedily to share its joys.

ONORA MAYNE.

Lilies cluster round
Lilies fair,
Simply twined amongst
Golden hair.
Eyes so good and true,
Frank, and calm, and blue,
Softly raise with trustful gaze
As she speaks to you.

And methinks a tear
Dims the eye,
Something strikes a chord,
Tell me why
Is it good to feel
Mingled woe with weal?
O'er the heart as if a part
Holy sorrow steal?

Sadness sheds a beauty
Undefined
Pure and gentle shadow
You may find
Mirrored there so true,
Softening eyes so blue,
Scarce a trace on smiling face
As she speaks to you!

And then I read the concluding lines of the contents of Volume I. of the author's life. With this the little book stops abruptly and several pages appear to be amissing.

"He had now entered upon his twenty-sixth year, and it was during "this year that he fell in love. This love, from the depth of his poetic "nature, became a passion of the most intensified character, and was the "cause of that change which cast a shadow upon * * * *."

I connect the two! And to gain his youth, his passion and his love, I will brave the unknown shadow of which the volume speaks.

* * * * * * *

It is at this period in his lifetime that I would enter your century, your age. I would pierce the veil of centuries, that my mind might be as his mind, to dwell with him—to be with him whilst my earthly frame is left in trance five hundred years in Eastern Time!

I do not want his boyhood—if I shun my own past, let me shun his—let me enter his life as I leave my own, at the age of twenty-five.

And even as I am writing—as he is writing shall I not rather say? I draw nearer to him, for I feel that the negative influence is surely and slowly assuming power, and that it may be that he will call me at last from the future to his time.

I shall know his youth. I who have never tasted youth's joys, shall taste them with his lips. Why not? He can love—why not I.

I thirst that his youth may be mine—that his tale for good or ill, for sorrow or for joy—may be mine, as it shall be when the mesmeric circle is complete.

What change lies before him—as he writes he seems to question his own fate, but it is I, not he, who create the thought.

And I who have read of his youth seek to read in the Book of Life the contents of that second volume which I cannot find!

Do I calculate my risk? What risk?

I exist five hundred years in future time. What is the risk if I step back to be with you. Must I then always live in your age in a day I now look upon as past? No! You forget that there is an awakening from the trance, and my awakening will come in the good time, only I pray it may not be too soon.

I am yielding to the influence that comes back to me—slowly my brain is changing from that which gives an impression to that which receives, and it is by *my* will notwithstanding that this is done. The circle will complete itself!

Onora Mayne—I would love you—yet what have *I* to do with love? Onora Mayne, I near you—where are you, for all is dark and dim around? Onora Mayne! Onora Mayne!

* * * * * * *

My spirit is falling—falling—downwards—downwards——into an abyss whose depth I cannot gauge—and still I fall.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

I have apparently been writing as one in a dream, for I have no consciousness of having transcribed all that I now see written upon the sheets which, as usual, I have cast upon the floor as I wrote. Yet there is something familiar to me in what I now read over for the first time, and some change seems actually to influence me as though an inspiration which were given to me had not yet expended its full force, and still dwelt about me and around me. What a strange thing. I shudder at the thought. Am I then no longer the being that I was? A deeper gloom descends upon me. Onora—Onora. I forget. What has happened to me? Onora! I cannot call your face before me! what blight has fallen upon my soul.

What have I forgotten? I am as one drunken with much wine.

Everything around me seems strange and new, and yet it is the same. The same? As what?

I cannot tell. Only it is as though all were familiar to me just as I have met strange things in dreams which yet were as if real and as possessing an existence which I had known.

* * * * * * *

I seem to have slowly regained possession of myself.

I have re-perused the unearthly thing which I have written. How did I write it? Under what inspiration? I cannot believe that these words came from my pen for I have never conceived. I could not have conceived of anything so far beyond my comprehension.

This man it would seem, existing in a wonderful world of which we can have no conception (what changes will have lit upon the world by the time spoken of by him!), throws himself back into the past in order to share my youth. Let me think a moment. I cannot understand the full meaning of what my thought puts before me. Let me think.

First—there is the impossibility of such a thing. I am living now. I, Geoffrey Harborough, am living now, how then can any being as yet unborn communicate with me through the space of centuries? It cannot be! Why does my mind not cast aside the thought and cease to dwell upon the unknown? Why can I not say "It is untrue"? My

soul is groping in the dark. A species of madness and weird suspicion of the terrible and of hidden things falls upon and enwraps me as in a cloud of dark impenetrable mist.

Let me read this thing again. I *cannot* have written this, and yet my eyesight is not deceived, my hand has traced every line. Am I still as in a dream, no for I am waking as surely as man was ever so. I swear it. I live and am awake and still I seem to dream.

Strangest of all, these verses are my own. Two days ago, I penned them to you Onora, though you knew it not, and now they come to me thrown backwards by the centuries as though to cause me to believe.

The portrait too! It must be mine!

Suppose then that I do believe, that I accept you, strange unknown spirit from another sphere, that I allow that you, who *will* exist five hundred years after I am dead, *can* be with me now, what then? I become yours, do I not, for you share my life—why not?

Who said "Why not?" a second time. Why does every thought seem to have an echo within my brain?

I cannot write just now. I feel weak and faint as I never felt before, something is strange within me, my pen falls from my hand.

* * * * * * *

God help me! I know it now. Know it as surely as you know that you have an immortal soul, that some spirit has descended upon me for good or ill with me for evermore.

It is as though I had been born again with two souls, as though two minds dwelt and mingled within me in eternal conflict, which is yet never conflict because the weaker must always yield. And it is as though the old self was subordinate to the newer self, and I cry aloud "God help me!"

In eternal conflict, a silent unseen conflict, for the one soul which is within me must sleep, whilst the other wakes, and when the spirit which has come upon me arises from lethargic sleep to steal my youth, the soul which is mine own passes from me as it were in dream.

One sleepeth and the other waketh! Yet neither sleep, because the two are one.

This cannot be!

And still it is! !

* * * * * * *

It is early dawn. I am haggard and wan for want of sleep, and the long night has nearly passed away.

I can hear the birds chirping in the trees, though the mist which is rising from the lawn restrains my sight. Though it is summer I feel chilled, for I have spent the night without seeking my couch, and I am glad that the day has come. I remember leaving them early last night, for it was my intention to write for an hour or two at that time, but my work

still stands as before, and I have some doubt now if I shall complete it in good time.

You are aware how I have spent the night! A calm has temporarily descended upon me. I know that it cannot last, for what has been written is true!

All that has gone before must have been written, as I am not in the habit of writing,—a little at a time. There must have been many intervals and long intervals, and yet I took no count of time.

I resumed my writing when I had opened my window just now and looked out upon the mist of the lawn, and it must have been after a very lengthy pause that I did so.

And you ask me now—now that you find me in my sober senses, so you think, and now that you recognise me as the author whom you have perchance known, what is the meaning of all that has gone before. And I ask you in reply, have you been with me whilst I wrote, can you follow sensations, sometimes mine, sometimes apparently given to me, and have you then looked upon me only as one frenzied with his own thought?

Friends it is *not* so. You ask me now, now that my passions, my despair, and the great struggle to be free, are done, what have I to say?

This only:

Every word I believe to be true!

Despair wears itself away into a vague monotony, perhaps it is thus with me, for I am calm, as calm as I have ever been, now, when I declare to you that I am *not* the man I was, that another has come to share my youth.

Cast your eye back a few pages. You have read, have you not, that my works gain me an immortality (false vanity of a bygone dream!) which reaches through the centuries to come—not in my works but through the medium of a single antique volume giving an account of the earlier part of my author life, a life of which only one man at that distant date comes to learn or to read. He is with me as a part of me in the spirit now.

You have not read that volume because it does not yet exist, nor have I, for the power of that which has come from the future time brings with it no recollection, for it has passed back as it were to be born again side by side with my soul. But you and I can read now a part of the volume, that part which came to me from that East of Time before the mind which gave it to me left its own century to enter mine.

And we read there this:

"He had now entered upon his twenty-sixth year, and it was during "this year that he fell in love. This love, from the depth of his poetic "nature, became a passion of the most intensified character, and was the "cause of that change which cast a shadow upon * * *."

I am Geoffrey Harborough, and I have met Onora Mayne.

* * * * * * *

How the lovely sunlight of the dawn is lighting with its tints of gold the far off sky! I love the early morn! My spirit wanders into argent fields where the young lambs bleat in harmony with the new born day.

"Breaks the dawn, the distant beacons
Of the darkness die away
As the glory of the morning
Like some giant child at play,
Picks the stars from out the Heavens
In the joy of Baby day.

(To be continued.)

DEVELOPMENT.

Behold the dazzling hierarchies which Rome,
Thibet, and China show—the gorgeous flow'rs
From germs which lightly fell in spring-time hours
In Syria, India, and the jealous home
Of sage Confucius! Has the fisherman
Swelling to Pope lost those fine saintly powers
Which spent a spirit that 'neath matter cowers
Encrusted and subdued? How quickly ran
Faith like a nymph to clothe herself, and though
Her garments now grow tattered, those frail weeds
Are precious as the carmine flakes the rose
Drops from her leaning breast. The life God shows
Pervades all realms wherever thought can go,
Blooms in our fanes, and withers in our creeds.

Mary W. Gale.

A SUFI'S MYSTICAL APOLOGUE.

(*Concluded from the July Number.*)

NOTE BY SHEIK L. ALI-FONS OF MOUNT CARMEL IN PALESTINE.

IT seems to me on perusing the foregoing apologue and notes that the divine "Thee" mentioned therein, can be nothing but the primal androgynous being developed within the tissues of the present gross body, and which will survive its decay, such decay and death being caused by the evolution of that higher body. I look upon this "thee" as the spiritual body or "soma pneumatikon" of St. Paul, and the "*soma augoeides*" of the Neoplatonists, the original human being mentioned in "Genesis," as having been created male and female, androgynous, and which is alluded to in Plato's "Banquet."

How this originally biune being came to be separated into two incomplete beings—male and female—is a question too deep for man's present faculty and sources of knowledge, and no doubt lies at the root of the present state of human misery.

It is only by the re-creation or new birth—re-union of these two fragmentary, and consequently wretched and suffering individuals that the primal happiness consisting in their love-union can be produced. This will be the next stage of the evolution of man—replacing the present stage of his separated crucifixion. The void within the soul—that bottomless abyss which everyone now feels within his and her central being, arising from unsatisfied love, can only be filled up by this change to an ever present androgyneity, the male and female elements becoming a new biune being.

It is also my opinion that this androgynous being is the Comforter promised by Jesus, who is to come to each in the future devolution referred to by him.

Behold the season—the time of comfort and joy is at hand! Let each, therefore, prepare for this new advent by purity in heart and soul and body, and by self-sacrifice and devotion to altruistic or world aims and ends, casting out from his and her consciousness all desires for mere personal selfish objects; in other words, let us enter into the sphere of love, so that our lives may be realized by the new creation within each of us of the new biune man and woman.

When this new child of God (the all Father-Mother), shall be developed on earth, then the reign of sorrow shall cease, and that of joy take its place; then shall be fulfilled the taking down from the Cross and the transfiguration and ascension of humanity typified by those events in the life of Jesus—the divine typal Man.

The duality mentioned in the last verse is the separated male and female nature; and when these are reunited the true sympneuma or androgynous celestial being shall be formed, and the present duality shall disappear in the unity of the sympneuma—and in unity with God.

BY THE LIVING EDITOR.

There are many legends and traditions of great antiquity which may perhaps be explained by this doctrine of the "Sympneuma," or the biune nature of the future human being. Of this class of legends is that widespread belief that at a certain epoch spiritual beings, by the ancients called "Gods," held friendly and loving intercourse with the daughters of men. See Genesis. There are also numerous stories of female divinities — nymphs, &c., who had intercourse, friendship and love with men; as in the beautiful stories of Undine, and the New Melusine of Goethe. Ancient mythology indeed is full of these romances, and it is difficult to understand how they all could have originated unless there had been at some remote epoch a foundation in fact for this common and widespread tradition. In almost all mythologies the Gods were male and female—husband and wife; but whether this can be ascribed to anything else than the early anthromorphic tendency of the religious process is difficult to say.*

One of the most interesting of these old stories is told by Plutarch of Numa. (It would be curious if this name Numa should have some connection with the Greek "pneuma"=Spirit, and with the old Egyptian spiritual God, Num.)

Plutarch says that Numa "was endued with a soul rarely tempered by "Nature, and disposed to virtue, which he had yet more subdued by "discipline, a severe life and the study of philosophy; means which had "not only succeeded in expelling the baser passions, but also the violent "and rapacious temper which barbarians are apt to think highly of; "true bravery, in his judgment, was regarded as consisting in the sub-"jugation of our passions by reason!" "Numa, leaving the conversation "of the town (after the death of his wife), betook himself to a country "life, and in a solitary manner frequented the groves and fields conse-"crated to the Gods, passing his life in desert places."

This life in the wilderness appears, in all these old histories of spiritual heroes, to be a necessary stage in the development of the spirit or pneuma, as in the case of the Hindu Rishis, Buddha, Jesus, and many others. "And this in particular gave occasion to the story about the Goddess, namely, that Numa did not retire from human society out of any melancholy or disorder of mind, but because he had tasted the joys of more elevated intercourse, and, *admitted to celestial wedlock in*

One of these hermaphroditic Gods of India, Arddha-Nari or *Siva* with his wife Parvati become one is figured in Moor's "Hindu Pantheon," plate 7.

the love and converse of the Goddess Egeria, had attained to blessedness and to a divine wisdom. The story evidently resembles those very ancient fables which the Phrygians have received and still recount of Atys, the Bithynians of Herodotus, the Arcadians of Eudymion, not to mention several others who were thought blessed and beloved of the Gods."

It is worthy of remark that Numa presents in his rare and beautiful character, lofty aspirations, habits of restraint, simplicity of life and philosophical and transcendental temperament, education and discipline, all the marks which are considered necessary for the evolution of this higher stage of humanity—the celestial androgynous—being.

This Egeria was the most celebrated of the Camenæ—the Latin Muses—the blessed and pure Singers (as the word Camenæ signifies) and Inspirers of sacred song.

Happy was the wise Numa to have been united—in whatever sense of the word—to such a Muse, who, it is said, led him into the assemblies of her sisters in the sacred grove. By her advice, too, Numa abolished the cruel practice of human sacrifices, and introduced law and order into the state. It is also related of Numa that with her advice and assistance he bound the rural, coarse, popular Gods, Faunus (Sensuality), and Picus (Inharmony). Another story, seemingly of a transcendental import, is related of her, viz., that on one occasion when Numa was entertaining his guests, the usual food and the coarse earthenware dishes were suddenly changed, by means of her occult power, into golden vessels filled with godly—ambrosial food. When a Muse (a sympneumatic Spirit) is attracted towards a mortal, and unites herself to him spiritually and somatically, then indeed that happy mortal is born again, the divine inspiration fills the soul, and every event of daily life, here typified by daily food, the necessary source of active life, becomes divine—the veil is rent, the phenomenal world, that circle of pain with its unsatisfying vanities has passed away, or been penetrated and seen through, and the true interior world of beauty and love has become present; the humble vessel of clay (the body) has been changed to gold (soma augoeides) and become a resplendent—glowing organism, suited for the higher or rather the interior spheres of being.*

There are hints contained in this beautiful legend that seem to point to Egeria being a prophetic type of the female Sympneuma, and that she and Numa symbolize the dual, androgynous being of the future. She was regarded, for instance, as having power over births, like Diana, and her aid was invoked by Roman women when in childbirth. Even her name seems to point to her as presiding over the birth—the new birth—that crisis and cataclysm of progress from a lower to a higher stage of being, as it is probably connected with "egero"=to bear—to send out. She is the spirit-mother of the new "Soul-Spirit Man," the complete

* This, we are afraid, is a very dangerous ground to tread upon. See *Editors' Note.*—[ED.]

being, the two segments united, perhaps reunited, what Swedenborg calls the "celestial angel," which is to be the next birth for man out of the womb of Time.

Egeria had a sister Muse whom she wished to be more honoured even than herself, the Camena Tacita (Silence). Let us, too, honour this divine Silence, and be dumb as to this mystery of the future, but let us cherish, in the deep silence of our incomplete, sorrowing and divided hearts, hope and faith in this coming of the Comforter.

Another beautiful story of a similar kind is that of the mysterious love of Diana for Endymion, and it is curious that the word Diana seems to have some connection, in its root, with the Sanskrit "Dhyana," expressing amongst other things the abnormal faculty of perception of supersensual beings, spiritual vision, and trance phenomena in general.

Another instance is the occult symbolical tale of Cupid and Psyche related by Apuleius, who was one of the Initiates into the sacred mysteries, and was therefore well acquainted with the old wisdom concerning the correspondences between the invisible and the visible, and the development of the higher human faculties out of the lower.

In modern times the most remarkable case of this kind is that of the celebrated German mystic Gichtel (1638—1710), who affirmed that he was regularly visited by an inhabitant of the supersensual spheres whom he called Sophia, identifying her with the Sophia* or Wisdom, and Celestial Virgin of the Gnostics and Occultists. It appears that Gichtel had long loved this mysterious being in the spirit, but had never seen her until Christmas day of 1673, when she appeared to him as a shining heavenly virgin with a beautiful and resplendent body (Crookes's "radiant matter") and accepted him as her husband, whereupon the marriage was consummated in ineffable delights, she vowing conjugal fidelity, and promising that she would "always dwell with him in the luminous ground *within*." She also gave him hopes of spiritual progeniture, and for dower brought with her "essential—substantial" faith, hope, and charity.

This attribution of essential substantiality to our concepts of faith, hope and charity would seem to point to the view of Mr. Oliphant, that in a higher state of human development (of which perhaps Gichtel was an instance, in an imperfect way) what to us now is mere idea will then become a feeling or sensation. This Sophia (Sympneuma) is said also to have enjoyed an interior language without words, which Gichtel was able to understand. This existence of an interior or spiritual language independent of words (which are necessarily all borrowed from sensible objects) is common to many of those who exhibited occult qualities, as was notably the case with the Seeress of Prevorst. Sophia continued to reveal to Gichtel one wonder after another, and he declared that he lived

* In Inman's "Ancient Faiths embodied in Ancient Names," there is an interesting article on this Sophia of the Gnostics.

with her more in heaven than on earth; he always followed her directions, having no will of his own, and it is also said of her that like an earthly woman she was very jealous. It is also said that after Gichtel's death she returned to his house on several occasions in order to put his papers in order and to complete and correct his manuscripts with her own hand. Sophia also made herself visible to some friends of Gichtel's, and amongst them to a Mr. Uberfeld. See as to Gichtel, "Theosophic Correspondence" of St. Martin, translated by E. B. Penny, p. 117 (London, 1863), and "La philosophic mystiques en France," par Ad. Franck (Paris, 1864).

In one of Gichtel's letters he says, "Sophia is a spirit but maketh to herself a regenerate-sensible body, inapprehensible to the natural man," and in another letter are these remarkable words, "*She is the regenerate Christian's new spiritual body* which can stand in the fire, and what the earthly bones are to the gross body that Sophia is to the divine image in the new man, namely, strength—power—and might to fulfil the will of God. This power was extinguished in Adam (Sophia withdrew from him) when he ate of the tree of knowledge. What a nature wife is to her affianced husband, that Sophia is to the soul. What her power in faith is, and her sweetness in the spiritual taste, and what takes place in the soul at the marriage cannot be expressed in words. He that is the bridegroom leadeth home the bride, and the wedding guests rejoice."

Another instance of the mysterious evolution of a celestial bride, is said to have occurred with the well known sensitive, T. Lake Harris.

Until some positive evidence of such abnormal facts as these shall be given, adepts ought not to be offended at outsiders applying the rule mentioned by Plutarch, viz., "for difference of opinion here, the road is broad!"

To that numerous class of unscientific Scientists, and their faithful followers, their "moutons de Panurge," who believe that they already are well acquainted with all the laws of Nature, and who affirm that no further evolution of human life is possible, and that nothing exists in the universe but that which is now manifested to man by his present five senses, the basis of the foregoing remarks will appear as folly; but to those who are acquainted with the history of the sciences, and above all of medicine, steam, electricity, &c., and have thereby come to know how so many co-called *follies* have become *facts*, much weight will not be given to any scientific views held "a priori," on these mysterious abnormal subjects.

Lucerne A. J. C.

EDITORS' NOTE.

Begging our esteemed correspondent's pardon, we believe it dangerous to leave what he says without an explanation. There is an enormous difference between the *Sophia* of the Theosophist Gichtel, an Initiate and Rosicrucian (1638-1710), and the modern Lillies, John Kings, and "Sympneumatas." The "Brides" of the Mediæval adepts are an allegory, while those of the modern mediums are astral realities of *black magic.* The "Sophia" of Gichtel was the "Eternal Bride" (Wisdom and Occult Science *personified*); the "Lillies" and others are astral spooks, semi-substantial "influences," semi-creations of the surexcited brains of unfortunate *hysteriacs* and "sensitives." No purer man ever lived in this world than Gichtel. Let any one read St. Martin's *Correspondence* (pp. 168 to 198), and he will see the difference. From Marcus, the Gnostic, down to the last mystic student of the Kabala and Occultism, that which they called their "Bride" was "Occult Truth," personified as a naked maiden, otherwise called Sophia or Wisdom. That "spouse" revealed to Gichtel all the mysteries of the outward and inward nature, and forced him to abstain from every earthly enjoyment and desire, and made him sacrifice himself for Humanity. And as long as he remained in that body which represented him on earth, he had to work for the deliverance from ignorance of those who had not yet obtained their inheritance and inward beatitude. "From that time (when he had married his 'Bride'), he gave himself up as a sacrifice, to be accursed for his brethren (men) even without knowing them," says St. Martin. Has this case any analogy with the cases of the Lillies and Rosies of the Summer Land? Sophia descends as a "bride to the Adepts, from the higher regions of spirit, the astral Ninons de l'Enclos, from Kamaloka, to hysterical epileptics. The less one has to do with the latter class—the better. Let "sensitives" talk as poetically as they like, the naked truth is that such unnatural *sexual* unions, between the living man and the beauteous beings of the Elemental world, arise from the abnormal surexcitation of the nervous system and animal passions, through the unclean imagination of the "sensitive." In the Kabalistic world, these "celestial" brides and bridegrooms have always been called by the harsh names of *Succubi* and *Incubi;* and the difference between those creatures and the "Sympneumatas" shown in Laurence Oliphant's *Scientific Religion* is only a supposed one, and exists for no one except the author. There are some such unions between mediums and their "controls"—we have known several such personally—and some involuntarily submitted to, under obsession. The tie is a psycho-physiological one, and can be broken by an exercise of will-power, either by the victim or a friendly mesmeriser. Colonel Olcott cured two such cases—one in America, the

other in Ceylon. Amiable hysteriacs and certain religious ecstatics may give free run to their diseased fancy, and construct Sophias, Lillies, and other "Sympneumas" out of the opalescent aura of their brains; but all the same they are but unconscious sorcerers: they enjoy lustful animal feelings by *working black magic upon* themselves. If they admit that these unnatural unions, or rather hysterical hallucinations of such are *disease*, then they are on a level with insane nymphomaniacs; if they deny it, then, accepting responsibility, they place themselves on a far lower level.

"THE GREAT MAN FALL'N."

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE day is dark, all is murky,
Not a gleam to light a footstep,
Not a voice to guide to safety,
Not a hand to shield from danger;
Only lightning lurid flashes
In garish hues illume the gloom.
No breath of hope is heard,
No sound of succour near;
Despair alone soughs in moans, in murmurs,
Swelling high, now low, cleaving heart in twain!

Friends are fled, fled with speed,
Their accents breath'd contempt:
Once cheery and jocund,
Smiles and warmest greetings,
"Yours sincerely" and "ever yours,"
"Hoping health and prosperity."

Such sterling friends are born of sterling gold,
Such faithful Damons come to dance and dine;
They wait upon the tide, sail with the wind,
But on the ebb, at sunset time, disperse!

The coward soldier, at eve of Agincourt,
Avowed, "I'd gladly part with all my fame
"And glory for a pot o' beer and safety:"
He 's no model for the bold, doughty heart.
Yet see to 't, ye heav'n assured, in purple
And fine linen clad, feasting to your bent
On sumptuous viands, quaffing choicest wines,
Tripping it lightly on fantastic toe,
Carolling blithely to the lark or moon,
That worth and merit are not slain by thee!

July, 1885. M. MULL.

ASPIRATION AND ENVIRONMENT.

IT has been wisely remarked that the old adage, "The truth lies between two extremes," does not necessarily imply that it lies exactly in the *middle*. That can only be the case where the exaggerating and the underrating have been precisely equal, which can very seldom occur, if ever. The truth will generally be found to lie much nearer to one extreme than to the other, according to the preponderance of abuse over disuse or the reverse.

With regard to the subject of this paper there are two diametrically opposed schools of thought. One—at present in the heyday of popularity—asserts that man is in the most absolute sense the *creature* of his surroundings, that character is merely a mechanical product of circumstance. The other—comprising most of the mystics and enthusiasts of all ages—declares that by subtle but invariable laws man is the *creator* of his surroundings, that circumstance is merely the fruit of character. The truth lies between the two extremes, but much nearer to the latter than to the former.

Undoubtedly we are influenced, and that most powerfully, by our environment. Until we begin to think in earnest, we have no idea of the extent to which our thoughts, feelings, likes and dislikes are coloured by the conditions of our birth, training, and position in the world. Not one man in a million is able even by the most strenuous and prolonged effort to free himself entirely from these invisible chains, or so to "purge the eyes with euphrasy and rue" that he can see Truth in what Bacon calls a "dry light." On the mists of our passions and affections the white rays of the absolute break and disintegrate, and we see, not the pure Eternal Light, but the rainbow; beautiful, indeed, but *partial*.

(I do not forget or ignore the action of Karma. The environment with which each one starts in every fresh incarnation is determined by the net product of acquired tendencies—that is, by "character"; only modified by the national and cyclic Karmas. But the self-causation of our position in the world does not affect the fact that circumstances have a powerful influence in the further development of "character," which is all for which I am contending.)

Nevertheless, that character moulds circumstance is equally patent. Books of "Good Advice to Young Men" (who are somewhat advised to distraction, by the way) abound in instances. It would be a waste of precious space to quote. Everyone knows, or at any rate has read, of scores of such cases.

Are then the two forces equal? Natural Philosophy teaches that

when two opposed forces are equal the result is a deadlock. *One* of the two must be the stronger. And the Higher Wisdom asserts most positively that the power of aspiration excels the power of environment. For the former is of the spirit, Divine ; the latter of the body, Human. The one has the *vis inertiæ* of dead matter ("dead," that is, relatively to our normal perceptions) ; the other the creative energy of the One-Life.

Very subtly does the higher force work, as is evidenced by the fact of its mere existence being so often denied ; but so, for that matter, does the law of electrical affinity, which no one dreams of doubting. That the magnet, plunged into a heap of mingled sawdust and iron filings, should draw to itself the latter, is as mysterious every whit as that the spirit should draw to itself those material surroundings which best suit its present state. There are modes of action of which our physical senses can take no cognizance. But they are none the less real.

It should be observed that this force is what we call "moral" rather than what we call "mental." It is *Aspiration* which influences environment, rather than *Intellectuality*. A man's surroundings will be shaped more by his character than by his abilities. Doubtless the latter have much to do with the matter ; they exert an influence analogous to the power of his muscles on a lower plane. But it is the former which is the chief factor in the equation of life.

"Like to Like!" It is the law of the universe. Our desires, impulses, longings, aspirations, if they do not influence the material world directly, do so indirectly, by constantly generating a stream of psychic or soul forces, which act upon the objects of the bodily senses. Too abstruse in its undercurrents to be easily traced, it can be seen at work plainly enough in some of its phases. That we seize or let slip this or that opportunity as it comes, depends very largely upon the frame of mind in which we are at the time. To the soul that aspires, circumstances are stepping-stones ; to the soul that creeps, they are hindrances.

The application of this truth to the social life must for brevity's sake be left untouched, beyond the remark that the paramount aim of all reformers should be the inspiring of a better spirit. The *paramount ;* not, of course, the *only*. It is true that little higher development is possible for those whose lives are one long drudgery, whose homes are kennels and whose bodies mere machines. Material progress and moral or spiritual must advance "pari passu," with equal steps. But the material improvements must be regarded as a means, not as an end. And it must never be forgotten that the strongest incentive to a change of surroundings is a change of spirit.

But it is in its application to the individual life that this truth is of special interest and value. How common is dissatisfaction with one's lot, not because it is particularly hard, but on account of the limitations which it imposes (or seems to impose) on one's aspirations! How

frequent the cry, "O that I had more leisure, more wealth, a different station, more congenial occupations and surroundings! O that I had room to spread my wings! How I would *then* develope myself and grow liker to the unattainable Ideal!" Aye? That depends. It is one of the saddest but not least unfrequent sights of life to see aspirations wither away in the very atmosphere for which they craved, it being obtained; to note how the man who, poor, longed for wealth that he might have opportunities of unfolding his higher nature, rich, forget all dreams and become like Bunyan's man with the muckrake. "Set a beggar on horseback and he will——!" Why? Because he is still a "beggar" at *heart.* Only the *clothes* are changed; the *man* remains the same. And as a rule it may be safely prophesied, that those who have so little knowledge of themselves and of the meaning of Life as to sigh idly for an Eldorado in which they might be what they have made up their minds they cannot be where they are, will not know how to use that for which they long, if Fortune is cruel enough to answer their prayers.

And anyway, it is beginning at the wrong end. "FIRST DESERVE, THEN DESIRE." Though the restrictions inseparable from material conditions, though the injustice of others may surround us with barriers in which the aspirations cannot burst into glorious fruition, at any rate they can (as a rule) put forth the first tender shoots. And do not fear that the growing tree cannot shatter its prison-walls! A seed lodged in the crevice between two blocks of hugest and most firmly cemented masonry can force them apart by sheer force of growth. For they are dead, and it is alive.

Is there not many a Theosophist who longs to enter with full consecration upon the Path, but is prevented by sheer force of his environment from gaining admittance into even the lowest rank of Chelas? Let such a one be wise. If the hindrance is indeed real and not merely apparent, no clearer proof could be given that he is not yet *ripe* for Chelaship. If his longing is genuine and pure, and not an emotional flash of ambition or curiosity, he will steadily set himself so to live that upon his next return to earth he may find himself environed suitably for the solemn initiation.

He who is wise will not long for better environment; he will strive rather to "better *himself*," in the true sense of those terribly misused words, knowing that the fitter environment will come of itself. He will leave to children the desire for that for which he is not fitted. The baby would clutch at and cut himself with the razor; the modest youth leaves it alone till he needs it! by which time, it is to be hoped, he will know how to use it.

Aspire! aspire! only aspire! Believe that matter is but the shadow of spirit; it is the truth. If you are not in that condition of life where you want to be, it is strong presumptive evidence that you are not *fit*

for it; and if not fit, its attainment would be a curse and not a blessing. Promotion is sure, when earned; but it must be earned first. The promotion, however, may not be—seldom is—rapid; for it is only by hairbreadths at a time that we can raise ourselves—our *Selves*, mark; perhaps not enough in one short lifetime to bring about any very appreciable change in environment. Nevertheless, making every allowance and deduction, the truth of the matter may be summed up in one sentence: if you are dissatisfied with your lot in life, and would change it, *change yourself*.

ERNEST HAWTHORN, F.T.S.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

H. P. BLAVATSKY begs leave to announce that owing to the continued severe illness of her Co-Editor, MABEL COLLINS, she (H. P. B.) accepts, until further notice, the sole editorial responsibility for the Magazine.

A GLANCE AT THEOSOPHY FROM OUTSIDE.

TO attempt anything like what is asked of me,* that is a criticism of the philosophical notions and strange events grouped together in the history of modern Theosophy, would be impossible, on account both of my imperfect knowledge and of the reasonable limitations of an ordinary magazine article. The utmost I can hope to do is to set before you clearly a few of the chief points wherein I fancy you will find that many earnest people sympathise with you, and others wherein they will differ from you; people who measure all possible theories and even the most miraculous of facts by one simple standard; namely the direct practical bearing which they have upon the one really valuable and wonderful thing that we know of, the Life which we, men and women, now live in the flesh. I am a little more confident of succeeding in the attempt than I should otherwise be, because of the strong sympathy that I feel with some of the purposes of Theosophy, and the direct and living contact with fervent and most excellent Theosophists which I count among my cherished privileges. Sound criticism being, as I take it, more dependent upon feeling and vital connection with embodied facts, than upon acute research and profound scholarship.

From the time when "Theosophy" as a system of faith, or rather of science and morals, was first heard of, I, as an old student of so-called Spiritualism (though transcendental materialism might be a better title), found myself much interested in its fortunes, and have since followed them carefully through good and evil report up to the present moment. The most evil report of all came, of course, from India in 1885, and curiously enough I had the opportunity given me of hearing at the same time, privately, the opposite versions of the story told in letters from Adyar and from the Free Church College at Madras, before the matter was debated in the newspapers. Suffice it to say that the impression left upon me after it was all over has never varied from then till now. I see in Madame Blavatsky an extremely clever,† enthusiastic

* This paper was written at the special request of a friend, whose connection with Theosophy is of itself quite enough to account for any interest I may feel in its fortunes.

† We demur to the epithet "clever," which is too elastic to be passed over without a few words of comment. "Clever" may mean talented, clever in speech and daily life, but it may also convey the sense of being dexterous, skilful, and a clever *trickster*. To the former we object, because if Mme. Blavatsky had been endowed with average common-sense, not to say *cleverness*,

and impressionable woman, surrounded by a crowd of enthusiastic and rather stupid disciples craving for a "proof from miracles" before they could do anything energetic for the cause which she had at heart and for which she had risked life and fortune. In order to satisfy and quiet these weak brethren, to induce them to leave off gaping and to begin working, Madame Blavatsky apparently did what many a religious, and irreligious, missionary has done under similar circumstances, she made cherries drop from Heaven into their open mouths.* So long as the changing of pens into pen-wipers, the falling of mysterious missiles, the appearance of unexpected visitors and the sudden mending of broken china is generally held to prove either the virtues of a Teacher, or the value of his doctrine, the same sort of appeal will continue to be made by those who consider that in Philosophy and Religion, no less than in prize-fighting, it is important to have a good mob-backing.† But however reprehensible it may be to become either a miracle-worker or a mountebank for the sake of a philosophical Idea,‡ it is assuredly far

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she would never have taken on board the Theosophical ship, almost without scrutiny, a lot of cabin and deck passengers, ready to bore holes in the bottom and scuttle the vessel, when not watched. As to the second definition, the only necessary reply is, that posterity will justly judge whether the public have been *cheated* by Mme. Blavatsky or her pretended exposers.—[Ed.]

* In saying this I am very far from denying that abnormal powers, peculiar to certain organisations, are really possessed by Madame Blavatsky, and equally far from asserting that the phenomena above alluded to were not due to those powers. I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance, and do not desire in any way to criticise her actions.

† And the changing of water into wine: was this no more dignified a "miracle," also for "mob-backing"? For simple, honest folk, elementary phenomena; for the Gamaliels, philosophy.—[Ed.]

‡ No true theosophist—the accused party least of all—believes in *miracles*, though every true theosophist ought to believe in the existence of abnormal powers in man; "abnormal" because, so far, either misunderstood or denied. All such objective physical phenomena, however, are simply psychological "glamour," *i.e.*, if not witchery, at least "a charm on the eyes and senses." This, people may call brutally "trick," but since they are *psychic*, they cannot be *physical;* hence, no conjuring or "sleight of hand." As well call "tricksters" the grave medical celebrities, who hypnotize their subjects to see things which have no reality! "Theosophical phenomena" differ from these in this: that while hypnotic hallucinations are suggested by the operator's idle fancy, occult manifestations are produced by the will of the Occultist, that one or a hundred men should see *realities*, generally hidden from the profane, *e.g.*, certain things and persons thousands of miles away, whose astral images are brought within the view of the audience. Thus a cup *may never have been broken in reality*, and yet people are made to see it shattered in atoms and then made whole. Is this a *juggler's* trick? Occult phenomena are then simply a hundred-fold intensified hypnotism, and between the hypnotic hallucinations at the *Salpêtrière* and the *magic* of the East there is chiefly a question of degree.—[Ed.]

worse to declare that one has assisted in working miracles for the sake of a living, and afterwards to turn informer, leave the scavengers of society to pick out from the unsavoury heap of mud and magic whatever abominations they shall choose, and assign all blame to those who have befriended us. And since the direct evidence against Madame Blavatsky rests entirely upon the word and deed of those accomplished conjurors and unprincipled adventurers, M. and Mme. Coulomb, it ought to be received, I think, with extremest caution by people who desire to treat all things humanely.

Now a word about the good reports of the Society. These have little to do with miracles and deal with far more interesting subjects. The revival in India of an intensely keen interest in ancient Aryan literature, the strengthening of the bond of fellowship between native and European, the renewal of a healthy and hopeful activity in venerable Faiths which had almost ceased to influence conduct, the levelling of the barriers of sect and caste, and the publication of delightfully quaint fragments of ancient tradition, noble poetry, pithy fable and neglected folk-lore, by natives who had passed through no system of foreign culture, and who would have suffered many things rather than open their ancient treasure-houses to the investigations of an ordinary English editor.* Work of this kind has been the real business of the Theosophical Society, and much of it has been done both honourably and well. Work that remains, as I endeavoured to point out to the S.P.R. unaffected by the actuality or falsehood of those little pieces of alleged Mahatma-performance at Adyar, just as Christianity remains unaffected by the gymnastics of the nearest pulpit, the hysteria of Paray le Monail or the *tours de force* of Simon Magus. And I might have added that though, to a Society intent upon Telepathy, blown bladders and sliding panels were naturally disappointing, though the simulation and the shifting were inexcusable on the part of professing philanthropists, yet for us, the externally interested public, it was well worth while for the sake of one early volume of the Theosophist, that the "household utensils should fall" several times "upon the head of Damodar." †

Having thus glanced at a few of the practical and supernatural workings of Theosophy, I come now to the consideration of it as a philosophical and religious system.

I have often said to my friends that philosophies and religions, *so far*

* Why omit that branch of our work, which many deem the noblest, the founding of an Oriental Library which may become the most valuable in India, if present appearances are not deceptive ; the opening of many Sanskrit schools ; the publication of the Vedas in the original tongue? And why not mention our several charitable dispensaries, where from 10,000 to 15,000 poor patients are annually treated free of any charge?—[Ed.]

† See letters attributed to Mme. Blavatsky by Mme. Coulomb.

as they are dogmatic, resolve themselves always into idealisations of the condition of life to which the authors and receivers of them have been accustomed, that they are in fact the far-projected shadows of the conditions under which men find themselves placed in the world, and this will, I think, be found true whatever the particular case may be to which we choose to apply it. Among races and nations and under circumstances where strong feeling is naturally called out, philosophers and philosophies seldom arise, but Religions always do so. For what is religion but the sum of the grander perceptions, grounded upon the mental and moral life of men, transfigured, as Arnold says, by emotion? Speculative philosophy is the sum of similar perceptions remaining untransfigured; and there is no test so crucial which can be applied to the higher imagination of any people as the one which they apply to it themselves, in calling those imaginations by the name of religion or philosophy, or by a new-fashioned double-barrelled title now popular in America—"Religio-Philosophy." The Religio-Philosophy *par excellence* is what Theosophy claims to be, the ultimate of the loving hopes nourished in times when feeling is strong—the final religion. The ultimate of the feverish quest after knowledge of men brought up upon the Binomial Theorem and in the physiological laboratory—the final "Philosophy." Now finality to some ears has always a fatal ring about it and causes distrust at the outset, We are beginning to feel that Infallibility is about the least desirable claim that religion can make for herself, because Infallibility must necessarily involve something manifestly tiresome and hopeless, and that is immobility. To believe that somebody, somewhere, even though he be called a Mahatma and dwell upon the highest peak of Kanchanjunga, can say the last word about the human soul, the word which all the ages have been trying to utter and which our own age has made just a little more articulate, is a concession to the Individual that few are prepared to make who confide in human solidarity. Nay, further, the kind of cherubic sense of vigour and peace aimed at and possessed by more than one Theosophist in large measure, is attainable, I think they would tell me, in shorter and more simple ways, than by making interminable walking tours round and round the Universe by oneself.

As regards metaphysical infallibility, it has been claimed so often, by so many people, and for so many systems, that the reiteration of the claim by Theosophists is less striking than they might wish it to be. With evolution, the Indian theories as to Reincarnation, the indisputable phenomena of English and American "Spiritualism," to start with, a little subtle and diligent interweaving by an educated Hindu, or a speculative Scotchman, would bring something very similar to birth in a year.*

* Then why has no one of them done so, before us? Moreover, no one, as far as we know, has ever claimed metaphysical infallibility—not even the Masters who do not demand from the Europeans even their due—a simple recognition of their wisdom.—[Ed.]

Let the question of religious and metaphysical perfection be winnowed away then, along with the conjuring, and let us see if we have no strengthening wheat left in the little heap below our flails. Let us look upon Theosophy naturally, as a product of our own time, and not of the aeons or the Absolute, recognizing to the fullest extent how it has come to include within itself the unexhausted tendency of our Puritan breeding towards conflict between soul and body—toward what is called religious asceticism. Then the increasing tendency of unemployed but well-to-do persons towards marvel-hunting. And lastly the tendency of feverish and unhealthy brain-stimulation towards fruitless endeavour to plausibly solve the insoluble. Having done this honestly, we shall find afterwards on looking into each of these tendencies a little more closely, that they have, like every other product of human thought, valuable aspects as well as foolish ones, things to be taken to heart as well as things to be lightly passed over.*

Take first of all Asceticism, the assertion of the supremacy of the Spirit and the reiterated advice to have done with the temporary and the fleshly,† separated as it is in later Theosophical literature from anything like a detailed creed or a selfish motive; for the new infallible Religion is in many things as protestant and private-judging as Emerson's. Is not this assertion one more evidence of a general moving up to higher levels of consciousness, of earnest people engaged in the most various kinds of physical and mental occupation? Experiment, as well as experience, justify us in looking for inward evolution of this sort, and its gradual manifestation is already acting as an effectual check upon the hasty conclusions drawn by the pseudo-scientific, who reason only upon their avowedly limited sense-relationship to their present environment.

Our highest nature is, it goes without saying, the part of us that is tuned to the finest issues, and the realisation of a "vast flowing vigour" of unselfish affection and of mental freedom undreamed of before, repels us most powerfully from the places in which we do not expect, and have always been taught not to expect, any similar exhilarations. Those places are our bodily structure and earthly surroundings. Faber, speaking from a high level of the merely Christian consciousness, expresses the feeling exactly:—"Earth looks so little," he says, "and so low when faith shines full and bright." Now the sense of larger living in Theosophy being undoubtedly a more complex, though I will not say a more delightful, thing than it is in Catholicism, involves the same

* Our esteemed correspondent speaks like a materialist, even if a "transcendental" one. We occupy two different standing points, and therefore see things in different lights.—[Ed.]

† To subordinate, rather, to assign the lower rank to the temporary, the higher to the eternal. See next foot-note, however.—[Ed.]

kind of rebound from the physical and sensual world. The result being that while making tentative discoveries, which I hope to speak of more particularly presently, in a region of subtle sensation previously almost unentered, Theosophy warns us away from absorption in common life, just as fervently as does Buddhism or monkish Christianity.* Indeed such abandonment seems always something of a necessity, till the man within the man can hold his ground beside the good-natured dog, and the less good-natured wolf within him; though there are happy indications and heraldings of a good time coming when our children will be able to live a million times more vividly true than (with some notable exceptions) we can to-day to the "kindred points of heaven and home." Nevertheless, while the "good grey poet" is still vigourous over there in America surely even we ourselves need not despair of feeling "through all this fleshly dress (some) bright shoots of everlastingness." Meantime let us give due meed of thanks to those who are leading into mountain air in one direction, while he is leading into it in another.

Next month with your permission I may have something more to say upon the subject.

JAMES A. CAMPBELL.

* So does it, also, warn us against ascetic retirement, save in those very rare and exceptional cases where the individual has brought over from his last preceding birth an irrepressible attraction for the life of the Spirit and repugnance for the life of the flesh. The normal man is in normal sympathetic relation with his fellow men at each successive stage of human development. But under the law of psychical differentiation, there are in each epoch beings ahead of the average of the race at that time. From their number develop the teachers, seers and saviours of mankind.

Respecting the whole tenor of the above, we have only to thank our esteemed contributor for the doubts expressed in his article. In these days of wholesale slander :—

". . . . that worst of poisons (which) ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds,"

—as Juvenal says, even an honest and cautious doubt must be gratefully received. Moreover, there is a line of demarcation beyond which one ought rather to feel proud of being slandered, than otherwise. For Swift's remark: "the worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at"—may serve as a consolation.—[ED.]

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

A LETTER just received by the President Founder from one of the Australasian colonies, is worthy of reproduction, as it shows so forcibly that no amount of calumny is capable of obscuring unprejudiced and well-balanced minds. The malicious attempt by the S. P. R. of London, or rather Cambridge, in 1886, to upset a good and useful movement, and to cover with opprobrium two innocent people who have devoted their lives to the Cause of Truth, does not seem to bear much fruit. These are some *verbatim* extracts.

———

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a form of application for admission into the Theosophical Society, etc.

I have been a student of the Theosophical philosophy for the last six years, and a subscriber to the *Theosophist* since 1883. I was at first greatly prejudiced against Theosophical views, but by degrees my early impressions wore off, and in their place arose an absorbing interest in the Esoteric philosophy. I introduced the subject often to my friends, and we were about to form a Branch and apply for admission into the parent Society; but, the so-called *exposé* . . . shocked my faith and separated our intending members. Then some died, others never recovered their interest . . . I have closely followed the discussion on the *bonâ-fides* of Theosophy since, for . . . I can only get satisfaction through my reason, and need evidence and analysis to get conviction. I have been in correspondence with ——, have read, I think, all the pamphlets (Mdme. Coulomb's, Hartmann's, Sinnett's, and the latest attack, The *Report* of the "Society for Psychical Research," etc. etc.), and it may interest you to know that I do not consider a case is made out against the Society, or its leaders. Indeed it is mainly owing to a re-perusal of the "S. P. R.'s" *Report*, that I have decided to take the step of applying for admission into the Theosophical Society. Notwithstanding the character there given to yourself and others like Mdme. B(lavatsky). . . whom I have learned to honour, and *what must appear to any one only superficially acquainted with the subject as the crushing effect of the whole article*, I, rising fresh from a perusal of the Report, *assert it fails to destroy the evidence of the general truth* of the Esoteric phenomena, even to a mind like my own, open to evidence on either side, and only reaching its conclusions slowly and by dint of study and earnest attention.

Forgive me if I dilate on this, for I feel sure such an expression of opinion from a stranger like myself, far removed from personal contact with Theosophists or their enemies, must be some slight consolation to you for the *reward* you and your colleagues have received for your unselfish efforts to promote the good of humanity, from your opponents in India and other parts of the world. The success which still attends

the Society—especially the bright prospects among the 60,000,000 of America—is the substantial answer to your detractors, and I earnestly hope that this answer you will be able to give more fully and admirably every year.

* * * * * * *

With every fervent wish for the success of your Society and the happiness and welfare of yourself and colleagues, I remain, etc. etc.

* * *

"A MOTHER'S SORROW."

By Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore.

"And now, having filled the life of the unfortunate Queen with gall, he gives her the last deadly blow by depriving her of her only child; making of her a Rachel weeping, and refusing to be comforted." . . .—Lucifer.

"An American mother has been deprived of the custody of her daughter by the Swedish guardian of the helpless invalid, who is detained in an Austrian private asylum against her mother's wishes."—*The Press.*

"They have ta'en the Prince from the fair young Queen,
They have taken her boy away:"
I said the words as alone in the night
I watched for the dawn of day.

O'er land and o'er sea for many a league
Had I come to my helpless child;
And the door was bolted and barred between,
And my heart and my brain grew wild.

They have ta'en the Prince from the Queen, I said,
And they have taken my child from me:
But Jehovah is on the side of Right;
Our Rock of Defence He will be.

The Queen has a balm denied unto me—
It's a tyrant who is her foe!
While for me it's the hands I loved the best
That have struck me my deadly blow.

In the light of day—in the face of all—
The tyrant declared himself foe,
In mystery dense came the stab to my heart;
For "they struck in the dark" their blow!

They have done their worst; we will do our best;
On a righteous God we lean:
The law may rob—may our treasures keep—
But the world will judge between."

Zurich, 2nd September.

TO THEOSOPHISTS.

IT having been affirmed by some French members of the Theosophical Society (in the *Bulletin d'Isis*), as well as some in England, that the undersigned had exceeded her constitutional powers as Corresponding Secretary and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society, in issuing an emergent order dissolving the Staff of the "Isis" Branch of the T. S. in Paris, and its bye-laws, and authorizing Mr. F. K. Gaboriau to reconstitute it *ad interim*, until the pleasure of the President in Council could be ascertained, the following extracts from the official "DECISION" of Colonel H. S. Olcott sitting in arbitration at Paris, on the 17th of September last, will be read with interest and profit.

". . . Mme. Blavatsky having learnt that Mr. Froment would not accept the Presidency (to which he was entitled as Vice-President, upon the death of the President, Mr. Louis Dramard to succeed, (under the bye-laws of 'Isis'—ED.), and seeing the Branch upon the point of falling into anarchy, issued *ad interim* (and despite the protestations of Mr. Gaboriau, who preferred to remain secretary) an order by which the *Bureau* (Staff) was dissolved, its bye-laws cancelled. She named at the same time as President of the Branch, Mr. Gaboriau, one of its founders, who had given many proofs of his devotion to the theosophical cause. Moreover, Mr. Gaboriau was commissioned to compile new bye-laws. The Branch continued to exist, and the rights of its members were maintained pending the adoption of the new bye-laws. It has been objected that Mme. Blavatsky had not the right to act in this manner; that her interference was illegal according to the *Rules* of the Theosophical Society, because 'she is not a member of the *Isis* Branch,' but member of the 'Blavatsky Lodge' of London, and that no Branch has a right of jurisdiction outside the limits prescribed in its charter. But, in point of fact, Mme. Blavatsky is *member of no Branch*, she is with me Co-Founder of the Society, Corresponding Secretary and, *ex officio*, member of the General Council, of the Executive Council and of the Annual Convention, a sort of Parliament held at Adyar by delegates from all countries. (*Vide art.* 17*c* of the *Rules* of T. S.)"

She was then perfectly authorized (*competente*) to issue the order in question as a temporary measure, an order which must be finally submitted for approbation to the President in Council. The Executive Council, in its Session of 14th July, formally ratified the measure taken by Mme. Blavatsky, a measure which was urgent and which I declare to have been legal. . . .

This settles the question of the actual right of the Corresponding Secretary —one of the Founders—to interfere in such exceptional cases, and when the welfare and reputation of the Theosophical Society are at stake. In no other, except such a case, would the undersigned have consented, or taken upon herself the right of interfering.

Moreover, the extent and limits of such interference are very succinctly and clearly defined in a letter from one of the Masters, to our President, Colonel Olcott, received by him on his way from India to Europe, only a few weeks ago. Besides general instructions respecting the policy he should pursue in the present crisis, there were the following special paragraphs relating directly to the undersigned. Colonel Olcott's sense of justice is so strong that, although some of the passages in the letter have a tone of reproach for his having permitted himself to think harshly of his old and tried friend and co-worker, he has unreservedly given permission to copy the passages relating to her, *in extenso*; and with full comprehension of the risk he runs of being calumniated. He has done this in the hope that the warning and declaration conveyed in the letter may prove profitable to others who find themselves in a hostile mood towards the undersigned.

As the Master's letter can interest none except certain members of our Society, it will be sufficient to quote in this magazine only a few select sentences from the said letter :—

———

". . . Misunderstandings have grown up between Fellows both in London and Paris which imperil the interests of the movement. You will be told that the chief originator of most, if not of all those disturbances is H. P. B. This is not so, though her presence in England has, of course, a share in them. But the largest share rests with others, whose serene unconsciousness of their own defects is very marked and much to be blamed. . . . Observe your own case, for example. . . . But your revolt, good friend, against her 'infallibility'—as you once thought it—has gone too far, and you have been unjust to her,* for which I am sorry. . . .

"Try to remove such misconceptions as you will find, by kind persuasion and an appeal to the feelings of loyalty to the cause of truth, if not to us. Make all these men feel that we have no favourites, nor affections for persons, but only for their good acts and Humanity as a whole. But we employ agents—the best available. Of these, for the last thirty years, the chief has been the personality known as 'H. P. B.' . . . Imperfect and very troublesome, no doubt, she proves to some; nevertheless, *there is no likelihood of our finding a better one for years to come*,† and your theosophists should be made to understand it. . . .

"Since 1885 I have not written, nor caused to be written, save through

* And if our kind Colonel Olcott was "unjust," what, then, shall be said of others?—[ED.]

† The italics are ours.—[ED.]

her agency, direct or remote—*a letter or a line to anybody in Europe or America*, nor have I communicated orally with, or through any third party. Theosophists should learn it. You will understand later the significance of this declaration, so keep it in mind. . . . Her fidelity to our work being constant, and her sufferings having come upon her through it, neither I nor either of my brother associates will desert or supplant her. As I once before remarked, ingratitude is not among our vices. . . . To help you in your present perplexity: H. P. B. has next to no concern with administrative details, and should be kept clear of them. . . . But *this you must tell to all: with occult matters she has everything to do.* . . . We have *not* 'abandoned her'; she is *not* 'given over to chelas.' *She is our direct agent.* . . . In the adjustment of this European business you will have two things to consider—the external and administrative, and the internal psychical. Keep the former under *your* control, and that of your most prudent associates, jointly; *leave the latter to her.* You are left to devise the practical details. . . . Only be careful, I say, to discriminate when some emergent interference of hers in practical affairs is referred to your appeal between that which is merely exoteric in origin and effects and that which, beginning on the practical, tends to beget consequences on the spiritual plane. As to the former, you are the best judge; as to the latter, she . . . ."

. . . (This letter) . . . is merely given you as a warning and a guide; . . . you may use it discreetly, if needs be. . . . Prepare, however, to have the authenticity of the present denied in certain quarters. . . .

(Signed) K. H.

[Extracts correctly copied.—H. S. OLCOTT.]

No use repeating over and over again that neither this "Master" nor any other Colonel Olcott and I have to do with, are "Spirits." They are living and mortal men, whose great Wisdom and Occult Knowledge have won the profound reverence of all those who know them. Those who *do not* are welcome to spin out any theory they like about the "Adepts"—even to denying point-blank their existence. Meanwhile, the incessant charges and denunciations, the idle gossip and uncharitable constructions to which the President-Founder and the undersigned have been subjected for the last three years force us now to make the declaration which follows.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

A JOINT NOTE.

TO dispel a misconception that has been engendered by mischief-makers, we, the undersigned, Founders of the Theosophical Society, declare that there is no enmity, rivalry, strife, or even coldness, between

us, nor ever was; nor any weakening of our joint devotion to the Masters, or to our work, with the execution of which they have honoured us. Widely dissimilar in temperament and mental characteristics, and differing sometimes in views as to methods of propagandism, we are yet of absolutely one mind as to that work. As we have been from the first, so are we now united in purpose and zeal, and ready to sacrifice all, even life, for the promotion of theosophical knowledge, to the saving of mankind from the miseries which spring from ignorance.

H. P. BLAVATSKY. H. S. OLCOTT.

THE ECHO.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

Beloved and good mother, O bear me no ill-will!
You saw that Robin kissed me out yonder on the hill;
I'll tell you all about it, if you will patient be—
'Twas the Echo on the hill-side brought this rebuke on me.

I sat out on the meadow, he saw me there to-day;
But, in his loving reverence, he stood quite far away,
And said, "Glad I'd come nearer, did I not think you proud.
Maid, am I welcome?" "Welcome!" the Echo answered loud.

Then came he to me, and we sat together on the ground;
He called me his own maiden, and wound his arm around,
And begged that I would grant him, out on the hill beyond,
The treasure of my heart's love. "Heart's love," quoth Echo fond.

He heard it, and still closer he drew me to his side,
Believing I had spoken each time the echo cried;
"O let me," quoth he tenderly, "call thee henceforth my bride!
And as thy heart's pledge, kiss me!" "Kiss me," the Echo sighed.

Now see, dear, how it happened that Robin kissed my brow;
That wicked, wicked Echo! it makes me angry now.
And mother! see, he's coming—I can hear him at the gate—
To tell you how he loves me, and learn from you his fate.

Is Robin, dearest mother, not worthy mine to be?
Then tell him that the Echo deceived him cruelly;
But, if you think we're fitted each other's joys to share,
Tell him, in accents loving—I was the Echo there.

New York "Echo."

Reviews.

THE NATIONAL EPIC OF FINLAND.*

THE last proof of the universality in time and space of that grand system of philosophy, called by its disciples the Archaic Wisdom Religion, or the Secret Doctrine—comes to us from a little-known people, inhabiting a bleak, wild, and seldom-visited land. In the "Kalevala," the national epic of Finland, we find many traces of the Archaic philosophy, some clear and luminous, others more veiled and hidden. This epic cannot be less than 3,000 years old; probably it is much older. Though but recently reduced to writing, it has been preserved orally for ages, and dates from the time when the Finnish tribes lived far south of their present home, probably on the Black Sea or the Caspian.

The Finns, whose origin is very mysterious, but who are evidently related to the peoples now settled on the tablelands of Tibet and Central Asia, stand to the Slavonian nations—Russia especially—in the same mystical relation as the magicians and sorcerers of Thessaly stood to the rest of the Hellenes. The folk-lore of pagan and also Christian Russia is full of the Northern *Koldvon* (enchanters, from the word *Chaldean*, probably), of their deeds and magic powers. One of the best epic poems of Alexander Pouschkine, "Rooslan and Ludmilla," is based on the magical struggle and feats of two Northern enchanters, the old and beneficent "wise Finn," and a wicked sorceress of the same nationality—Naina; the former working for and the latter against the loving couple. These are the embodiment of Good and Evil. The very term "Finn" is almost a synonym, in Russian folk-lore, of magician. All these come from the far North, in the popular idea; for many of the gods of pagan Russia were natives of Finland and Scandinavia by early emigration and intercourse of the tribes that peopled the shores of the Baltic and the Northern seas.

The Finns, as reflected in their poetry, are a wonderfully simple nation, still untouched by civilisation's varnish. They live close to Nature, in perfect touch and harmony with all her living powers and forces.

In the words of the Proem to the Runes:—

> There are many other legends,
> Incantations that were taught me,
> That I found along the wayside,
> Gathered in the fragrant copses,
> Blown me from the forest branches,
> Culled among the plumes of pine-trees,
> Scented from the vines and flowers,
> Whispered to me as I followed

* "The Kalevala, The Epic Poem of Finland." English Verse translation by John Martin Crawford; New York, 1888. (John B. Alden.)

Flocks in land of honeyed meadows,
Over hillocks green and golden.
Many runes the cold has told me,
Many lays the rain has brought me,
Other songs the winds have sung me ;
Many birds from many forests,
Oft have sung me lays in concord ;
Waves of sea and ocean billows,
Music from the many waters,
Music from the whole creation,
Oft have been my guide and master.

Could any "Hymn to the Influences of Nature," be more delightful? A glance at the mythology of this little-known people will show the result of their reflective deliberation on these waves of influence from the great mother whose caresses they felt to wrap them round. With them "all beings were persons. The Sun, Moon, Stars, the Earth, Air, and the Sea, were to the ancient Finns, living, Self-conscious beings. All objects in Nature were governed by invisible deities, called by them *haltiat* or Regents. These *haltiat*, like members of the human family, have distinctive bodies and spirits; but the minor ones are immaterial and formless, and their existences are entirely independent of the objects in which they are particularly interested. They are all immortal, but rank according to the relative importance of their respective charges. The lower grades of the Finnish gods are subservient to the deities of greater powers. Above all was a Supreme Ruler. The daughters (Regents) of the Sun, Moon, Great Bear, Pole-star, and of the other heavenly dignitaries, are represented as ever-young and beautiful maidens, sometimes seated on the bending branches of the forest trees, sometimes on the crimson rims of the clouds, sometimes on the rain-bow, sometimes on the dome of heaven."

How closely all this agrees with what the Secret Doctrine teaches of the hierarchies of Dhyan Chohans, and the lower grades of ethereal beings—the hosts of the elementals—a close comparison sufficiently shows. It is true, the Finns have clothed their ideas in a garland of poetry, but through this the radical identity shines out clearly. Among the Ancient Finns, as in India at the present day, we have the ceremony of Shraddha, and the invocation of ancestors.

As ably pointed out in the Preface to the volumes before us, "the deeper and more esoteric meaning of the *Kalevala* points to a contest between Light and Darkness, Good and Evil; the Finns representing the Light and the Good, and the Lapps the Darkness and the Evil. Compare with this the wars of Ormuzd and Ahriman; of the Aryas and the Rakshasas; of the Pandus and Kurus.

The most valuable echoes of the Secret Doctrine in the *Kalevala* are found in the Rune of the birth of Wainamoinen; a series of quotations from this Rune may advantageously be given.

In primeval times, a maiden,
Beauteous Daughter of the Ether,

Passed for ages her existence
In the great expanse of heaven,
In the infinite expanses
Of the air above the sea-foam,
In the far out-stretching spaces,
In a solitude of Ether.

The Ether or Akâsa being the first *Idea* of the yet uncreated Universe; from which must emanate the future Kosmos, in its descending grades of materiality. The Ether is the "Vast abyss" on which the Spirit "dove-like, sat brooding;" it is also "the face of the waters" on which "the spirit rested." The Epic continues:

She descended to the ocean,
Waves her couch, and waves her pillow.

For *seven* hundred years she wandered o'er the ocean

Toward the east, and also southward,
Toward the west, and also northward.

From the embraces of the ocean, she conceived her first-born, and was in travail *seven* hundred years, corresponding to the sevenfold division of Manvantaras, or Creative periods. The world is formed, but only mediately through the influence of the daughter of the Ether. She lamented her loneliness, and

When she ceased her supplications,
Scarce a moment onward passes,
Ere a beauteous duck descending,
Hastens towards the water-mother,
Comes a-flying hither, thither,
Seeks herself a place for nesting.

This "beauteous duck" corresponds exactly, both in idea and imagery, to the *Kâlahamsa*, or "Swan of Time," of the Hindu Pantheon and the Secret Doctrine. The bird sought in vain a place for nesting:—

Then the daughter of the Ether,
Now the hapless water-mother,
Raised her shoulders out of water,
Raised her knees above the ocean,
That the duck might build her dwelling,
Build her nesting-place in safety.
Here she builds her humble dwelling,
Lays her eggs within, at pleasure,
Six the golden eggs she lays there
Then a *seventh* egg, of iron.

Compare with this the Chaldean account of Tiamat, the great Sea and the birth therein of the Seven Spirits; the Kabalistic teachings in which the feminine Sephirah is called the "Great Sea," and the seven lower Sephiroth are born in the "Great Sea," for this was one of the names of Binah (or Jehovah), the Astral Ocean; and the Puranic accounts of Creation.

The maiden moves her shoulders, and the nest and eggs fall into the ocean,

Dashed in pieces on the bottom
Of the deep and boundless waters.
In the sand they do not perish,
Not in pieces in the ocean ;
But transformed, in wondrous beauty
All the fragments come together
Forming pieces two in number,
One the upper, one the lower,
Equal to the one, the other.
From one half the egg, the lower,
Grows the nether vault of Terra ;
From the upper half remaining,
Grows the upper vault of Heaven.

This echoes exactly the Indian thought, in the egg of *Hiranyagarbha*, which divides into two, and from the two parts are produced the universe, above and below ; and the duplex heaven, in the Kabala, the higher and the lower, or Heaven and Earth, are said to have been formed of the "White Head," the skull or *cranium* being the luminiferous Ether.

We regret that lack of space prevents us from quoting the suggestive Rune of Wainamoinen's seven-fold sowing, where each crop springs up after a conflagration and strewing of ashes—the periodical dissolutions and reconstructions of the universe always completed in seven. The Runes of "the Origin of Iron," the "Finding of the Lost-word," the "Origin of the Serpent," and the "Restoration of the Sun and Moon," are also full of Occultism ; but for these we must refer readers to Mr. Crawford's admirable translation.

EMENDATIONS OF "PARADISE LOST." *

IN reviewing Mr. Mull's edition of Hamlet in our August number, we called attention to his wonderful genius for discerning false readings, and his unfailing discrimination in emendation ; and the edition of "Paradise Lost," Books I.—VI., by the same hand, which we have before us, strongly confirms us in our admiration of these qualities of Mr. Mull's work.

That the text of "Paradise Lost" is extremely corrupt is doubtless a surprising piece of intelligence not only to lovers of English Literature but also to scholars ; and the honour of discovering this corruption—strongly suspected by Bentley—not less than of remedying it to no small degree, belongs pre-eminently to Mr. Mull.

And yet this faulty condition of Milton's text arises from causes universally recognised, though not traced to their legitimate conclusion—the fact of Milton's blindness, his inability to procure proper amanuenses, his consequent dependence on casual and unskilful aid, added to the well-known ignorance and stupidity of the early printers—all these might have induced at

* "Paradise Lost," Emendations, Notes, and Preface, by Matthias Mull. London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co, 1884.

least suspicion, where we find nothing but awe-struck reverence for the original text.

Yet another evident cause of corruption, Milton's constant use of latinisms; when we remember that a printer has to carry in his mind a complete clause, while collecting the type, it at once becomes clear how easily a more familiar word might slip in and displace one of Milton's "golden" terms.

Mr. Mull's book amply justifies his bold statement in the Preface that he furnishes manifold proofs of "the discovery that much of the charm and splendour of the lofty Epic of the English-speaking race has been buried under a farrago of unmeaning verbiage, as though some great artistic production, the admiration of the world, had been bedaubed and defaced, or some fair creation of Nature had been despoiled of its beauty;" and again, "I assert that the whole dramatic character of the Poem is rendered weak and unspeakably inanimate throughout by the accepted punctuation; and all that is involved therein—pathos and passion, tenderness and tumult, joy and sorrow, repose and impetuousness, every emotion and element that give character and effect to a drama, which move feeling and stir imagination—is left to be laboriously supplied (or not) by the reader at every step of his progress."

Of Mr. Mull's essay on the Value of Milton's works to Intellectual Development, we need only say that their effect shines through every page of Mr. Mull's own writing.

Of verbal emendations, the following appear to us the most noteworthy and valuable: in Book I. Mr. Mull reads:—

> With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
> Fanatic Egypt, and her priests to DECK
> Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
> Rather than human. [*Line* 480]

Substituting *deck* for the usually accepted *seek*. This strikes us as admirable.

The next emendation requires careful consideration. Mr. Mull supports it with great skill, but we cannot yet consider it as certainly right: it is, in Mr. Mull's reading:—

> The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue (held [to be]
> Gods, yet confessed later [as] FROM Heaven and Earth,
> Their boasted parents): Titan, . . . [*Line* 510]

Substituting *from* for *than*, with important changes in punctuation.

This quotation instances what we cannot but consider a fault, though a slight one, in Mr. Mull's system of printing. It is the insertion, in square brackets, of glosses which do not belong to the text, and which are likely to mislead the eye, and jar the sense of rythmic continuity of lovers of Milton who are not scholars. Perhaps, in his second edition, Mr. Mull will hit upon some plan of banishing these hypermetric strangers.

Again, Mr. Mull reads:—

> The VASTY multitude admiring entered . . .
> [*Line* 730]

Substituting *vasty* for "hasty."

In Book II. we find the following important changes :—

> Without hope of end,
> The vassals of his anger—WHERE the scourge
> Inexorable and the torturing FIRE
> GALLS us to DEFIANCE ? [*Lines* 89-92]

The ordinary reading and punctuation are :—

> Without hope of end,
> The vassals of his anger, *when* the scourge
> Inexorably, and the torturing *hour*,
> *Calls* us to *penance ?*

Undoubtedly Mr. Mull's reading approaches very close to the true one, but we find a syllable too much in the second foot of the last line. It is true that tribrachs and anapæsts occur in Milton, as Coleridge pointed out, but this line has not the Miltonic ring. Perhaps Mr. Mull reads the line :—

> Galls us to *d'fiance ?* More destroyed than thus
> We should be quite abolished and expire.

Such a contraction is not unknown in Milton, nor was it rare in his century, —especially the contraction of *the* into *th' ;* the following reading is possible :—

> Galls to defiance ? More destroyed than thus
> We should . . .

We find the same difficulty of metre in Mr. Mull's reading :—

> his look denounced
> Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
> To NO less than GOD !
> [*Line* 108]

Instead of the older :—

> battle dangerous
> To less than gods !

The difficulty of metre Mr. Mull partly conquers by making the second half of the line begin a new passage, with a pause between. But there is still a difficulty of sense. It seems to us that Milton may have written :—

> battle *dangerous*
> *To less than* GOD !

Mr. Mull reads :—

> and build up here
> A GROANING empire doubtless ? While we dream . . .
> [*Line* 315]

Instead of a *growing* empire.
And again :—

> What sit we, then, projecting peace OR war ?

Instead of *peace* and *war.*
These are as certain as any emendation can be. Equally good is :—

> the subtle fiend his LUST
> SORE learned—now milder,
> [*Line* 815]

Instead of—his *lore soon* learned.

In BOOK III. the following readings are the most notable :—

> should Man,
> Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest BORN,
>
> [*Line* 150]

For Mr. Mull's excellent defence of his substitution of "youngest *born*" for "youngest *son*," we must refer readers to his book.

Again :

> THE Heaven of Heavens and all the Powers therein
> By thee created,
>
> [*Line* 390]

Reading *The* for *He.*

One of the best emendations in the whole of Mr. Mull's work is the following :

> Thee only extolled, SWORD of thy Father's might
> To execute fierce vengeance on his foes !
>
> [*Line* 398]

Instead of "*Son* of thy Father's might."

Very important also are the three changes of clause which follow; we give Mr. Mull's arrangement of the lines :—

> to be found was none,
> None yet, but store hereafter. }
> From the Earth }
> Up hither, like aërial vapours flew . . .
>
> [*Line* 445]

The second clause change is :—

> Cleombrotus; and many more, too long [to tell],
> Embryos and idiots. }
> Eremites and friars— }
> White, black . . .
>
> [*Line* 473]

And a little later—

> The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
> Long after ! }
> Now unpeopled and untrod }
> All this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed :
>
> [*Line* 498]

To appreciate the value of these three changes, we advise our readers to get their Miltons and read them first after Mr. Mull, and then as usually printed.

In BOOK IV. we note the following :—

> for now
> Satan—now FRESH inflamed with rage—COME down
>
> [*Line* 9]

The received reading is,

> Satan, now *first* inflamed with rage, *came* down.

And further on,

> the unpierced shade
> IMBOWERED the noontide HOURS
>
> [*Line* 256]

Instead of "*Imbrowned* the noontide *bowers.*"

Mr. Mull's change is like an echo of the refrain of Rossetti's well-known "EDEN BOWER."

The opening lines of BOOK V. are reconstructed by Mr. Mull as follows :

> Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
> Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl
> And temperate vapours bland, which Aurora's fan
> Lightly dispersed—the only sound of leaves
> And fuming rills, and the shrill matin song
> Of birds on every bough;—so much the more,
> When Adam waked, so customed (for his sleep
> Was aëry light . . . .

The change is excellent, and deserving of the highest praise. The third line seems still imperfect; perhaps it may be :—

> Sowed the earth with orient pearl;
> The temperate vapours bland, Aurora's fan
> Lightly dispersed—

For in Eden even the chill morning vapours had something heavenly.

In conclusion, we must sincerely thank Mr. Mull for the unalloyed pleasure the study of his book has given us; if his life-work were to stop here, he would have already conferred on all lovers of the great and good in our national literature a boon which not even gratitude could repay, a pleasure which time could not efface. But Mr. Mull generously increases our pleasure by giving us the hope that at no distant date we shall receive the six later books of "Paradise Lost" from his hands; and we believe that Mr. Mull has also a dozen or more of Shakespeare's plays in preparation; if this is so, and their production depends on the reception the present work receives, we sincerely hope that that reception will be as generous as our debt to Mr. Mull is great. We learn that his "Macbeth" is now in the press.

THE SEVENTH DREAM.

By "RITA," author of "The Mystery of a Turkish Bath." (London: F. V. WHITE & Co.)

THIS shilling publication justifies fully the opinion passed on the author by the critic in the *Whitehall Review* with regard to her preceding novelette: "Every fresh piece of work which 'Rita' publishes shows an increase of power and a decided advance on the last." This was said of "The Mystery of a Turkish Bath," and "The Seventh Dream" excels the latter, or, indeed, any of the works we have hitherto read from the pen of this talented lady. This would seem almost ridiculous to say of a small booklet in large type, of only 116 pages; nevertheless, it is strictly true. For "Rita" has a

way, essentially her own, of compressing within the smallest space, ideas and thoughts sufficient to serve as subject matter, for the most thrilling mystical novels in three 8vo volumes each. Her little "One shillings" are like "Liebig's Extracts," true literary tin-pots of Occult essences. Her "Seventh Dream" may be only a good railway companion to the profane. To the Mystic and Occultist, however, it is full of esoteric truths, of deeply hidden roots, the gaudy and fictitious blossoms of which are only as so many land-marks and sign-posts throughout the realm of the Occult. The ideas and short sentences scattered throughout the little volume, show more than a simple "call from the occult world which seems to have left her a partial believer," as remarked by one of her critics. They show such ideas inherent in the very nature of the author, more, a *pre*-natal possession of such truths.

This looks more like a "psychometrical delineation of character" in the language of the Spiritual mediums—of Rita herself than a review of her "Seventh Dream." But—*le style c'est l'homme.* The leaflet torn out from the life of a dreamer, of a "madman," and his disquisitions upon subjects "not of this world," show in the author more than a superficial insight into such things unseen, and an exuberance of imagination second to none among our popular novelists.

In the short story under review—the unbroken narrative of a dream, and no more—one finds correct aphorisms upon Karma, Re-birth, and the origin of evil; reflections upon various possibilities of white and black magic, and passages upon the many phases of hypnotic or rather mesmeric power, which are full of weird suggestion. One must have a certain knowledge of the laws of the Occult, with regard to the dual nature of man who lives at once in Heaven and on Earth, inside and outside his form of clay, to be able to describe such terribly realistic scenes. In this case, the Occult teacher of the dreamer is a bright being of the Fairy Land, a female spirit in whom the Occultist sees the impersonation of the Occult Wisdom, like in the vision of the gnostic Marcus, and the followers of Laurence Oliphant's doctrine of "Sympneumata," are likely to suspect the dreamer's Twin Soul.

"Nature's laws change not," says the "White Queen" of "the city of the Future," speaking of terrestrial suffering—

> "Let man infringe them in the smallest detail, and he brings suffering and sorrow on his head. Creeds and forms and prayers avail nothing. . . "

The "Magic Lake," in the bowers of the Silver City, whose waters of "intense, clear, glowing green" show the gazer into their emerald depths "the secrets of earth" attract not the White Queen to them. Nyleta is a reincarnation of a slave of days of old, the victim of Chaldean masters, of whom she says:—

> "Great was their power and their spells, and their methods of using the subtle and material force of nature. But theirs was the power of an evil sorcery, for, as doubtless my lord knows, the *motive alone influences the power of magic*, and *gives to it malignance or beneficence.*"

Who is Nyleta? She is the heroine of dreamland, a dream within a dream dreamt by a City man who lost his way in a London fog. The man, an habitual dreamer, knocks his head in the Egyptian darkness of that fog against a dead wall of a house, and a few minutes later another man shares the same fate. The latter proves to be the proprietor of the house, as

well as a magician, an old Alchemist and a sorcerer—"a shape of uncanny and evil mystery" indeed, since his gifts do not prevent him from coming to grief through the fog like any other profane blinded by the pest of London. The old man offers hospitality to the younger one, in a quaint room wherein all is *sevened*; seven black stars on a red carpet, seven brass candlesticks on the mantel-shelf, seven books in the book-case, and seven curiously shaped tiles on the hearth. He finds also his thoughts read and answered by his uncanny host, and recognizes in him an associate of a recent dream. He knows it, he says :—

"Because I shared it, I know it because I met you there. Oh, foolish and blind, for what, think you, are those glimpses into other worlds and other scenes granted? For how long will you, and thousands such as you, be content to look no deeper and inquire no further into the mystery of *yourselves?* Shall I prove to you . . . the *dual* life? Nay, I do but bid you close your eyes and you will know, even as I know, where even one step further on the path of the hidden Wisdom may lead. . . ."

The magician proved his word good by putting his guest to sleep. It is on the series of dreams that follow, that the episode and the terrible events embracing several months' duration are cleverly built.

This is the PROLOGUE. The several acts and the Epilogue of the Seventh and most terrible dream, will be divulged to anyone who has an hour or two for the perusal of this little book and—a shilling, to spare. The thrilling little novel belongs by right to the Literature of Occult fiction, and no library of theosophist or mystic ought to be without it.

THE LIFE OF JEHOSHUA.*

THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH.

THE title of this book will probably convey much of what it contains; at any rate, it at once gives the leading character to the contents.

The author throughout bases the life of the Christ of the New Testament on the life of Jehoshua ben Pandira, as contained in the *Sepher Toldos Jeshu* and other similar works. Curiously enough Dr. Hartmann, while taking this foundation for his work, and while declaring that the "Gospel history" was a compilation, does not make very clear what his own opinion is concerning the facts he has collated in this book.

One thing however is plain. The facts, as narrated in the New Testament, are not physical facts necessarily to Dr. Hartmann, but are allegorical symbols pertaining to psychic and psycho-spiritual occurrences in the life of Jehoshua ben Pandira.

The book is valuable, not so much for the historical evidence put forward in it, nor for the comparison of the various disputes of learned historians: but for the manner in which it has enabled the author to convey in intelligible form certain truths which pertain to the history of initiation.

Jehoshua's childhood and boyhood are slightly described, but the centre of interest is at once transferred to Jehoshua as a candidate for initiation into the

* Boston: THE OCCULT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 120, Tremont Street. London: THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Wisdom of the Egyptians. Of course it may be open to question whether Dr. Hartmann has disclosed facts concerning initiation in their correct sequence and detail. Probably, judging by all that has ever been declared, the account is purposely jumbled and confused. But in any case, correct in sequence and detail or not, the account serves the purpose of conveying to the student much information of a most valuable character. There is a marked resemblance between much of Dr. Hartmann's explanations concerning initiation and those treated by Mdme. Blavatsky in her forthcoming work on the "Secret Doctrine"; her explanations being based, as she says, on truths divulged only in the mysteries of initiation. Further, Dr. Hartmann makes very plain in this that the laws which govern the psychic and astral worlds are closely connected with and are the lower correlations of the laws which govern the moral and spiritual worlds. Again, although the candidate might gain the command of the psychic and astral forces, he was never allowed to go forth into the external physical world until he had gained the consciousness of the moral and spiritual laws which alone would enable him to direct these forces rightly and become a co-worker with nature. So far Dr. Hartmann seems to have gathered his materials from sources other than those to be found in the New Testament. He now brings Jehoshua back to his native land and shows him as exposed to the temptations, not of the individual personal man, but to those of the leader among men—to those of a man of larger life and scope. These Jehoshua met in his "Temptation" in the desert; Dr. Hartmann giving an explanation which differs from that ordinarily accepted.

Following this comes the explanation concerning the "Sermon on the Mount"; and both these explanations may be studied with interest, even though one may not agree with them.

The author treats of Herodias and St. John the Baptist, of Jehoshua's journey to Jerusalem, and the loss of his life. It is in this part of the book that one is sometimes puzzled to determine how far Dr. Hartmann considers the history as historical, and how far allegorical. He gives many new meanings to the facts narrated if they are allegorical; but, if historical, his explanations are not always logical or consistent.

What he makes very plain is that he does not consider Jehoshua or Jesus to be a God but to be a man made divine by union with the Absolute. He shows too how his immediate followers materialised his teaching and distorted it for their own purpose. Thus they created a system of ecclesiastical polity which has grown into a church with dogmas resembling those of the Pharisees. That the founder of Christianity would approve of such a creation or of the acts of his followers, is certainly open to grave doubt; and it is only by the appearance of such books as Dr. Hartmann's that the world may be aroused to the right conception of the character of Jehoshua or Jesus and may appreciate his efforts as well as those of other Adept-enlighteners of mankind.

Anyhow, whatever the inner conviction of the author, the biography of Jesus of Nazareth in the Gospels is *not* historical, and the whole is an allegory based upon a personage who lived, taught and suffered, probably more than a century before the year 1, A.D. Opinions may be divided upon the question among the profane, but among the Occultists of any learning and standing, there can be

but one conviction. A Jesus or Jehoshua has lived at some time or other, though the alleged biographical sketches of the drama in the four Gospels, are, as appears plain to any Occultist or Kabalist not a narrative of real events, but an allegory which depicts the trials, sufferings and temporary death of a disciple on probation or a postulant to adeptship, and final victory of the candidate for Initiation into the sublime Mysteries.

The Book is more than worth reading. It is a valuable addition to the literature now being demanded by the general desire to look into the truth.

BUDDHIST CATECHISM.

AN INTRODUCTION INTO THE DOCTRINES OF BUDDHA GAUTAMA.

By SUBHADRA BICKSHU.

THE above is the translation of the title of a new German book which has recently appeared at Braunschweig. In the preface we are informed that Col. Olcott's "Buddhist Catechism" having originally been intended merely as a book of primary instruction for Singhalese children; this new catechism is intended to carry the reader deeper into the mysteries of Buddhism, and thus to supply a want felt by the educated and intelligent public of Germany.

It can only be gratifying to Buddhists to see an increase of Buddhistic literature in Europe, and we therefore welcome this contribution in spite of its language being in some places ungrammatical and mixed with provincialisms, and although some of its questions are puerile. The contents justify its claims, for it contains a great deal of valuable information, and enters far deeper into the true spirit of Buddhism than any similar publication.

Unfortunately, the value of the book is considerably lessened by some serious mis-statements in the accompanying foot-notes.

Thus, on page 19 we are informed that each mother of a Buddha has to die seven days after the birth of the latter, "because her womb can henceforth no more give birth to ordinary children," making it appear as if a woman had no other choice but to die or to give birth to children.

On page 22 it is stated that one of the first conditions in accepting Buddhism is to give up all of one's earthly possessions. If this were true, there would be very few Buddhists in the world.

On page 25 we are told that a yogi becomes an Adept by hypnotizing himself. He "suggests" to himself that he is an Adept and thus he makes an (imaginary?) Adept out of himself. We would suggest to the writer the idea that nobody can truly imagine himself to be a real Adept unless he can realize that state, and that before he can realize it he would have to be an Adept.

There are a number of other similar mistakes in this book, and it is to be hoped that they will all be corrected in the second edition.

SATYA KAMA SHARMA.

FOUR NEW PAMPHLETS.*

THE T. P. S. continues manfully its work of propaganda by issuing pamphlets from time to time on theosophical subjects. It is a pity that theosophists do not support it better, for more subscribers means more pamphlets. If there were a few thousand members of the T. P. S., there would be a continual stream of interesting monographs flowing from 7, Duke Street, Adelphi. Five shillings a year, after all, is very little more than a penny a week, a sum which does not seem extravagant as a yearly subscription, if it be remembered how freely it is spent in other ways.

Number 10 of the series is an interesting paper on Elementals, or nature spirits, by "Nizida," whose writings are well known to Spiritualists, and who, being clairvoyante, speaks as one having authority, at least, as regards the appearances. This essay is followed by another on Elementaries, under which head come several classes of more or less familiar "bogies."

Number 11 is called "The Higher Science," and is pronounced by a great many readers the best of the Series so far issued. It is by Mr. William Kingsland, a man of science, and an electrician. Clear, logical, and wide in its generalizations, this number deserves to be read with attention by anyone who wishes to get an idea of the wide range over which Theosophy spreads its wings.

Number 12 is a criticism of the personality of Jesus, in answer to the question, "Was Jesus a perfect man?" Those who have not gone very deep into mysticism will find of much interest the view of the character of Jesus therein put forth, as it is written more from the sceptical than from the Occult standpoint.

Number 13 is a reprint, whereas 10, 11, and 12 are original essays, It is, however, the reprint of a little work which, most probably, not ten persons in England know anything about. When it is remembered that the popular superstition about the number 13 being unlucky is traced to the fact that Judas was the 13th person at the last supper, it certainly seems a little odd that the 13th issue of this series should have reference to the Wandering Jew. According to this curious pamphlet, published over thirty years ago, and long since out of print, the mission of the Wandering Jew is to bring about the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. For this purpose he is re-incarnated again and again, being possessed of the secret of Solomon's Seal, and lending its miraculous powers to those whom he thinks will further his fixed purpose. "The Hebrew Talisman" is evidently the work of someone who was *au courant* with the public life of his day, political and financial; and some things in the reprint it might have been questionable taste to have republished, had not the events and persons concerned passed by this time into the realm of "ancient history."

* Published by the Theosophical Publication Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

MYSTERIES OF THE HAND,* &c.

By Robert Allan Campbell.

AN excellent little contribution to the Materialistic School of Palmistry comes to us from St. Louis, U.S.A. It bears the title, "Mysteries of the Hand Revealed and Explained," and the author, Mr. Robert Allen Campbell, evidently understands his subject. It is a curious matter for reflection that while on the one hand policemen were never more active than they are to-day in arresting humble persons who practise palmistry among the Masses, and magistrates never more zealous in sentencing these poor wretches to prison; on the other hand, palmistry has, perhaps, never before in "Christian times" been so favourite a study, and fashionable amusement, as it is to-day among the Classes, and new books on the subject are constantly appearing, which are eagerly purchased by people of education. One would have thought that sauce for the servant-maid's goose ought to be served, in this case, to the mistress's gander (*Classes* and *Masses* both end in "asses"!). It is very doubtful, after all, whether fortune-telling is more seriously regarded, and therefore more dangerous, in the kitchen than in the drawing-room. In both spheres it is regarded as a species of amusement, which a certain percentage of its more impressional devotees are disposed to take somewhat in earnest; and those who do take it in earnest are superstitious in very good company, according to our author, for he claims the Patriarch Job as a professor of the Science, as well as Socrates, Aristotle, and Plato, and a long line of later worthies, ending with the lamented W. H. Vanderbilt—to say nothing of the Egyptian Magicians and Chaldean Magi.

The author "unequivocally discards" the Astral theory of Palmistry, which maintains that the destiny of man is determined by his susceptibility to Astral influences—the influences, that is to say, of the seven planets, through each of which there flows one of the seven rays or streams of influence that together compose the Astral light—just as the seven rays of the solar spectrum compose the white light of the sun. This theory is the most mystical and the most fashionable among the Classes; but our author prefers the other, namely, that character determines the hand (not the hand the character). Palmistry thus treated is a sister science to phrenology, a simple body of deductions from observation, leaving *causes* out of sight, and dealing only with effects, and having no more pretensions to tell the future or the past than any other "official" science. By this system a good line of life might show a healthy constitution, and therefore the probability of living long, just as a good pair of legs shows the probability of winning a race, or escaping from a policeman; and a skilled practitioner of this science ought to be able, without much difficulty, we should think, to make up a little history from such-like signs and hints, that would pass with the majority (mistresses as well as maids) for oracular.

* J. W. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo. 12mo., pp. 202.

SPIRIT COMMUNION.*

(A Record of Communications through H. B. Champion, with Explanations and Observations by J. B. Ferguson.)

LUCIFER has been favoured with one of the one hundred copies printed of the above work. It is a reprint of Inspirational Utterances by Mr. H. B. Champion, originally published in 1854, and contains matter of very much higher grade than is usual for such productions, reminding us of Mr. Stainton Moses's "Spirit Teachings." The motto of the book, a saying of Mr. Champion, gives a good idea of the lines on which the work runs; it reads: "LOVE *is the immutable principle that must bind in harmony and union this extended Universe. Then will God be God in the heart of Humanity.*" The chief inspirer of the medium is claimed to have been the celebrated Unitarian minister DR. CHANNING; but in the preface to the present edition an important qualification is made in regard to the meaning of this claim; for we read as follows: "It was asked, 'Do we really hold personal and direct communication with the spirit of Dr. William Ellery Channing?' It was answered, Yes, and no. Names have an occult meaning. They bring the person *en rapport* with the qualities of the person who is named; hence, both the danger and advantage of the invocation of names. The ancients understood this, and made it a solemn part of their worship. It survives only, in the present day, in the Catholic Church. The name JESUS has an especial significance to all Christians. The name of CHANNING has such a responsive significance to all who love the qualities expressed by his life-work. When in the form he was in spiritual rapport with an innumerable host connecting him mediately with God. All bear this relation." This teaching is half-way between Spiritualism and Occultism.

Nevertheless, in page 104 we read, "On the next day Mr. C. came under the direction of an Indian chief, and commanding me to follow him, wended his way directly to the family cemetery, and there pointed out to us the tombs of many whose spirits, he said, had greeted us the night before." This association of the "Spirit" with the churchyard is, of course, spiritualism of the most grossly materialistic kind. In turning over the pages of this book, as of other works purporting to come from spirits, the reader is constantly in doubt whether it is a spirit that is speaking, and, if so, which spirit. They all give vent to similar ideas, in much the same language; and there is not a line which might not have been written by an intelligent spirit still inhabiting the flesh. That the inspirer was not a disembodied spirit, who has learned new truths, is proved by the fact that he gives utterance to the ideas current at the time—chiefly broad generalities. Channing knew nothing of reincarnation or karma, neither does his "spirit." No mention of either of them occurs in the book, and at the present day it would seem to be a very difficult task to write a book treating of a future life and a spiritual world without bringing in these central pivots of Theosophy, and, indeed, of all true Occultism; in fact, one can hardly meet with a modern spiritualistic work in which, if not the names, reincarnation and karma, at least the things signified are not considered and discussed.

* Revised Edition, printed at Parkersburg, U.S.A., for private circulation, 1888. 8vo. pp. 261.

Correspondence.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

LUCIFER's criticism of the statements of "Christian Science," as contained in a published course of "Lessons," begins with an objection to the name after a fair digest of the "Lessons" themselves.

This objection is the one most frequently made, not only by those who are aware of the sublime teaching of eternal principles long before what is called Christianity was heard of, but by those who profess to be the keepers and guardians of the statements of the Nazarene; and which, misunderstood and adulterated with misconceptions of the Old Testament, are accepted by those who think through others, as truth absolute.

But theological Christianity and scientific Christianity are widely different. The one is dogma; the other, fact. The one is accepted without knowledge, and faith is the only requisite to salvation through it. The other requires understanding, abjures belief and furnishes proof to him who understands.

The objection to the name "Christian," as coupled with "Science," would be valid if by the term were meant theological or ecclesiastical Chistianity. But if—as is claimed—the statements of Jesus of Nazareth were scientific statements; if their inner significance was a logical deduction from a universally, if unconsciously, accepted premise; if they are—as is seen when understood—an advance upon the statements of the world's teachers; carrying to a probable conclusion what they had approached; if his teachings, together with the Old Testament, are a presentation of the law of laws; then the terms "Christian" and "Science" are not incongruous, but form a unity expressive of the fact that "Christian Science" is not one among other sciences; but is the science of sciences; is the embodiment of manifestation whose many forms constitute the sciences, the philosophies, the religions of mankind.

Instead of being the "Buddhist," or the "Yoga" science, it is the science of those sciences individually and collectively. It reveals what they conceal.

LUCIFER suggests "Yoga Science" as the best name of all, because its aim "is pre-eminently to attain union with the Universal Spirit." If this is true, a foundation statement of "Yoga Science" must be, non-union of man with the Universal Spirit. But a foundation statement of "Christian Science" is man's unchangeable and indestructible union or one-ness with spirit itself.* Not something which has been or will be, but everlasting IS; and consciousness of that which is, is what is to be attained by him.

This is what Jesus taught; is the underlying substance of the "Sermon on the Mount"; is the interior meaning of the four gospels. "Divine" or

* Facts are against this assumption. Were the "Union" *universal* there could be no evil, no disease or suffering in this world.—[ED.]

"Christian Science" is what is therein expressed; and it is the essence of all sciences. Those who do not find it there will naturally demur to the statement; it does not follow that others have not.

There is not an affirmation or denial made as a statement of Christian Science which was not made by Jesus, whose work it was thus "to save the world from original sin," for that sin was ignorance; and every such affirmation and denial was made from a perception of the truth of Being instead of from a sense of being. And only as those who heard grew gradually to perceive their real selves while still in the consciousness of a seeming self, could they, in their turn, deny the latter with its environments to be the Truth of Being; while they affirmed that truth which they perceived and which was true in itself, though not yet a fact to consciousness.

"To deny disease and evil is to fly in the face of fact, and encourage the unwary mystic to *ignore* instead of *killing* his sinful nature," says LUCIFER. Christian Science does not teach ignoring of disease and evil. It teaches emphatically recognition of them; but recognition of the truth about them; not that recognition which is an acceptance of their claim to be what they seem to be. We deny that a counterfeit dollar is a dollar. We deny its claim to be such. We declare it to be a falsity and affirm the genuine to be the only dollar. Recognition of the truth about the counterfeit dollar is a necessity to the understanding of its nature. Denial of its claim to be what it seems to be, is necessary to the putting it out of circulation. To ignore its claim would be to leave it unmolested. The denial is the direct result of the perception of its nature, and necessitates action against it.

The denial of diseases and evil is an essential part of the work of redemption from them. Not one jot or tittle of the work which we have to do for ourselves is hidden or prevented by the teachings of Christian Science. On the contrary, it lays bare the work and the way to do it as no philosophy or science has yet done; and the healing of disease simply is but a fragment of the mighty work whose outcome is consciousness of our real selves; our oneness with the Infinite Spirit. Who works to this end through "Christian Science" has a principle by which to walk and work which is the clue in the labyrinth of mysticism where so many, in seeking a way out, but cross and recross each other's paths. The mazes and windings of this labyrinth are marvellous; and the man who has wandered from one to another till he knows them all, has a fund of knowledge which is as marvellous as the region from which he gathered it, but it is not knowledge of the way out.

The question "Is it true that all our diseases are the result of wrong belief," would more completely embody the teaching of Christian Science if "wrong" were omitted. Belief is considered the opposite of understanding; and the question can only be answered by each one for himself, from the latter standpoint. All outward evidence seems to disprove the statement. If one makes no attempt to study the science of mathematics himself, he is dependent upon some one who has done so, and in none of his affairs involving mathematical calculation, does he know why the result is as it is. A would-be student of the science, who rests upon the statements of his teacher, believing what he is told, will never be a mathematician, will never be able to gain the correct

answer to his problem and know that it is correct. He accepts the statements as made for the time being only; working out for himself the why and wherefore of them. He must understand before he can be a mathematician. Having reached that point, perceiving the principle of the science, he knows that all mathematical problems are forms which express the principle. He knows that any error in the answer to the problem is the fault of the worker of it, and is not there as a legitimate part of the problem, and he knows too that only by strict adherence to and following of the principle can he detect and destroy the error. He does not declare—if he is wise—that because he discerns what a mistake is, he is beyond the possibility of making one.

"Christian Scientists," like all mankind, are engaged in working out the problem of Being, in making a fact to consciousness that which seems but an abstraction; the true ones do no for a moment claim that because they—as they think—discern the nature of disease, they will never more manifest any appearance of it. LUCIFER asks "Are there not among the renowned teachers of the new science, who are themselves afflicted by disease, often incurable, by pain and suffering?" And the answer is frankly given—yes. There are Christian Scientists who manifest in their own persons a contradiction to statements they make. Does this fact alter for one moment the truth of the statements if they be true? Is that a just conclusion which says: "What you say cannot be so, because I see in you something that contradicts it"

A teacher of mathematics tells his student that two and two are four. The student may see him dealing with another and making two and two five, in his calculations. If he does not understand for himself why and how two and two are four, he will say: "What you told me cannot be true because you are making five out of two and two." If he does understand the four to be a manifestation of the principle of the science, he will not be affected in the least by what he sees in his teacher; he will know where the error lies, but only such an one can know.

On the other hand, many Christian Scientists afford proof—to those to whom such a fact is proof—of the efficacy of the understanding of the science, by a change in physical conditions which appears wonderful.* Many, as is known to the writer, both by personal experience and some years of close observation, have exchanged suffering long continued, both mental and physical—the latter in many forms pronounced incurable by the medical fraternity—for comparative freedom from pain and disease, and the ability to meet and discharge the every-day duties which were formerly almost entirely suspended. But the only proof which really is proof, is a matter of one's own consciousness. The outer, seen of many, is as variously pronounced upon. The inner is known to one's self.

To perceive the direct connection between a certain form of physical disease and the mental state manifest therein—as quoted by LUCIFER—seems to the author of the "Lessons" unlikely in the present stage of the development of the science; and something which all Christian Scientists should be slow to do. Statements which are more the result of enthusiasm than sound deductions from a given premise, are justly open to criticism and least able to withstand it.

* No such "proofs" afforded by the adepts of "Christian Science" here: not in London at any rate. "Physician, heal thyself." . . . .—[ED.]

The future of Christian Science does not and cannot depend upon its method of treatment of disease as practised by the few for the many, though the favourable results so gained are the "signs" which naturally draw those who receive them to a consideration of the method which has furnished them. The understanding of the science in their turn reveals its preventive value and exemplifies the old adage "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

LUCIFER asks for "the guarantee, the hall-mark of the true Christian Scientist by which he can be known to the unwary." There is none. Is there any hall-mark by which a mesmerist can be known to those ignorant of mesmerism? One by which a book-keeper can be known to do his work honestly? LUCIFER says truly, "If this, like other spiritual things, can only be spiritually discerned, the patient must be equal to the healer and will have no need of him." This is exactly what Christian Science teaches; that every man is his own best physician. He must administer that truth which heals to himself. Unable to do so, he is as approachable by one kind of an influence as another. Having this ability, he grows gradually able to detect the nature and quality of every influence, and to ward off those which assimilate with personal man.

One who understands mathematics can reckon up his accounts himself. One who does not, must depend upon some one else to do it for him; and because he is so dependent, he is in danger of being cheated. He is freed from that danger only by gaining the necessary understanding for himself.

Suppose a friend to be suffering intensely from information received of the death of an absent loved one; and you discovered that the information was false; that the supposed dead still lived. You would state that fact to your friend, accompanied with proof that what you said was true. Her suffering would disappear. Why? Because the truth itself, not you, had overcome and dispelled it. She would not think that the loved one was alive simply because you thought so. But a mesmerist would make her think a certain one was dead whom she knew to be alive before she was subjected to his influence; because while under it, she unconsciously ceases to think for herself and thinks only what he wills her to think. No will power is employed in the first instance except the impulse of good-will to help one in affliction to see the truth which dispels suffering. In the second, domination or control of what one thinks regardless of truth or falsity is gained by the person exerting his will to that end.

The one is white magic; the other black. The one is a treatment according to Christian Science; the other is mesmerism. The one manifests the power of Truth; the other, the power of belief. The one, the self-lessness of Truth; the other, the all-self of the human mind.*

The article, "Let every man prove his own works," in LUCIFER No. 3, closes with an excellent analysis of a Theosophist. A parallel statement would be, *He who does not declare and maintain his divine right to think for himself; he who does not unceasingly strive to discern the truth for its own sake; he who does not as unceasingly desire that that truth shall be made manifest regardless of gain or loss to himself; he who does not help to that result by unselfish effort for others; he*

* This is against all the teachings of Occultism, and is an arbitrary assumption, showing that the writer knows nothing of either white or black magic. To help anyone with a cancer on the nose to fancy he has *no* cancer, can only be done through mesmerism, or *hypnotism*, although the operator may call it as he chooses.—[ED.]

who is not ever ready to rob evil of its power by speaking the word of truth; by helping others to see and speak in their turn; by comforting the sorrowing; by aiding the weak; by charity for all and malice toward none; he who does not rigorously refrain from mentally influencing another so as to cause action on his part through other than his own will, is no Christian Scientist.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

THE BARISÂL GUNS.

COLONEL OLCOTT'S paper on the above phenomenon is couched in such an exact spirit of enquiry, that as a scientific teacher, I must supplement it by my own observation of an analogous occurrence.

In May 1868, I was alone in a small boat in the San Juan river of Nicaragua, when I heard in the day time, the sun shining brightly, and the weather being that of the "dry season," successive detonations which were prolonged at intervals, approximately of 40 seconds between each.

On the theory *Nihil tam absurdé dicitur, quod non probat quidam philosophus*, some theories may be proposed to account for these sounds.

A. They may be produced by musketry shots.—*Answer.* They occurred at a spot 30 miles from any other human being than myself, and 70 miles from any human being possessing a gun.

B. They were produced by the howler-monkey, or *mono (Mycetes flavus).*—*Answer.* I am well acquainted with the habits of the howler-monkey, who rises "oft in the stilly night" and sleeps all day. Like the nightingale in the song, he

"warbles by night, and not by day."

Besides, the note of the howler-monkey, appalling though it may be in the desert solitude, is a long *sostenuto* note, quite unlike the detonations heard by me.

I hope we shall have more cases of detonatory sounds, that may be referable to spirit-action.

C. CARTER BLAKE.

THE SHUTTLE OF KARMA.

THINKING over the correspondence on the subject of Karma in the July LUCIFER, it does seem to one observer at least that some writers on the philosophy of human life from the Theosophical Society's standpoint are more concerned about our deserts than our duties, more anxious to explain "undeserved" misery than ready to accept the idea of our all needing lessons, be they bitter or be they sweet. To the mind wont to regard the workings of Divine Providence as absolute perfection in their sphere of education, the notion of Karma lapsing here or there from justice and "making it up" on another occasion is as droll as the other suggestion (*vide* footnote p. 415). That circumstances cropping up in a casual kind of way, like a stray bullet may hit the wrong man!

If the elements of our environment, our contact with men and things, be not included in the working of Karma, pray what is its field of action? And if they be, then it should adjust itself as minutely to the inner states of its subjects as a perfect machine to the fulfilment of its functions. Now, is Karma a teacher or is it a police magistrate? In the one case our past record of action is of the slightest consequence *except* as evidence of our spiritual level at any given time; and as the same deed may be an outcome of quite different mental states according to the characters of the doers, the Karma resulting for each should depend not on any external *doing* but on internal *being*; while the manifestation on the external plane is merely the raw material we each supply for Karmic purposes directed toward the whole race. In this light our deeds here in London are as pertinent to the Patagonian savage as to our next neighbour—they are but spinning the yarn while Karma throws the shuttle where she knows the web has need.

Perhaps I do the Karma of the Theosophists more than justice—perhaps her function is indeed that of the police court, in one scale so much naughty behaviour, in the other so many stripes—and there an end. Or possibly a last state worse than the first; for is not Avitchi looming in the distance? But it seems to me that the real Karma, the true law of adjustment in human life, must enter as surely and deeply into the inner needs of humanity as the sea into its bays and caves, and must bring its salt wave of healing into the hidden depths each flow of its tide fraught with new life.

As to "personal merit," "desert," and the like, it is difficult to understand when separateness embodies in itself all evil tendencies, how merit peculiar to one alone can be anything but an aggravation of that chief sin. The child of the race, in other words, the Son of Man, was content to declare—there is none good but God alone.

To conclude with a word of comment on the objection brought against "Christian Science" in the interests of Karma (LUCIFER, July, p. 413), which latter is supposed to be in danger of losing its rights, and can "hardly be satisfied with such an easy arrangement." How about chloroform?—another easy arrangement. Are so many ages of Karma's birchen rod to have taught nothing yet, and are we all to be chastised with the same twig for ever and ever because that has been part of the lesson? The Reincarnationists surely ought to be glad that some of us poor pilgrims have gained high enough ground to throw their packs behind them and catch a glimpse of the Delectable Mountains. Disease is part of Karma; yes, and so is healing. Those who can pass on their way rejoicing because the Karma of disease has no more lessons for them are fulfilling Karma's laws instead of avoiding them.

K.

London, July 24, 1888.

KARMA AND FREE WILL.

There is, I think, one fatal objection to the view of Karma advanced by "K," in the foregoing letter :— namely, that it completely destroys any exercise of free-will, and consequently any responsibility on the part of humanity. If that which happens to a man, at any given moment of his life be always exactly what

he deserves, it would follow that evil done by one man to another is done under the irresistible impulsion of Karma, and by no exercise of free-will on the part of the actor, who is nothing but a blind instrument of the Law. This is sheer fatalism, and not only does away with all idea of merit and demerit, but also destroys the sense of duty on which "K" lays so much stress.

The footnote on page 415 really gives as clear an explanation as can be given of so difficult a subject. Unfortunately the misprint of "casual" for "causal" connection which did not deceive those who were somewhat more versed in Theosophical literature, seems to have led "K" entirely astray. Every exercise of free-will by a responsible being, in the choice between two courses, starts a fresh Nidana, or chain of causation, and thereby disturbs in some direction the Universal Harmony. It is, as "K" rightly says, the province of Karma to readjust such disturbance, and restore the balance; but does it not stand to reason that unless such disturbances of Harmony are continually being produced, there can be no sphere of action for Karma at all? When once the balance is finally redressed the work of Karma is finished, but till that time the scales of Justice cannot be even.

In conclusion I will say that even if "K" be justified in his assertion that certain writers on Theosophical subjects "are more concerned about our deserts than our duties," no such charge at least can be brought against the teaching as a whole. "The way is to be sought for its own sake, not with regard to your feet that shall tread it." So is it said in "Light on the Path," and the thought is echoed in all that portion of Theosophical literature which deals with the Ethical side of the philosophy.

THOMAS B. HARBOTTLE.

London, September 2nd, 1888.

THE DEVIL—WHO IS HE?

SIR,—Mr. Thomas May (under the above title) tells your readers in the September number of LUCIFER that, with the accumulation of centuries, a very Gordian knot of theological confusion, contradictions and contrarieties, has been made, which has caused an unedifying intermingling of the attributes of "the Supreme," and that he, Mr. Thomas May, can cut this knot in a moment, by simply telling your readers that the Devil and Jesus, or the Devil and God, are one and the same Supreme being or person, only seen under different aspects at different periods of time. (1.)*

And with this simple statement that two contradictory ideas have only one and the same supreme being or person for their origin, Mr. May seems to imagine that he has at once removed all the theological confusion, contradictions and contrarieties, which for centuries have accumulated and perplexed mankind respecting Jesus and the Devil, God and Satan, good and evil.

But when it is conceded to Mr. May that there is but one Supreme being or person: it yet remains to be determined, revealed, or understood what "the Supreme" is? and whether "the Supreme" is good, or evil.

* Vide *Editors' Note.*

Mr. May in his letter would seem to imply that "the Supreme" is both evil and good, in like manner as a period of 24 hours, which we call a day, is partly light and partly dark. (2.)

But then this dark period of the day, which we call night, is not evil, but, on the contrary, it is a period of beneficial rest for recruiting and renewing the strength of our bodies in sleep.

And it is possible that Mr. May might also say that what is commonly called evil is also not evil, but is only a course of educational training which is highly beneficial for our spiritual growth and strength.

But when good and evil are thus intermingled as being one and the same, the danger immediately arises of creating theological confusion, contradictions and contrarieties. And I do not learn from Mr. May's letter that he has avoided this religious difficulty (3), but that he has himself created it, by speaking of good and evil as being one and the same.

For although Isaiah tells us that God alone is the Supreme Creator both of good and evil, yet it is only in a corrective sense, as a Father would correct his Child, that Isaiah intends to speak of God as creating evil; because the whole burden of Isaiah's writing is to reproach those who called the good evil, the evil good, and the doing of evil doing good.

And it is because this intermingling of God and the Devil, and of good and evil, as being one and the same, made it such a complicated question, that therefore the Scriptures were written in order to make manifest what is good and what is evil. (4.) And in the Scriptures it is recorded that so great had become the power of those who made the Word of God of none effect by their evil traditions that they conspired to betray "the Son of Man," who would reconcile the ways of God as being good and not evil, to be crucified as a devil.

And it is the true lesson which is to be learnt (when freedom in the Church can be obtained to teach it) from the Crucifixion of "the Son of Man," which can alone remove the religious difficulty which disturbs both the Christian and he Jewish World: because it is not true, as Mr. May asserts, that good and evil, or Jesus and the Devil, are one and the same. (5.)

Rev. T. G. Headley.

Manor House, Petersham, S.W.

EDITORS' NOTES.

(1.) This idea is not original with Mr. May. Lactantius, one of the Fathers of the Church, expressed it in no equivocal language, for he states that the "Word" (or Logos), is the *first-born brother* of *Satan" (Vide Inst. div.* Book ii., c. viii.); for Satan is "a Son of God" (*Vide* Job, ii., i.)

(2.) The "Supreme," if it is infinite and omnipresent, cannot be anything but that. It must be "good and evil," "light and darkness," etc., for if it is omnipresent it has to be present in a vessel of dishonour as well as in one of honour, in an atom of dirt as in the atom of the purest essence. The whole trouble is that theology and the (even *militant*) clergy are not consistent in their claims; they would force people to believe in an infinite and absolute deity, and dwarf

this deity at the same time by making of it a *personal* being *with attributes*, a double claim mutually destructive, and as absurd philosophically, as it is grotesque and soul-killing.

(3.) The fact then that by showing good and evil intermingled in the deity creates "religious difficulty," *i.e.*, "theological confusion," is the fault of and rests with the clergy and theology, and not at all with Mr. May. Let them drop their idea of a personal god with human attributes, and the difficulty will disappear.

(4.) The Scriptures were written to conceal the underlying allegories of cosmogonical and authropological mysteries, and not at all "to make manifest what is good and what is evil." If our respected and reverend Correspondent accepts Eden and the apple *au serieux*, then why should he not accept "Crucifixion," as taught by his church, also? "To be crucified as a devil" is a queer phrase. We have heard of several "Sons of God" crucified, but never yet of one single devil. On the other hand, if Christians accepted, as seriously as they do the "apple and the rib," the simple and impressive words of their Christ on the Mount, who says: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake,"—then they would abstain from reviling and persecuting and saying all manner of evil against the poor Devil; who, if he is to be regarded as a *personality*, is sure to "blessed," as no one from the beginning of Christianity has ever been more reviled and falsely persecuted than was that scapegoat for the sins of man! Finally:

(5.) If one takes "good and Evil, or Jesus and the Devil," for personalities, then as no personality from the beginning of the world was free from evil, Mr. May's proposition must prove correct and the Reverend Mr. Headley be shown in a vicious circle of his own making. *Demon est Deus inversus* is said of a manifested, *differentiated* deity, or of the Universe of Matter. That which is *Absolute* cannot even be homogeneous, it is *Ain*—nothing—or *No-thing*; and if men of finite intellects will insist upon speculating upon the infinite, and therefore to them unreachable and incomprehensible, otherwise than as a necessary philosophical postulate, then they must expect to be worsted by that same philosophy.

PERTINENT QUERIES.

You invite questions respecting all points of difficulty in subjects connected with Occult Science. I cannot reconcile some things relating to the Apostles of Modern Theosophy.

In the "*Preface* to the Original Edition" (page xxiii. of the 5th Edition) of "Esoteric Buddhism," by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, there are these words—"Two years ago, neither I, nor any other European living, knew the alphabet of the science here for the first time put into a scientific statement." This is an emphatic expression; it would seem to imply that the thinking world is exclusively indebted to this book and to its author for that knowledge of the truths of Esoteric Science, which is now making its way amongst European and American Theosophists. But this can hardly be Mr. Sinnett's meaning.

For, can the statement and its implication be consistent with the fact that Madame Blavatsky, herself a European,* had, some years previously, written "Isis Unveiled," which though it does not give the same constructive teaching respecting the mysteries of the Universe as does "Esoteric Buddhism," does yet imply a knowledge on the part of its author of much more than "the alphabet of the science"?

But is it not true, as indicated in "The Occult World," that Mr. Sinnett owed to Madame Blavatsky his own first knowledge of Esoteric Science, and also his introduction to the adept teacher, the Master from whom he derived the bulk of his information? Madame Blavatsky, we have been led to understand, taught these truths of Occult Science years previously to Colonel Olcott, and in so doing converted him from a Spiritualist to a Theosophist. It is further likely that Madame Blavatsky taught others the same truths.†

I would also ask if there are no secret students of Science, in its broadest aspects, who have known these things in advance of its recent publication?

It would be a satisfaction to myself and others if it could be stated how the recent teachings of Occult Science really originated, and what the true position of "Esoteric Buddhism" is as an authoritative exponent of Occult truth.

Now that Theosophical teachings are taking hold of men's minds, it is very desirable that the genesis of the modern movement should be truthfully known. I acknowledge myself greatly indebted to "Esoteric Buddhism," but I am very anxious to understand the facts to which I have alluded, and to have them reconciled.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES B. INGHAM.

EDITORS' ANSWER.

The case in point is a good illustration of the misconceptions which often spring from looseness of expression in a writer. Certainly, Mr. Sinnett could have no wish whatever to convey the idea that he was the first and only channel for the transmission of Esoteric doctrine. In fact, he specially repudiates the claim, as our correspondent will find if he will turn to p. xxi. of the Preface to the very edition he cites. "Let me add," says Mr. Sinnett, "that I do not regard myself as the sole exponent of the outer world, at this crisis of Esoteric truth." If he omitted to mention the writer and her American pupils and colleagues of 1874-8, Colonel Olcott and Mr. Judge, it was undoubtedly because he regarded "Madame Blavatsky," on account of her Russian nationality, as more Asiatic than European—a harmless delusion many a patriotic Englishman labours under—and the former gentlemen, as Americans. It had also escaped him for the moment, no doubt, that among the group of Initiates to which his own mystical correspondent is allied, are two of European race, and that one who is that Teacher's superior is also of that origin, being half a

* In view of a number of such letters received, a full answer will be given in the "Secret Doctrine," now nearly ready.—[ED.]

† She did, most undeniably. But as her several pupils (Europeans) were *pledged* disciples, which Mr. Sinnett never was, they could not give out to the world what they had learned.

Slavonian in his "present incarnation," as he himself wrote to Colonel Olcott in New York.

"Esoteric Buddhism" has rendered precious service, by popularizing in exoteric form esoteric truths, meddling with pure metaphysics being disclaimed by its author (*Vide* p. 46), and in the propagation of theosophical ideas throughout the world; and it has proved its popularity by passing already through six editions, and being just at this moment about to appear in a seventh. Yet it is not free enough of minor errors to entitle it to be regarded as an infallible Scripture, nor its modest author as a Divine Revelator—as some foolish enthusiasts, in search of new idols, figure to themselves. The correspondent's question as to "how the recent teachings of Occult Science really originated," is easily answered. A crisis had arrived in which it was absolutely necessary to bring within reach of our generation the Esoteric Doctrine of the eternal cycles. Religion, both in the West and East, had long been smothering beneath the dust heaps of Sectarianism and enfranchised Science. For lack of any scientific religious concept, Science was giving Religion the *coup-de-grace* with the iron bar of Materialism. To crown the disorder the phantom-world of Hades, or Kama-loca, had burst in a muddy torrent into ten thousand séance-rooms, and created most misleading notions of man's *post-mortem* state. Nothing but a few fundamental tenets from the Esoteric philosophy, sketched in broad outlines by such a clear and brilliant writer as Mr. Sinnett is known to be, could snatch mankind from drowning in the sea of ignorance. So once again the Gates of the Palace of Truth were opened and Mr. Sinnett and many other willing workers have caught each a ray. But as all the light can only be got by re-uniting all the different rays of the spectrum, so the archaic philosophy in its entirety can only be apprehended by combining all the glimpses of light that have passed through the many intellectual prisms of our own and preceding generations.

HOW TO HELP THEOSOPHY.

The recent spread of theosophical literature renders it advisable to increase the information given out by this means, both through the *Path*, and the International Theosophical Publication Society (T.P.S.) in London. The expenses of both fall heavily upon some half-dozen individuals, such enterprises, in general, "paying" only through advertisements. Students of limited means are constantly heard from, to whom literature is a necessity denied. Such a need ought to be fraternally met, and is now very inadequately met for want of sufficient funds.

These publications are not confined to purely theosophical subjects. Topics of the day will receive due attention and explanation, both from specialists and also in the light of occult teachings. It is hoped that new developments will take place in all departments of Thought, and that people of all opinions will receive a fresh impetus, and enlargement, whether in Christian Science, in Spiritualism, in Dynamics, in Mesmerism, etc., and in Spiritual Truth, which underlies all the rest.

To this end the support of all thoughtful persons (whether theosophists or not) is needed. This being the age of Investigation and Co-operation, we hope they will be glad to aid in this liberal movement by contributing to a Fund to be wholly devoted to such purposes. Only the minimum of help is asked from each person. In this way, none need be debarred from giving for the enlightenment of Humanity. If all will aid in this scheme (not original with us), a fund will be raised with little trouble.

Each person receiving this paper is asked to make two (2) copies of it, putting *the next number higher, and the same letter* at the top of each copy, and to send each to a friend, at the same time mailing the paper received to Mrs. J. C. Ver-Planck, Wayne, Delaware Co., Penn., with ten cents in stamps enclosed. The two friends are asked to go through the same process with as little delay as possible.

Anyone declining this small aid is requested to send the paper received back to Mrs. Ver-Planck at once, for this is the only way she has of knowing that the chain is broken : though it only means ten cents and a little trouble to each person, yet any break in the chain will involve serious loss to the Fund.

Endorsements of the scheme will be found in *The Path* and LUCIFER.

Wayne, Del. Co., Pa. Sep. 1888.

EDITORS' NOTE.—This scheme deserves the careful attention of all who are anxious to serve theosophy. Too many people, who profess an interest in theosophy, are inclined to call upon others to make bricks without straw. Therefore this suggestion has the hearty approval of the Editors.

IN TIME OF STORM.

SUNSHINE and melody follow the rain—
  Patter the rain-drops merrily !
Spring joy follows the winter pain,
  Then, ho ! for the earth's green holiday.

Flutter the rovers from over the sea—
  Greet them, robin, right heartily !
Nest and twitter in field and tree,
  And O ! for love's sweet holiday.

Wait and the winds of the winter cease :
  Up, little heart, beat hopefully !
After the warfare cometh peace—
  And O ! for a life's glad holiday.

New York "Echo."

THE ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

———:o:———

Owing to the fact that a large number of Fellows of the Society have felt the necessity for the formation of a body of Esoteric students, to be organised on the ORIGINAL LINES devised by the *real* founders of the T. S., the following order has been issued by the President-Founder:—

I. To promote the esoteric interests of the Theosophical Society by the deeper study of esoteric philosophy, there is hereby organised a body, to be known as the "Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society."

II. The constitution and sole direction of the same is vested in Madame H. P. Blavatsky, as its Head; she is solely responsible to the Members for results; and the section has no official or corporate connection with the Exoteric Society save in the person of the President-Founder.

III. Persons wishing to join the Section, and willing to abide by its rules, should communicate directly with:—Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.

(Signed) H. S. Olcott,
President in Council.

Attest:—H. P. Blavatsky.

LUCIFER

VOL. III. LONDON, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1888. No. 15.

IS THEOSOPHY A RELIGION?

> "Religion is the best armour that man can have, but it is the worst cloak."
>
> BUNYAN.

IT is no exaggeration to say that there never was—during the present century, at any rate—a movement, social or religious, so terribly, nay, so absurdly misunderstood, or more blundered about than THEOSOPHY—whether regarded theoretically as a code of ethics, or practically, in its objective expression, *i.e.*, the Society known by that name.

Year after year, and day after day had our officers and members to interrupt people speaking of the theosophical movement by putting in more or less emphatic protests against theosophy being referred to as a "religion," and the Theosophical Society as a kind of church or religious body. Still worse, it is as often spoken of as a "new sect"! Is it a stubborn prejudice, an error, or both? The latter, most likely. The most narrow-minded and even notoriously unfair people are still in need of a plausible pretext, of a peg on which to hang their little uncharitable remarks and innocently-uttered slanders. And what peg is more solid for that purpose, more convenient than an "ism" or a "sect." The great majority would be very sorry to be disabused and finally forced to accept the fact that theosophy is neither. The name suits them, and they pretend to be unaware of its falseness. But there are others, also, many more or less friendly people, who labour sincerely under the same delusion. To these, we say: Surely the world has been hitherto sufficiently cursed with the intellectual extinguishers known as dogmatic creeds, without having inflicted upon it a new form of faith! Too many already wear their faith, truly, as Shakespeare puts it, "but as the fashion of his hat," ever changing "with the next block." Moreover, the very *raison d'être* of the Theosophical Society was, from its beginning, to utter a loud protest and lead an open warfare against dogma or any belief based upon blind faith.

It may sound odd and paradoxical, but it is true to say that, hitherto, the most apt workers in practical theosophy, its most devoted members were those recruited from the ranks of agnostics and even of materialists. No genuine, no sincere searcher after truth can ever be found among the *blind* believers in the "Divine Word," let the latter be claimed to come from Allâh, Brahmâ or Jehovah, or their respective Kurân, Purâna and Bible. For:

"Faith is not *reason's* labour, but repose."

He who believes his own religion on faith, will regard that of every other man as a lie, and hate it on that same faith. Moreover, unless it fetters reason and entirely blinds our perceptions of anything outside our own particular faith, the latter is no faith at all, but a temporary belief, the delusion we labour under, at some particular time of life. Moreover, "faith without principles is but a flattering phrase for wilful positiveness or fanatical bodily sensations," in Coleridge's clever definition.

What, then, is Theosophy, and how may it be defined in its latest presentation in this closing portion of the XIXth century?

Theosophy, we say, is not *a* Religion.

Yet there are, as every one knows, certain beliefs, philosophical, religious and scientific, which have become so closely associated in recent years with the word "Theosophy" that they have come to be taken by the general public for theosophy itself. Moreover, we shall be told these beliefs have been put forward, explained and defended by those very Founders who have declared that Theosophy is *not* a Religion. What is then the explanation of this *appareut* contradiction? How can a certain body of beliefs and teachings, an elaborate doctrine, in fact, be labelled "Theosophy" and be tacitly accepted as "Theosophical" by nine tenths of the members of the T. S., if Theosophy is not a Religion? —we are asked.

To explain this is the purpose of the present protest.

It is perhaps necessary, first of all, to say, that the assertion that "Theosophy is not *a* Religion," by no means excludes the fact that "Theosophy *is* Religion" itself. A Religion in the true and only correct sense, is a bond uniting men together—not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning is that which binds not only *all* MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all *things* in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our theosophical definition of religion; but the same definition changes again with every creed and country, and no two Christians even regard it alike. We find this in more than one eminent author. Thus Carlyle defined the Protestant Religion in his day, with a remarkable prophetic eye to this ever-growing feeling in our present day, as:

"For the most part a wise, prudential feeling, grounded on mere calculation; a matter, as all others now are, of expediency and utility; whereby some smaller *quantum* of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a far larger *quantum* of celestial enjoyment. Thus religion, too, is profit, a working for wages; not reverence, but vulgar hope or fear."

In her turn Mrs. Stowe, whether consciously or otherwise, seemed to have had Roman Catholicism rather than Protestantism in her mind, when saying of her heroine that:

"Religion she looked upon in the light of a ticket (with the correct number of indulgences bought and paid for), which, being once purchased and snugly laid away in a pocket-pook, is to be produced at the celestiai gate, and thus secure admission to heaven. . . ."

But to Theosophists (the genuine Theosophists are here meant) who accept no mediation by proxy, no salvation through innocent blood shed, nor would they think of "working for wages" in the *One Universal* religion, the only definition they could subscribe to and accept in full is one given by Miller. How truly and theosophically he describes it, by showing that

". . . true Religion
Is always mild, propitious and humble;
Plays not *the tyrant*, plants *no faith in blood*,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;
But stoops to polish, succour and redress,
And *builds her grandeur on the public good*."

The above is a correct definition of what true theosophy *is*, or ought to be. (Among the creeds Buddhism alone is such a true heart-binding and men-binding philosophy, because it is not a dogmatic religion.) In this respect, as it is the duty and task of every genuine theosophist to accept and carry out these principles, Theosophy *is* RELIGION, and the Society its one Universal Church; the temple of Solomon's wisdom,* in building which "there was neither hammer, nor axe, *nor* any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building" (1. Kings, vi.); for this "temple" is made by no human hand, nor built in any locality on earth—but, verily, is raised only in the inner sanctuary of man's heart wherein reigns alone the awakened soul.

Thus Theosophy is not *a* Religion, we say, but RELIGION itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal and all-embracing that no man, as no speck—from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass

* Whose 700 wives and 300 concubines, by the bye, are merely the personations of man's attributes, feelings, passions and his various occult powers: the Kabalistic numbers 7 and 3 showing it plainly. Solomon himself, moreover, being, simply, the emblem of SOL—the "Solar Initiate" or the Christ-Sun, is a variant of the Indian "Vikarttana" (the Sun) shorn of his beams by Viswakarma, his Hierophant-Initiator, who thus shears the *Chrestos*-candidate for initiation of his golden radiance and crowns him with a dark, blackened auréole—the "crown of thorns." (See the "Secret Doctrine" for full explanation.) Solomon was never a living man. As described in *Kings*, his life and works are an allegory on the trials and glory of Initiation.

and atom—can be outside of its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name must necessarily be a UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Were it otherwise, Theosophy would be but a word added to hundreds other such words as high sounding as they are pretentious and empty. Viewed as a philosophy, Theosophy in its practical work is the alembic of the Mediæval alchemist. It transmutes the apparently base metal of every ritualistic and dogmatic creed (Christianity included) into the gold of fact and truth, and thus truly produces a universal panacea for the ills of mankind. This is why, when applying for admission into the Theosophical Society, no one is asked what religion he belongs to, nor what his deistic views may be. These views are his own personal property and have nought to do with the Society. Because Theosophy can be practised by Christian or Heathen, Jew or Gentile, by Agnostic or Materialist, or even an Atheist, provided that none of these is a bigoted fanatic, who refuses to recognise as his brother any man or woman outside his own special creed or belief. Count Leo N. Tolstoy does not believe in the Bible, the Church, or the divinity of Christ ; and yet no Christian surpasses him in the practical bearing out of the principles alleged to have been preached on the Mount. And these principles are those of Theosophy ; not because they were uttered by the Christian Christ, but because they are universal ethics, and were preached by Buddha and Confucius, Krishna, and all the great Sages, thousands of years before the Sermon on the Mount was written. Hence, once that we live up to such theosophy, it becomes a universal *panacea* indeed, for it heals the wounds inflicted by the gross asperities of the Church "isms" on the sensitive soul of every naturally religious man. How many of these, forcibly thrust out by the reactive impulse of disappointment from the narrow area of blind belief into the ranks of arid disbelief, have been brought back to hopeful aspiration by simply joining our Brotherhood—yea, imperfect as it is.

If, as an offset to this, we are reminded that several prominent members have left the Society disappointed in theosophy as they had been in other associations, this cannot dismay us in the least. For with a very, *very few* exceptions, in the early stage of the T. S.'s activities when some left because they did not find mysticism practised in the General Body as *they* understood it, or because "the leaders lacked Spirituality," were "untheosophical, hence, untrue to the rules," you see, the majority left because most of them were either half-hearted or too self-opinionated—a church and infallible dogma in themselves. Some broke away, again, under very shallow pretexts indeed, such, for instance, as "because Christianity (to say Churchianity, or *sham* Christianity, would be more just) was too roughly handled in our magazines"—just as if other fanatical religions were ever treated any better or upheld ! Thus, all those who left have done well to leave, and have never been regretted.

Furthermore, there is this also to be added: the number of those who left can hardly be compared with the number of those who found everything they had hoped for in Theosophy. Its doctrines, if seriously studied, call forth, by stimulating one's reasoning powers and awakening the *inner* in the animal man, every hitherto dormant power for good in us, and also the perception of the true and the real, as opposed to the false and the unreal. Tearing off with no uncertain hand the thick veil of dead-letter with which every old religious scriptures were cloaked, scientific Theosophy, learned in the cunning symbolism of the ages, reveals to the scoffer at old wisdom the origin of the world's faiths and sciences. It opens new vistas beyond the old horizons of crystallized, motionless and despotic faiths; and turning blind belief into a reasoned knowledge founded on mathematical laws—the only *exact* science—it demonstrates to him under profounder and more philosophical aspects the existence of that which, repelled by the grossness of its dead-letter form, he had long since abandoned as a nursery tale. It gives a clear and well-defined object, an ideal to live for, to every sincere man or woman belonging to whatever station in Society and of whatever culture and degree of intellect. Practical Theosophy is not *one* Science, but embraces every science in life, moral and physical. It may, in short, be justly regarded as the universal "coach," a tutor of world-wide knowledge and experience, and of an erudition which not only assists and guides his pupils toward a successful examination for every scientific or moral service in earthly life, but fits them for *the lives* to come, if those pupils will only study the universe and its mysteries *within themselves*, instead of studying them through the spectacles of orthodox science and religions.

And let no reader misunderstand these statements. It is Theosophy *per se*, not any individual member of the Society or even Theosophist, on whose behalf such a universal omniscience is claimed. The two—Theosophy and the Theosophical Society—as a vessel and the *olla podrida* it contains, must not be confounded. One is, as an ideal, *divine* Wisdom, perfection itself; the other a poor, imperfect thing, trying to run *under*, if not *within*, its shadow on Earth. No man is perfect; why, then, should any member of the T. S. be expected to be a paragon of every human virtue? And why should the whole organization be criticized and blamed for the faults, whether real or imaginary, of some of its "Fellows," or even its Leaders? Never was the Society, as a concrete body, free from blame or sin—*errare humanum est*—nor were any of its members. Hence, it is rather those members—most of whom will not be led by theosophy, that ought to be blamed. Theosophy is the soul of its Society; the latter the gross and imperfect body of the former. Hence, those modern Solomons who *will* sit in the Judgment Seat and talk of that they know nothing about, are invited before they slander theosophy or any theosophists to first get acquainted with both,

instead of ignorantly calling one a "farrago of insane beliefs" and the other a "sect of impostors and lunatics."

Regardless of this, Theosophy is spoken of by friends and foes as a religion when not a *sect*. Let us see how the special beliefs which have become associated with the word have come to stand in that position, and how it is that they have so good a right to it that none of the leaders of the Society have ever thought of disavowing their doctrines.

We have said that we believed in the absolute unity of nature. Unity implies the possibility for a unit on one plane, to come into contact with another unit on or from another plane. We believe in it.

The just published "Secret Doctrine" will show what were the ideas of all antiquity with regard to the *primeval instructors* of primitive man and his three earlier races. The genesis of that WISDOM-RELIGION, in which all theosophists believe, dates from that period. So-called "Occultism," or rather Esoteric Science, has to be traced in its origin to those Beings who, led by Karma, have incarnated in our humanity, and thus struck the key-note of that secret Science which countless generations of subsequent adepts have expanded since then in every age, while they checked its doctrines by personal observation and experience. The bulk of this knowledge—which no man is able to possess in its fulness—constitutes that which we now call Theosophy or "divine knowledge." Beings from other and higher worlds may have it entire; we can have it only approximately.

Thus, unity of everything in the universe implies and justifies our belief in the existence of a knowledge at once scientific, philosophical and religious, showing the necessity and actuality of the connection of man and all things in the universe with each other; which knowledge, therefore, becomes essentially RELIGION, and must be called in its integrity and universality by the distinctive name of WISDOM-RELIGION.

It is from this WISDOM-RELIGION that all the various individual "Religions" (erroneously so called) have sprung, forming in their turn offshoots and branches, and also all the minor creeds, based upon and always originated through some personal experience in psychology. Every such religion, or religious offshoot, be it considered orthordox or heretical, wise or foolish, started originally as a clear and unadulterated stream from the Mother-Source. The fact that each became in time polluted with purely human speculations and even inventions, due to interested motives, does not prevent any from having been pure in its early beginnings. There are those creeds—we shall not call them religions—which have now been overlaid with the human element out of all recognition; others just showing signs of early decay; not one that escaped the hand of time. But each and all are of divine, because natural and true origin; aye—Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism as much as Christianity. It is the

dogmas and human element in the latter which led directly to modern Spiritualism.

Of course, there will be an outcry from both sides, if we say that modern Spiritualism *per se*, cleansed of the unhealthy speculations which were based on the dicta of two little girls and their very unreliable "Spirits"—is, nevertheless, far more true and philosophical than any church dogma. *Carnalised* Spiritualism is now reaping its Karma. Its primitive *innovators*, the said "two little girls" from Rochester, the Mecca of modern Spiritualism, have grown up and turned into old women since the first raps produced by them have opened wide ajar the gates between this and the other world. It is on their "innocent" testimony that the elaborate scheme of a sidereal Summer-land, with its active astral population of "Spirits," ever on the wing between their "Silent Land" and our very loud-mouthed, gossiping earth—has been started and worked out. And now the two female Mahommeds of Modern Spiritualism have turned self-apostates and play false to the "philosophy" they have created, and have gone over to the enemy. They expose and denounce *practical* Spiritualism as the humbug of the ages. Spiritualists—(save a handful of fair exceptions)—have rejoiced and sided with *our* enemies and slanderers, when these, *who had never been Theosophists*, played us false and showed the cloven foot denouncing the Founders of the Theosophical Society as frauds and impostors. Shall the Theosophists laugh in their turn now that the original "revealers" of Spiritualism have become its "revilers"? Never! for the phenomena of Spiritualism are facts, and the treachery of the "Fox girls" only makes us feel new pity for all mediums, and confirms, before the whole world, our constant declaration that no medium can be relied upon. No true theosophist will ever laugh, or far less rejoice, at the discomfiture even of an opponent. The reason for it is simple:—

Because we know that beings from other, higher worlds do confabulate with some elect mortals now as ever; though *now* far more rarely than in the days of old, as mankind becomes with every civilized generation worse in every respect.

Theosophy—owing, in truth, to the *levée in arms* of all the Spiritualists of Europe and America at the first words uttered against the idea that every communicating *intelligence* is necessarily the Spirit of some ex-mortal from this earth—has not said its last word about Spiritualism and "Spirits." It may one day. Meanwhile, an humble servant of theosophy, the Editor, declares once more her belief in Beings, grander, wiser, nobler than any *personal* God, who are beyond any "Spirits of the dead," Saints, or winged Angels, who, nevertheless, *do* condescend in all and every age to occasionally overshadow rare sensitives — often entirely unconnected with Church, Spiritualism or even Theosophy. And believing in high and holy Spiritual Beings, she must also believe in the existence of their opposites—lower "spirits," good, bad and indifferent.

Therefore does she believe in spiritualism and its phenomena, some of which are so repugnant to her.

This, as a casual remark and a digression, just to show that Theosophy includes Spiritualism—as it should be, not as it is—among its sciences, based on knowledge and the experience of countless ages. There is not a religion worthy of the name which has been started otherwise than in consequence of such *visits* from Beings on the higher planes.

Thus were born all prehistoric, as well as all the historic religions, Mazdeism and Brahmanism, Buddhism and Christianity, Judaism, Gnosticism and Mahomedanism; in short every more or less successful "ism." All are true at the bottom, and all are false on their surface. The Revealer, the artist who impressed a portion of the Truth on the brain of the Seer, was in every instance a true artist, who gave out genuine truths; but the instrument proved also, in every instance, to be *only a man.* Invite Rubinstein and ask him to play a sonata of Beethoven on a piano left to *self-tuning*, one half of the keys of which are in chronic paralysis, while the wires hang loose; then see whether, the genius of the artist notwithstanding, you will be able to recognize the sonata. The moral of the *fabula* is that a man—let him be the greatest of mediums or natural Seers—is but a man; and man left to his own devices and speculations *must* be out of tune with absolute truth, while even picking up some of its crumbs. For Man is but a *fallen* Angel, a god within, but having an animal brain in his head, more subject to cold and wine fumes while in company with other men on Earth, than to the faultless reception of divine revelations.

Hence the multi-coloured dogmas of the churches. Hence also the thousand and one "philosophies" so-called, (some contradictory, theosophical theories included); and the variegated "Sciences" and schemes, Spiritual, Mental, Christian and Secular; Sectarianism and bigotry, and especially the personal vanity and self-opinionatedness of almost every "Innovator" since the mediæval ages. These have all darkened and hidden the very existence of TRUTH—the common root of all. Will our critics imagine that we exclude theosophical teachings from this nomenclature? Not at all. And though the esoteric doctrines which our Society has been and is expounding, are not *mental* or *spiritual* impressions from some "unknown, *from above*," but the fruit of teachings given to us by living men, still, except that which was dictated and written out by those Masters of Wisdom themselves, these doctrines may be in many cases as incomplete and faulty as any of our foes would desire it. The "Secret Doctrine"—a work which gives out all that can be given out during this century, is an attempt to lay bare *in part* the common foundation and inheritance of all—great and small religious and philosophical schemes. It was found indispensable to tear away all this mass of concreted misconceptions and prejudice which now hides the parent

trunk of (*a*) all the great world-religions; (*b*) of the smaller sects; and (*c*) of Theosophy as it stands now—however veiled the great Truth, by ourselves and our limited knowledge. The crust of error is thick, laid on by whatever hand; and because we *personally* have tried to remove some of it, the effort became the standing reproach against all theosophical writers and even the Society. Few among our friends and readers have failed to characterize our attempt to expose error in the *Theosophist* and *Lucifer* as "very uncharitable attacks on Christianity," "untheosophical assaults," &c., &c. Yet these are necessary, nay, indispensable, if we wish to plough up at least *approximate* truths. We have to lay things bare, and are ready to suffer for it—as usual. It is vain to promise to *give* truth, and then leave it mingled with error out of mere faint-heartedness. That the result of such policy could only muddy the stream of facts is shown plainly. After twelve years of incessant labour and struggle with enemies from the four quarters of the globe, notwithstanding our four theosophical monthly journals—the *Theosophist*, *Path*, *Lucifer*, and the French *Lotus*—our wish-washy, tame protests in them, our timid declarations, our "masterly policy of inactivity," and playing at hide-and-seek in the shadow of dreary metaphysics, have only led to Theosophy being seriously regarded as a religious SECT. For the hundredth time we are told—"What good is Theosophy doing?" and "See what good the Churches are doing"!

Nevertheless, it is an averred fact that mankind is not a whit better in morality, and in some respects ten times worse now, than it ever was in the days of Paganism. Moreover, for the last half century, from that period when Freethought and Science got the best of the Churches—Christianity is yearly losing far more adherents among the cultured classes than it gains proselytes in the lower *strata*, the scum of Heathendom. On the other hand, Theosophy has brought back from Materialism and blank despair to belief (based on logic and evidence) in man's *divine* Self, and the immortality of the latter, more than one of those whom the Church has lost through dogma, exaction of faith and tyranny. And, if it is proven that Theosophy saves one man only in a thousand of those the Church has lost, is not the former a far higher factor for good than all the missionaries put together?

Theosophy, as repeatedly declared in print and *viva voce* by its members and officers, proceeds on diametrically opposite lines to those which are trodden by the Church; and Theosophy rejects the methods of Science, since her inductive methods can only lead to crass materialism. Yet, *de facto*, Theosophy claims to be both "RELIGION" and "SCIENCE," for theosophy is the essence of both. It is for the sake and love of the two divine abstractions—*i.e.*, theosophical religion and science, that its Society has become the volunteer *scavenger* of both orthodox religion and modern science; as also the relentless Nemesis of those who have degraded the two noble truths to their own ends and purposes, and then

divorced each violently from the other, though the two are and *must be one.* To prove this is also one of our objects in the present paper.

The modern Materialist insists on an impassable chasm between the two, pointing out that the "Conflict between Religion and Science" has ended in the triumph of the latter and the defeat of the first. The modern Theosophist refuses to see, on the contrary, any such chasm at all. If it is claimed by both Church and Science that each of them pursues the truth and *nothing but the truth*, then either one of them is mistaken, and accepts falsehood for truth, or both. Any other impediment to their reconciliation must be set down as purely *fictitious.* Truth is one, even if sought for or pursued at two different ends. Therefore, Theosophy claims to reconcile the two foes. It premises by saying that the *true* spiritual and primitive Christian religion is, as much as the other great and still older philosophies that preceded it—*the light of Truth*—"the life and the light of men."

But so is the *true* light of Science. Therefore, darkened as the former is now by dogmas examined through glasses smoked with the superstitions artificially produced by the Churches, this light can hardly penetrate and meet its sister ray in a science, equally as cobwebbed by paradoxes and the materialistic sophistries of the age. The teachings of the two are incompatible, and cannot agree so long as both Religious philosophy and the Science of physical and external (in philosophy, *false*) nature, insist upon the infallibility of their respective "will-o'-the-wisps." The two lights, having their beams of equal length in the matter of false deductions, can but extinguish each other and produce still worse darkness. Yet, they can be reconciled on the condition that both shall clean their houses, one from the human dross of the ages, the other from the hideous excrescence of modern materialism and atheism. And as both decline, the most meritorious and best thing to do is precisely what Theosophy alone can and *will* do: *i.e.*, point out to the innocents caught by the glue of the two waylayers—verily two dragons of old, one devouring the intellects, the other the souls of men—that their supposed chasm is but an optical delusion; that, far from being one, it is but an immense garbage mound respectively erected by the two foes, as a fortification against mutual attacks.

Thus, if theosophy does no more than point out and seriously draw the attention of the world to the fact that the *supposed* disagreement between religion and science is conditioned, on the one hand by the intelligent materialists rightly kicking against absurd human dogmas, and on the other by blind fanatics and interested churchmen who, instead of defending the souls of mankind, fight simply tooth and nail for their personal bread and butter and authority—why, even then, theosophy will prove itself the saviour of mankind.

And now we have shown, it is hoped, what real Theosophy is, and what are its adherents. One is divine Science and a code of Ethics so

sublime that no theosophist is capable of doing it justice; the others weak but sincere men. Why, then, should Theosophy ever be judged by the personal shortcomings of any leader or member of our 150 branches? One may work for it to the best of his ability, yet never raise himself to the height of his call and aspiration. This is his or her misfortune, never the fault of Theosophy, or even of the body at large. Its Founders claim no other merit than that of having set the first theosophical wheel rolling. If judged at all they must be judged by the work they have done, not by what friends may think or enemies say of them. There is no room for *personalities* in a work like ours; and all must be ready, as the Founders are, if needs be, for the car of Jaggennâth to crush them *individually* for *the good of all.* It is only in the days of the dim Future, when death will have laid his cold hand on the luckless Founders and stop thereby their activity, that their respective merits and demerits, their good and bad acts and deeds, and their theosophical work will have to be weighed on the Balance of Posterity Then only, after the two scales with their contrasted loads have been brought to an equipoise, and the character of the net result left over has become evident to all in its full and intrinsic value, then only shall the nature of the verdict passed be determined with anything like justice. At present, except in India, those results are too scattered over the face of the earth, too much limited to a handful of individuals to be easily judged. Now, these results can hardly be perceived, much less heard of amid the din and clamour made by our teeming enemies, and their ready imitators—the indifferent. Yet however small, if once proved good, even now every man who has at heart the moral progress of humanity, owes his thankfulness to Theosophy for those results. And as Theosophy was revived and brought before the world, *viâ* its unworthy servants, the "Founders," if their work was useful, it alone must be their vindicator, regardless of the present state of their balance in the petty cash accounts of Karma, wherein social "respectabilities" are entered up.

NOTICE.

☞ WITH the December Number of LUCIFER will commence the publication of a Serial Story entitled "THE SPEAKING IMAGE OF OOROOR," by Dr. Franz Hartmann, Author of "Paracelsus," "Magic White and Black," "Jehoshua," etc., etc. To those acquainted with this gifted and versatile writer, further recommendation of his new story is unnecessary.

WAITING.

I STAND and wait on this wind-smitten shore,
Which many wrecks have strewn with plenteous store
Of wood, and stone, and hapless broken things,
Whereof mine hand hath striven to fashion wings;

Strong wings to cleave the heavy darkened air,
And swift as light my yearning spirit bear
Unto that garden, lilied, green, and cool,
Where my Love waiteth, calm and beautiful.

But, ah! the hope that set my hands to toil!
And ah! the wroughten feathers that should foil
The envious distance! . . . When I sought to fly
My false wings failed me, fluttering aimlessly.

Then, swift I cast them to the cold, grey sea,
And watched them slowly drift away from me;
"Go ye where He hath gone!" I madly cried,
"I yield Love scorn for scorn!" and angry-eyed

Once more I sought from wreckage round my feet
To carve some treasure, and yon winding street
Whereby the little village skirts the foam,
I built despairing for my spirit's home.

Look where I set each small house, carven fair,
With wreathëd gables, that the sharp sea air
Might stain and colour in its wondrous way,
And note each flowerful garden, where the spray

Drifted like snow, till fragrance more intense
Than slow-swung censor, brimmed with frankincense,
It drew from my pale roses, and I said,
"Now were I full content, tho' Love were dead!"

E'en as I spoke a strong, fierce wind sprang high,
And hideous, angry clouds strode thro' the sky ;
While like wan flakes of moonlight, white and sweet,
The wailing sea-gulls cowered to my feet.

Swooning with fear, my faint heart spake to me,
"What hast thou done? Because Love smiteth thee,
"And hideth for a season his fair face,
"Hast thou lost memory of His olden grace,

"Whereby thy life grew sweet as Paradise?
"And where thy look fell angels met thine eyes?
"Know, graceless one, His hand but leadeth thee
"Thro' bitter wind, and cruel, angry sea!"

Ah me, that day! If Love led me or no,
Hard was the path o'er which my feet must go!
And when night fell, lo! merest wreckage there,
Lay my carved houses, and my gardens fair!

For bruised soul, wings and house for resting place
Of sick, sad heart athirst for his blest face,
Wrecked . . broken . . hopeless . . shelterless I stand,
And grope 'mid darkness for Love's guiding hand. . .

One day, perchance speeding with eager feet,
Flame-shod, flame-pinioned, down the winding street,
Thro' my life's ruins comes a messenger
Whom Love hath sent for guide and comforter.

Here must I wait beside the wailing sea,
Whereon the cruel winds moan bitterly,
Hardly the wreckage of my heart's lost home,
Athirst and weary till the Lightener come.

EVELYN PYNE.

THE FUNCTION OF ATTENTION IN PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT.

TRUE study of any branch of knowledge consists in giving the matter of that branch such repetitions of *attentive* consideration that it at length becomes an integral part of the domain of the consciousness, and can at any time, under any correlated stimulus, be made use of by automatic mental action.

True Study of an Art consists, primarily, in the *attentive* repetitions of the action of the physiological organs, involved in the productions of that Art, until that action becomes automatic, and is as well and so naturally performed as any original reflex physiological function.

In these definitions the word qualifying the necessary processes is the adjective *attentive*, denoting the presence of *attention* in the operation. Without this word the definitions would not merely be imperfect, they would be essentially incorrect and misleading.

Only in the quality of being *attentive* can the reiterated consideration and the reiterated action, respectively, result in the *possession*, on the one hand, of a new realm of knowledge, or, on the other hand, of a new area of power.

What is the *nature and manner of expression* of this supreme quality Attention?

An appreciative intellectual grasp of the answer to this question and a realisation of the function of its subject in the processes of human personal evolution, should be recognised as fundamental elements in the knowledge and understanding of the true educationist, be he teacher or not.

The word Attention is used largely, but loosely, in educational employments, yet we have no other word with which, habitually, to express that *attitude of the consciousness* which, in any study or acquisition of power, is absolutely and continuously demanded, in order to ensure intrinsic results. The term *concentration* is more literally correct in this relation, but concentration has, with most persons, too limited and too special an application to render it available for ordinary use instead of Attention.

Yet the Attention we are discussing, the attention of all knowledge-acquiring processes, may perhaps be better understood and realized if it is regarded as *Concentrated Attention.*

Attention is that condition or attitude of consciousness in which its rays are *steadily and unintermittently centred* upon the thing being done or the subject of study. This may be presented to the consciousness

by one or more of the special senses, or it may already be a content of the mind; the special element in the attitude being *the intentness with which the consciousness operates.* This intentness of gaze must proceed to such a degree that all other sensible or mental objects, except *the one*, become excluded from its range.

In the effort to do this—to *maintain* concentrated attention, the Will of the individual is brought into play, and its function in the process may be compared to that played by a burning-glass held between the sun and the surface of an object. If it is intended that the sun's rays shall produce, through the burning-glass, a definite and observable effect, the glass must be held in such a relation to the object that the rays of light converge upon *one spot.* This spot, or focus, then receives the whole force of the rays that pass through the glass; it alone, of all the surrounding surface, is brought out into relief and operated upon. In like manner the Will, in sustaining attention, focuses the rays of the consciousness, with all their inherent dynamic forces, upon one circumscribed area, physiological, mental, or moral, as the case may be, wherein lies the work to be done.

Thus we see that Attention is intentness of Mental Vision, concentrated and maintained by action of the Will. It is not a separate function or property of the mind, like perception, imagination, reason, &c., as some psychologists might lead us to suppose, but *a mode of action*,—the true mode of the Will's action. In other words it is the *definite, efficient expression of the Volition or Will-force* of the individual.

The functions perception, conception, imagination, &c., are *instruments* of the Ego for operating upon the phenomenal world and upon mental appropriations of that world; when one or more of these thus operates with all its force, undiverted from its employment by any surrounding object, then Attention is exhibited.

Will is the manifestation or action of the *real human Ego;* Attention designates the mode in which that manifestation is functionally exhibited, and by which alone permanent results are produced.

In relation to the psychological realm in which Attention is a feature, we may formulate the following scheme. This scheme may serve to make the general bearings of the subject clearer and to more definitely indicate the part played by Attention in all psychological phenomena.

The *source* of mental movement arises in	Emotion	=	the desire to know.
The *direction* of the movement lies with	Reason	=	how and what to know.
The *machinery* of the movement is provided by	The mental activities (Perception, etc.)	=	the means by which the knowledge is gained.

The *maintaining force* of the movement resides in the	Will (the Energy of the Ego).	= the mode by which continuity of operation is ensured.

The efficient relation of the two last groups of factors to each other, and their joint relation to the object under study, are expressed by our term Attention. The Will holds the mental activities employed *rigidly and persistently* to their work.

The Ego, through Volition, can only establish relations with objects external to itself *through the mental activities*, Perception, Conception, Judgment, Imagination, &c., and to effect this, the latter must be maintained in operation in a direct line between the Ego, represented by Volition, and the object to be studied ; just as the gun of the sportsman must be held with exact precision longitudinally between his eye and the object he desires to hit. If the gun be allowed to deviate in the least degree from the exact line of vision, the sportsman misses his object, so, also, if Perception, or Conception, or Judgment, or Imagination, whichever of these activities or faculties is in use, is permitted to lose its *direct* bearing upon the work in hand absolute failure of purpose ensues. In this illustration the steady maintenance of the gun in precise position is a parallel to the psychological action of Attention.

When we grasp the full bearing of the truths here pointed out, we cannot fail to perceive the significant relation which the mental attitude of Attention holds to *all* educational processes and employments, nor can we assign it too prominent a position in laying down true and efficient methods of culture. Let Volition, the Mental Activities, the Light of Reason, the Physiological System of nerves and muscles, and vast mines of possible knowledge, all be provided ; what intrinsic and permanent result can be accomplished amongst them if the manner in which they are used does not include Attention ?

Modern Education fails, as evident to all thoughtful observers of human life, very largely because of its neglect to maintain this essential factor of personal evolution in its due place. The desultoriness, aimlessness and mental commonplaceness of the general adult life around us, spring from this omission.

Modern Education, in its multitude of subjects, in its haste in passing from one subject to another, and in its lack of precise aim, exhibits *desultoriness* in employment of time and faculty.

Desultoriness is the antithesis of Systematic Attention.

Modern Education rules over an area from which nothing new arises as the fruit of *its* fostering care, it brings no new thing into being from out its world of chaos.

This results from its desultoriness of method and action.

The Human Will is, however, a natural *creator* when it operates through *Concentrated Attention*, but education fails in its true mission as a stimulus

and guide to individual creative force, because of this unreasonable neglect of a fundamental principle.

Every area of acquired skill is a new creation; it has a real, patent existence and is an object of possession and use in the world of human life, which did not exist previous to its evolution by the personal Will operating through the mental activities upon a physiological chaos.

To prevent possible confusion of thought in tracing out the subject, it may be remarked here that there is a mental attitude to which the term, Attention is commonly applied. This may be termed Passive Attention.

Passive Attention rules the consciousness when one listens to an eloquent speech or interesting lecture.

In such instances the Will is in abeyance, the consciousness being probably held entranced by forces which the Occultist might term *Mantramic.*

Passive attention also rules when the mind follows an absorbing train of thought. But this form is not that demanded for personal growth; educationally it is of slight value and without necessary relation to our subject.

Attention plays its necessary part in each one of the realms or planes of life to which the human individual belongs:—

1. On the physical plane;—in the physiological realm of the special senses and the nervous and muscular systems. Conscious action under its rule in this realm results in *skill,* the basis not only of all art and artistic performance, but of every nicely adapted movement of the human limbs and frame for practical purpose or for the display of agility and gracefulness.

2. On the mental plane;—in the psychological realm of concepts comparisons, judgments, deductions, speculations and ideals. On this plane intellectual energy under the control of Attention, creates logical systematic and consecutive forms of thought, true panoramic fields of vision out of detached intellectual details, and new emotional forms of power and beauty.

3. On the moral plane;—in the spiritual realm of supreme truths, vital principles, gropings after the Infinite, the laws of human relationships, and the application of all these to the entire conduct of the personal life. In this supreme area the moral sentiments and spiritual aspirations after perfection of life, concentrate their attention upon *definite details* of personal thought and behaviour, the production of grace of spirit, reliability of disposition, agreement of conduct with principle, altruism in all its effective forms, and the development of a personal influence ever tending towards the evolution of a vitalizing social harmony.

In the evolution of personal life, when the object of its action is an area or detail of any one of these realms, Attention may be termed

specific, and when the control of the adopted *purpose of existence as a whole* is maintained through its means, establishing an efficient and well-ordered unity amongst the many divisions and details of that purpose, then we may designate Attention as *supreme*.

"Genius" has been defined as "an infinite capacity for *taking pains*." The expression "taking pains" is merely a synonym for "close attention to *minute details*." "Close attention to details" takes each brick of which the "mansion for all lovely forms,"—the structure of personal knowledge, capacity and ability, is to be built, and carefully places it in *its due position, cementing it there at once*. The structure so put together is substantial, capacious, beautiful, and efficient.

This structure, the result of infinite pains long continued, is that which the world wonders at and worships and calls Genius. Nearly all men, if first guided and supported along the toilsome track and afterwards urged along it by pressure of their own Wills, might develop some form of power and skill which would elevate them considerably towards that height from which Genius looks down, and thus render the ordinary world much less commonplace, monotonous and unskilful than it is at present. To sum up:—

Concentrated Attention is the expression of the Will, and Will is the central, animating force proceeding from the Ego. Will, operating under the condition of Attention upon the chaos of its attendant world, and co-ordinating the energies, forces and movements of that world, converts it into a realm of form, power, and purpose, centreing around the Ego.

This constitutes Personal Evolution resulting at length in a perfected Individuality, the *creation of its own Will*.

I.

LIFE.

What is our life? . . . A beetling precipice
  O'er which we stagger thro' a moonless night,
  And mutely grope for landmarks, craving light
Which should reveal hid treasure that we miss;
Yet know not if the dark be prejudice
  Of faithless eye, or lack of grasping sense
  To solve the end, made dim by inference
Of wingless reason. . . . We clasp close and kiss
A shadow meeting us, and yet I wis
  Are struck atwain, with bleeding, maddened hands,
  That strain out wildly towards th' imagined lands
Where light dwells always, and where life is bliss . . .
Alas, we reach them not! . . . Yet have no fear,
Love leads when we are blind, and Love is here!

EVELYN PYNE.

ACCURSED!

II.

(Continued from the October Number.)

MANY years had elapsed. After the bombardment of Sevastopol, after all the horrors of the war, the national and personal losses, the tears and sufferings of all Russia, the empire had once more resurrected to life; and shaking off the nightmare of the Past, it had sufficient time to begin a new life, and to realize that this war had been for our greater glory, not for our moral death. The Reform of 1861 had entirely transformed the broad face of the Russian Empire. Nevertheless, the entirely groundless forebodings, utterly unjustified by the course of events, with regard to *possible* rebellions and dangers arising out of the dissatisfaction of hard-shelled serf-proprietors—had not quite disappeared from the public mind, when I happened to read in the newspapers the account of a bloody act of reprisal resorted to by the peasants belonging to the property of Countess Sedminska, against her land-agent. Our old friend, *Pan* Matzevitch, it seems, liberation of the serfs notwithstanding, had attempted *quand même* to pursue his despotic and barbarous rule with the ex-serfs, and had paid dearly for his past crimes. The peasants had executed Lynch-law, murdered him, and reduced to chips the house wherein he had lived and tortured them for over twenty years under the all-powerful command of his high-born *châtelaine* and protectress.

"And where was *she* meanwhile?" I involuntarily wondered, after reading the terrible account. "Had not she even attempted to save from death her faithful servant and confederate?" About two years later I learnt that the old Countess was now living abroad, having left her castle some years earlier. She had avoided being present at the event of the emancipation of her peasants, whom she feared—not without good and abundant reasons. Such was my personal conclusion. As to the newspaper reports, which had brought once more to my recollection that antipathetical personality, they said nothing of the true reason of her expatriation; but, on the contrary, praised and glorified the great virtues and generosity of the "Polish Countess and millionaire." She was now endowing with unstinting hand schools and churches, near Cannes or Meran, or some such foreign resort, so well-beloved by our Russian boyars. "Seeking to atone for her sins!" I thought again; "wants to feed the French and the Italian beggars, as a penance for having starved her own Russian peasants." . . . Perchance she is now openly converted to Roman Catholicism. But no! The Countess

Sedminska did not believe so implicitly as all that in God and her own soul, to thus change, for the sake of the salvation of the latter, her faith to the evident detriment of her terrestrial interests. She knew too well for that the value of her Russian income. Secretly, she of course preferred Roman Catholicism. She found it more agreeable for her personal relations with cultured, sweet-spoken *ksionds* and reverends, who expatiated to her in the choicest French dialect upon the charms and profits of the Pope's "Indulgences," than the uncouth Russian confessors, totally unfit for an elegant drawing-room. But, on the whole, she was quite indifferent to any faith or religious question. At any rate, such she remained till a short time before her death; when suddenly and most unexpectedly she threw herself headlong into the wildest bigotry and fanaticism. So much I learnt, at any rate, after her death, when I came quite accidentally across her kinsman and my friend, Korzanof, the officer who had married her niece. That meeting was very original. It struck me forcibly at the time and remained impressed on my memory for many reasons, the least of which was its association with a vivid and beautiful picture.

It was on a lovely and sunny afternoon on the Mediterranean, in Gaëta. He was travelling in Europe *en grand seigneur*, to satisfy a whim of his wife and his fifteen-year-old daughter—the despot of both her parents; I, as an idle and aimless tourist, attracted less by the gorgeous scenery of the place than by the military fame—still very loud in those days—of the fortifications to which the Neapolitan Queen was indebted for her decoration of our Russian St. George's Cross. . . .

We met, as I said, quite accidentally on the terrace of an hotel covered, as every respectable Italian *trattoria* generally is, with a wealth of ivy, vines, and climbing roses, and at first passed each other without either of us recognising an old friend. It was by his voice that I knew him, when I heard him addressing in Russian a tall and very pretty girl, who moved under the marble steps of the terrace among an exuberant jungle of jasmine and tuberoses. On both sides of the terrace the picturesque shores of the gulf, bending in the shape of a horseshoe, stretched out far away decked with pretty vine-covered villas and studded with poor fishermen's huts. On our right arose the fortress and harbour with its wealth of chimneys, masts and sails. In the distance, behind the fort, an old monastery, and nearer on our side the mass of dark green bowers, of orange, lemon, and almond trees, laden with their golden fruits, bunches of grapes hanging everywhere, high and low, fastened by their flexible, climbing stalks wherever there was anything to fasten upon. The air was one glowing mass of light and sunbeams, whose waves vibrated in the hot atmosphere, full of colours and perfumes. Right before us stretched the blue expanse of the sea, sparkling and undulating in the southern sun like liquid topazes and sapphires, rolling its golden ripplets further and further away; until meeting on the

furthest edge of the horizon with the azure, cloudless sky, both finally merged into each other, to form one opalescent vapoury wall, upon the face of which small fishermen's boats appeared and reappeared, one moment lost in the radiant light, then suddenly emerging on the shining white surface with their white sails and dark masts vigorously marked upon the dazzling screen. . . . It was in the midst of such Southern, fairy-like scenery that we two Northerners met; and, once the mutual recognition made, like two genuine Russian bears, we pawed each other, and fell upon each other's neck, clasped in a warm and tight embrace after almost twenty years' separation. Korzanof introduced me to his daughter, and made me renew my acquaintance with his wife, still handsome, though rather too fat now for a model beauty. She recognised me immediately, declaring that I was hardly changed at all. I assured her, with the most graceful and innocent smile I could put on, of the same.

"Just as he ever was!" she went on, exclaiming, "The same Ivan Nikolaevitch as sixteen years ago. . . . it seems sixteen days hardly. Who would have thought of meeting *you* here!"

"Yes," I said, "and a lovely land this is to meet in. . . . plenty of warmth and light. . . . a little different from our Northern country. It is not fair, in us, however, to complain of our climate. . . . Have you visited, since your marriage, your aunt, or her castle?"

"O yes! . . . Didn't you know that both she and my cousin, the Princess Tcherterinska had died? . . . . I have become sole heir to all the property of my aunt Sedminska. . . . ."

"Indeed! Receive my best congratulations. . . . I am glad for your sake. In that case you must sometimes pass the summer in the palace of Rujano Lyass? . . . ."

"Oh no, Heaven forbid! Rujano-Lyass is now sold . . . . for some factory or foundry. We even avoid visiting my husband's property, as it is too near the dreadful old castle. . . ."

"Hum! . . . Yes, friend," coughed Korzanof, eagerly interrupting his wife; "it is indeed a disagreeable neighbourhood. We would have never approached that terrible house even if we had not had the luck to get rid of it. . . . Hang it! I am glad it was burnt to ashes."

"Burnt! . . . . That superb palace? Impossible! But you must have lost with it a whole fortune!"

"We do not regret it!" eagerly put in the wife; but her husband interrupted her once more:

"If you only knew what happened there!" . . . . he exclaimed, and suddenly stopped. He had perceived his daughter approaching us with a large bouquet of flowers.

I saw the parents exchange a rapid and suggestive glance, and hastened to chance the conversation.

Very luckily for my curiosity, the daughter had come to remind her

mother of a projected boat excursion to the monastery. Under the shallow pretext of rheumatism, the father got leave to remain at home, of which I felt very glad.

"Come, mamma, make haste!" exclaimed the petted child. "This gentleman will be kind enough to keep papa company. . . . won't you?" she asked me with a pretty girlish smile.

I hastened to consent, feeling extremely curious to hear from my friend further particulars about the mysterious burning of the castle.

The two ladies left, and we two men remained alone on the terrace. Here, under the sunny sky of Italy, in the shadow of orange and pomegranate trees, with the accompaniment of a far away tarantella and laughter, and the songs of the merry children of the South, with glasses of Moscow tea before us, I listened to the narrative of my friend: a narrative so weird and fantastic, that I was at first disinclined to believe in its actuality; until . . . . well, until just such a *strange event*, as mentioned at the opening of this true tale of mine, came to prove to me its veracity and actual occurrence.

These are the main facts, as briefly given to me by Korzanof.

About three years before, soon after the terrible murder of Matzevitch, the Countess Sedminska was taken ill, and died. She expired in terrible tortures after an unheard-of agony which lasted for over a year. Most of her friends believed she had gone mad. Korzanof and his wife were of this opinion until they got convinced *through personal experience* that the visions which, as she complained, tormented her night and day were no fictions, but a terrible reality. . . . Long before her last illness, the countess had suddenly become attacked with *insomnia*; nay, she had entirely lost the power of sleeping. For whole nights she used to walk about her vast rooms like a forlorn shadow, and very soon her servants came to remark that her behaviour was becoming very extraordinary. She seemed to be ever seeing an invisible *presence* near her. Cautiously moving about, stopping with sudden starts and horror painted in her eyes, she was, moreover, frequently overheard talking loudly to some one, whom no one could perceive but herself. Her monologues were angry, the tones of her voice getting at times full of disgust and fury, while on other occasions they became full of terror and supplication. . . . She had called the best physicians to her help, and tried every remedy, visiting for that purpose every metropolis and watering-place of Europe, but had nowhere found either relief, or even simple rest.

Strange to say, it was not the doctors who believed or insinuated that she was becoming mad, but she herself who tried to persuade the physicians of her growing insanity. During the last months, her eccentricities and violence had reached such a pitch that no hotel or lodging-house would have her, notwithstanding the fabulous rents offered to them, while no servants would remain with her at any price. There came a day, finally, after her physicians had almost concluded to take

her to a lunatic asylum, when suddenly she became calm and declared that she was going to start on that same day, on her return journey to Russia. On the eve of her departure, her maids had watched and seen her through the keyhole going through a whole pantomime, while quite alone in her bedroom. Hitherto she had almost knocked them off their feet by claiming night and day their incessant presence and attendance upon her, in the hope, perhaps, that a third party might put a stop to her habitual hallucinations. But she became very soon convinced that it was of no use, as she was the only one to perceive certain manifestations. These became only the more menacing for the presence of a third person. Henceforth, the Countess clamoured no more after someone to keep constant watch near her ; and then it was that her maids and footmen, who were now watching to gratify their own curiosity, once saw the extraordinary scene that took place in the bedroom of their wretched mistress. They testified that during one of such *fits*, the countess commenced by becoming angry with some invisible person in her room ; then, getting furious, she violently stamped her feet, made threatening gestures, as if she were repelling some unseen assailant ; after which a regular fight took place—"with empty air," as the witnesses expressed it—the proud old lady clutching *at space*, pushing it off, with every sign of something resisting her, and then falling down as if an invisible opponent had overpowered and conquered her at last ! . . . After this she usually went through a whole scene of strangulation, becoming black and blue in the face, with her tongue protruding from the mouth and her eyes starting from their sockets, looking as though she was almost choked. Usually, this weird pantomime concluded by her humbling herself abjectly before her "imagined" adversary. Going down on her knees, she used to begin a scene of supplication, first imploring and then solemnly pledging herself to some promise. This ended by her watching with terror someone leaving the room and finally disappearing. On the morning following one of such performances, she ordered the servants to prepare everything for their departure, and a week later she was back in her castle.

At first she seemed to get relief in Rujano Lyass. Even sleep, which had almost forgotten her, returned during the first days, acting beneficently on the nerves of the miserable old woman. Masses were daily said for the repose of the soul of her murdered land-agent ; a marble cross with a crucifix on it was placed over his tomb, and a magnificent railing surrounded his last resting-place. His two children received each 50,000 roubles, and she gave a large sum of money for the local *kostiol* (Roman Catholic Church) for perpetual masses, so that the name of the victim should be mentioned daily in it during the service, for ever and all times to come. In short, everything that money could do, was done to honour and perpetuate the memory of the infamous Pan Matzevitch ; far more was done, in fact, for him than had

ever been done for her own daughter, when that young and hapless princess died in 1854, soon after leaving Rujano Lyass.

It became plain to all that the chief disturber of her peace and nightly rest was that same ex-confederate of hers. People began to talk openly of this. It was whispered that those most meritorious efforts of the old Countess to quiet and propitiate his sinful soul had been evidently crowned with success, since the high-born *Pani* Sedminska had now ceased to be troubled at nights. But this happy state did not last very long. Suddenly she began to ail again, took to her bed, and new visions seemed to pursue her. To these were now added hitherto unheard-of phenomenal manifestations.

Before that, she used to be the only one to see and hear the presence and the discourses of her invisible tormentors. But now things changed.

In that enormous empty ancestral castle of hers things so terrible began now to occur daily, and almost hourly, that every man, woman, and child deserted it, leaving her quite alone. Unfortunately for her, the days of serfdom had passed, never to return again ; the Countess could not keep servants against their will. The result of this was, that as the large house became gradually emptied of its living inmates, it received tenants of another kind : it became, in short, overcrowded with *beings* so far visible to herself alone, but *audible*, on the other hand, to many. Indeed, visitors, servants, and even casual passers-by, gentry as well as peasants, often became terrified eye-witnesses to the most extraordinary and inexplicable manifestations. Illuminations and fires would suddenly light up at the midnight hour in reception-rooms shut up for years, and that were now never entered by anyone. On certain nights the illumination lasted so long, and was so brilliant, that the neighbours remained under the impression that the Countess Sedminska had once more opened her house to visitors, and was giving balls and festivals as in the days of old. At other times, meteor-like flames suddenly appeared in the house and, traversing the long suite of the inhabited rooms, disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as they had come. The heavy, securely-locked and bolted gates of the main entrance were often seen flung open, as by some invisible porter ; this was followed by the heavy rumbling of wheels on the avenue, of carriages as invisible as the rest, after which the hall and other doors leading to the reception rooms opened of themselves, as if to receive a host of guests. Then, from the modest ground floor where, having entirely abandoned the rest of her splendid domain, the invalid *châtelaine* had taken up her abode, the inmates began to hear quite plainly the noise of doors opened and shut, the loud clicking of locks, and the moving of the heavy furniture. On such occasions, to the shuffling of numerous footsteps and the noise made over the aching head of the unfortunate invalid, were added such unearthly howlings, sobbing, laughter, cries, and the stamping of hundreds of feet, that the servants fled from her rooms in irrepressible

terror. They could be prevailed to stop only by being paid fabulous wages ; and even then, they had to be changed weekly. Gradually, these manifestations, striking with fear the rare visitors to Rujano Lyass, began to take place not only at a distance, but in their very presence, thus passing from the realm of possible hallucination and superstitious fear, into that of fearful reality—objective and visible to all. For hours all the door-knobs of the apartment occupied by the dying Countess used to turn of themselves with loud grinding noises, threatening to break into pieces without any visible cause ; windows were flung open simultaneously ; the creaking noise of footsteps and the rustling of clothes was heard, and the *audible* presence of invisible and numerous *somebodies* was added to that of the living visitors, during the day, as well as during entire nights. Books were moved and opened, and their pages turned by unseen hands. Then, as a terrible climax to all this, people began to meet daily in the house on their passage—*strangers*. Mistaken at first for living beings, they were known for what they were, only when they disappeared on the spot, and after several persons had seen one and the same thing over and over again.

It was then that the Countess Sedminska threw herself headlong into the darkest and most fanatical asceticism. It was then only that, deserted by all, and thus left in the power of her mysterious persecutors—harmless even if visible, to everyone else, and endowed only with regard to the lady of the Manor alone, with the terrible power of not only frightening, but actually of bodily torturing her at their own sweet pleasure—it was then, it appears, that she bethought herself of a God, who could, perhaps, protect her. Then the castle was filled with priests, and holy sacraments, and holy water. From morn till night ceremonies of exorcism took place, and masses for the repose of the souls of various individuals, dead and long forgotten, were daily chanted. Nor would the Countess have ever thought of any of them, in truth, had they not themselves forcibly brought their *personalities* to her recollections. But alas, nothing proved to be of the slightest use ! Quite the reverse. For the more the titled victim prayed and fasted, the bolder, as if to spite her, were these weird manifestations. So bold and impudent had this deviltry at last become, that it was with dread and fear that the Russian priest (the same meek Father Wassiliy, whom we all knew) had to start daily from his humble home on the way to the haunted castle. For thither was he now summoned, often twice a day, by her who had all her life deemed it foolish and superstitious to turn to the prayers of the Russian orthodox church. But it was not for himself the good priest feared, but lest the sacred objects he was carrying with him should be desecrated in this doomed abode of sin. He had a right to dread such an emergency ; for, to the knowledge of all, and agreeably to her own confessions, such like desecrations had happened She had summoned him, she said, as a last resort, in the hope that his prayers and holy water might keep at bay her tormentors, *those who made*

prayer impossible to her, do what she might. No lamp could ever be made to burn before the crucifix and images; hardly lit, the lights were extinguished with ominous sounds—as though water and sand were thrown over them. No sooner did she touch her prayer book or bible, than the pages began turning of themselves with vertiginous rapidity in her hands, a strong current blowing from the four quarters to change into a regular whirlwind, limited, strange to say, to a small area of space around her, and affecting no one and nothing else in the room. The holy volume was usually snatched and torn away from her hands. At other times, a thick mist would arise between her and the pages, if she wanted to read by day; and if in the evening, then no sooner did she stretch out her hand to reach the bible than all the lights in the house would go out as if by magic.

"I cannot pray!" she repeatedly answered in despair, to all the admonitions made by the priest. "I cannot, do you not understand? *I want*, and I cannot! *They do not allow me to*. . . . What can I do? Advise me! . . ."

What could the simple-hearted Father Wassiliy advise, or say to her? He felt himself awed and quite helpless amidst this terrible flood of purely demoniacal obsession.

"She was indeed a martyr, during the last few months of her life," remarked Korzanof in concluding his strange story. "A genuine martyr, indeed! You know, I did not like her. All of us knew she was a wicked woman, with more than one crime on her conscience; but I feel sure that the suffering of the latter part of her life has atoned for many of her great sins. It was impossible to see, without pitying her. . . . As ill luck would have it, we had, on that particular and last year of her life, to visit our property, which is near hers, as you know. She sent for us immediately; thus, *nolens volens*, we had to visit and—stay with her. . . . But such visits, old man, were indeed feats, on our part, to be wondered at; feats, not only Christian, but truly heroic. . . ."

"How so? Have you also seen ghosts and marvels, then?"

"Ask rather what were the marvels we have *not* seen. Whenever I come to think of it now, all that terrible past seems to me a hallucination, a hideous nightmare. Nor would I have failed to convince myself in the end that it was a dream and no more, had I not witnesses beside me, who saw and heard the same as I did."

"Your wife? Has she heard and seen things, also?"

"She did, and more; *she saw and recognised*. . . ."

"Whom? and what can you mean?"

"The truth. Do you recollect the woman found dead at the gate of the park, with a knife in her hand?"

"The young wet-nurse? . . . Of course I do. . . . Well, and did your wife see her too?"

"With her own eyes, old man! She met her at the end of the great

passage near the rooms of the chamber-maids, at twilight; and, needing a servant girl for something, she called her. The woman turned round and stood before my wife the living image of what she had been! Just the same as Sasha had known and remembered her. But after so many years she might have failed to recognise her, had it not been for her face distorted with suffering, and the long knife she was pressing to her breast. . . ."

"The knife? . . . God save us . . . a knife beyond the grave! Why, Alexandra Vladimirovna must have surely dreamt it. . . ."

"Dreamt it? No she has not. *The woman with the knife* was too often seen, and by too many, wandering about the castle before, and after that vision. She was among the most frequent mysterious visitors of our unfortunate aunt . . . and then, why should my wife have dreamt it? She had known her during life, but had not seen her, as you and I did, lying dead under the wall of the park; and she had only heard the legend about the knife she was armed with later, and had never paid attention to it. But meeting her face to face in the passage, she recognised her at a glance and—remembered. . . We had a mass said for her and a fine cross placed over her grave."

"Well, and how did *that* work? Has she finally found rest?" I queried, not without some doubt in my mind as to the reasonableness of my query and of the conversation in general.

"I do not know. Perhaps. The "*wet nurse*" was hardly met with, in the castle after that; but my wife was so frightened that she took to her bed for several days. I was at an utter loss to know what to do. She would not remain in the castle, and she would not leave without me; meanwhile, the old woman was evidently approaching her end, and it was impossible to leave her alone. She implored and adjured us by everything holy to us not to desert her! Lucky it was that our daughter had remained with her uncle at Moscow, so that she knows nothing to this day of the horrors that took place. . . . We told her nothing."

"Very wise, too. And does this deviltry still go on? Ah, but I remember now, you said that the palace of Rujano Lyass had been burnt down? . . . But how, and why should such a gigantic mass of stone and marble burn down at all?"

"Just so; and there was a new mystery, and another marvel, to boot. Mark well, that after her death the mansion stood uninhabited, every door and window in it being securely closed and nailed. Not a soul within! not even a gate-keeper, as none would stop there for any amount of money. How did it burn? Who could have set fire to the four corners of such an immense stone building? All these questions are so many problems to us to this day. Anyhow, my wife and I felt overjoyed when it did burn down. For, we had been already contemplating either to take it to pieces or to sell it; but so long as it preserved its imposing appearance, and remained the palace of palaces of the whole

province, we had not the heart to pull it down. We felt ashamed to sell that old family heirloom to the Jews. . . . But once it had become a mass of ruins, and that its walls, burnt to cinders, was all that remained of it, why should any of us regret it? Besides this, we received a very considerable sum of money even for the ruins. Thank God, our daughter is no beggar, anyhow, and she *is* an heiress, with or without the palace of Rujano Lyass!" concluded Korzanof, with a smile of satisfaction on his blooming face.

We remained silent. My friend was evidently drifted away from the memory of the past by the ambitious pictures rising in his loving fancy with regard to the future of his only and dearly beloved child; I, occupied with reflections about the wonders that I had just heard, and the new and magnificent panorama offered to us just then, by the glory of the setting sun. . . .

VERA JELIHOVSKY.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

THE vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy.
Thine is the friend of all mankind;
Mine speaks in parables to the blind.
Thine loves the same world that mine hates;
Thy heaven-doors are my hell-gates.
Socrates taught what Meletus
Loathed as a nation's bitterest curse;
And Caiaphas was, in his own mind,
A benefactor to mankind.
Both read the Bible day and night;
But thou read'st black where I read white.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S "Poetical Works,"
Aldine Edition, p. 144.

A BUDDHIST PRINCE'S VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE NATURE OF MAN.*

BROTHERS, allow me to converse with you about my own conviction relating to the Universe and the Nature of Man, or rather about what I understand from the truths taught by our beloved, merciful and omniscient LORD BUDDHA, to whom we all owe our morality in present lives, and our destiny in future.

The Lord taught us that all things, both known and unknown, are without exception, subject to the law of impermanency or changeableness ; and that man's cause of re-birth is no other than his own ignorance of nature, together with his good or evil actions in life, which will make him reap sweet or sour fruit in his future existence. What the Lord has taught us is, that what will remain permanent and everlasting are Akasa and Nirvana.

The former means the Universe, which I understand to comprise all matter, force, and space ; and if this idea be correct, of course, all the heavenly bodies are also included in this term. This Akasa (or Universe) although it is self-existing, absolute, infinite, universal, and perfect, without beginning and without end, is yet subject to the immutable law of changes.† According to my own opinion, I think that all the heavenly bodies are but the inhabitants of infinite space ; just in the same manner as we, ourselves, are the inhabitants of this earth. The difference, I suppose, being only in the scale of construction and perfection both physically and psychically. If this belief is reasonable, I then infer that the heavenly bodies are born in something the same manner as ourselves : that is, by virtue of existing species. The factor of this virtue is, I understand, the force of attraction inherent in the molecules of matter, either dormant or active ; because we all know that we move, work, and do all actions by the forces which are inherent in our bodies ; and not by the mere lifeless matter which constitutes our physical systems.

This important idea being understood, I will go on further to suppose that if this solar system of ours, which includes the sun, the moon, and planets, were to be destroyed, or die out by efflux of time, the matter which constitutes their bodies will naturally decay and be turned into elements, while their forces become dormant ; just as in the case with ourselves, our bodies when we die will be turned into the elements out of

* This letter was sent by His Royal Highness the Prince of Siam to the *Theosophist*, where it appears simultaneously with its publication here.—[ED.]

† A contradiction. A thing cannot be absolute and still subject to change. What H. R. H. means to say, we suppose, is that space or the abstract universe (Akasa) is infinite and immutable ; but that this universe is subject to changes in its periodical manifestations.—[ED.]

which we are made. When such an event occurs, according to my own conviction, all the other systems of heavenly bodies existing in space, will naturally, by virtue of their affinities to this system, form out of the molecules of matter and dormant forces a new system to supply the vacancy. And this process, of course, is done entirely by mutual attractions or forces.*

Now we come to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and to these again I suppose that the same law applies that, by virtue of the living species, new beings are made up by the attractions of their affinities from the remains of those which have died long before.† Thus from heavenly bodies down to animals and vegetables, the same principle of reproduction is going on round and round without end. When one has lived long enough and died or changed away the substance of its body, by virtue of the forces or attractions of the rest, the dead one or the changed matter and dormant force is brought to life again ; and so on the existence is kept up by mutual dependence. But in such a process of reproduction or of attraction, we must not forget that, in the course of time the forms and properties of all bodies, both heavenly and earthly, are undergiong a series of unknowable changes. Now I will pass from materialism into the abstract, and in doing so, I must summarize what I have before mentioned—when I say there are forces or attractions inherent in all matter or molecules of matter either dormant or active I also say that we move, work, and do all our actions by the forces that are inherent in our bodies, and not by the mere lifeless matter which constitutes our physical bodies. By this conviction we can, therefore, plainly see that the important factors in all bodies are only their forces or attractions while physical matter is but of secondary importance.

Let me now proced further to a more complex and critical part of nature than that regarding which we have spoken—that is to say, the soul of man and his succession of re-births. The soul is conceived by many people as an immortal entity in man, which governs his body in life ; but how at his death it leaves him, either to be re-born or to live with an imaginary god, is beyond my comprehension. What I call a soul is nothing but the active force or attraction in man which, when he dies, must die with him.‡‡

* This is certainly not orthodox *exoteric* Buddhism. But it comes very near to our *esoteric* philosophy or "Budhism" (Wisdom religion) taught by our Lord secretly to his elect Arhats.—[ED.]

† *This is precisely* the doctrine taught (See "Secret Doctrine" Vol. II.) with regard to the animal world, of which all the bodies of *mammals* have been formed out of the cast off atoms of various mankinds which preceded ours. Animals were "created" later than Adam and brought to him to be named (*Vide*, Chap.ii., *Genesis*). In the Purânas, it is the various Rishis who are the reputed parents of divers animals and even of birds and amphibious monsters.

‡‡ This is too materialistic—we fear. The "Soul" is certainly not immortal, but the ETERNAL KARMIC EGO, *that* which re-incarnates, *is*. This is esoteric philosophy, of course, not orthodox Buddhism.

Reader, because of my thinking thus:—I hope you will not take me for an unbeliever in the verified laws of re-birth and of Karma, but hear me patiently, and you will see that I am a true Buddhist. I believe that our souls in this life are but the results of attractions or volitions created through ignorance of nature, by dead men at the time they were dying, and not the souls of the dead that are within our bodies. In short, I believe that we are but the images or representatives of their good or evil characters during life, taken by a process of natural photography. If this belief can be granted as being reasonable, I infer further that the power of volition or attraction in man is as inconceivably great as that in nature itself, that is to say, man has power to exercise mentally, more or less, his attraction over the forces of beings; that he can form out of such forces any imaginary picture of his thoughts, or put them in motion in somewhat the same manner as he does physical objects. But so long as he lives, the pictures of his thought, or the forces that he has put into motion, will be imperfect, so that they cannot take a re-birth.

This is owing to the exercise of volition being not exhaustive, or to his neutralizing it by turning his attention to other matters. The process, however, takes place very decidedly and effectually at the time he is dying, no matter whether he is sensible or not—his mere habits being quite sufficient for the work. In proof of this fact the modern science of mesmerism stands as witness. Although I am not personally acquainted with this science, yet I sincerely believe that it is an undoubted fact. Now, taking for granted my conviction is correct, I may explain further how a dying man takes his re-birth. I believe that in the case of an ordinary man, *i.e.*, a man who is full of passions and inclinations it may be for this earthly life, to continue his existence, or it may be to cease for ever from existence; in short, who has all kinds of yearning desires which assert his psychical force or volition at the time he is dying, perhaps so strongly that they form an exact picture of his thought in the molecules of dormant forces of long dead beings that may be present in the air, and the once dead spirit, thus coming into motion again, is taken up, in obedience to the law of force, by a living person who possesses a similar disposition to the dying man himself.

To speak briefly, I believe that the dying man asserts his volition or transmits the picture of his good or bad character to the spirit or dormant force of long dead beings, and when the latter becomes thus charged with motion, it is taken up by the attraction of a living person. As a comparison for illustration, when an artist paints his own likeness, the materials which he uses for colours are not made from material parts of his body, but from ordinary materials outside; so the process of re-birth is effected by a dying man through the assertion of his thinking habits; from the elements outside; just as the phonograph is effected by the motions of the voice. The process of re-birth, however,

takes place at death only, because then the exertion of physical thought, being exhaustive, is quite fixed for ever, and the connecting links of active attraction cease to generate from the body. Just as if the earth's attraction ceased, the moon, its attending satellite, must inevitably be displaced from its course.

Thus goes on the great wheel of Sansara, without beginning and without end, until one is wise enough, and has acquired in his habits the non-inclination to put to motion, or to assert his psychical image on the element or dormant spirits of long dead beings, when he is completely free from that whirling wheel of nature, and attains the blessed state of NIRVANA, the only everlasting abode of happiness in subjective existence. This explanation will be found to agree with the teachings of our enlightened LORD BUDDHA, particularly in his denial of the existence of a soul, such as is generally believed to exist. And from this belief we are able to infer that there is no such soul in man as will leave him when he dies, either for the purpose of taking a re-birth, or to live with God; or that it can move of its own accord or under any influence of the laws of nature. For if there is actually a soul like this, there can never exist NIRVANA. As I have already mentioned, our LORD has taught us that the only things that can exist for ever are the Akasa and Nirvana. And this Akasa, according to what I understand, must include all matter, force and space. Now if there exists an objective NIRVANA,* it must also be included in the Akasa, because the latter is including even space, and if there is NIRVANA just as there is Akasa, the former must naturally be either matter or space, otherwise a moving soul cannot live in it. Now, you will see that there can be no such NIRVANA in which a soul can live to enjoy an everlasting happiness, because if there be such, it must be within the Akasa, and the soul in it therefore, according to the law of changes or Karma, must inevitably take a re-birth again. The true subjective NIRVANA is just the reverse of the objective Akasa, as heaven, or hell, is the reverse of our objective earth. It is true that to go to heaven or hell it requires a supposed soul or a psychical image to impress on the dormant spirits, in order that it may be taken up by the attraction of a deva or a hellish being according to circumstances; but then, heaven or hell is included in the Akasa, because the earth itself is but a speck of the Universe, and consequently the beings in it are still subject to natural changes. While in the case of NIRVANA there needs no supposed soul, or any picture of thought whatever, as NIRVANA itself is but nothingness, therefore it requires a free, pure, innocent soul of nothingness to live in it. If any one should ask, "If NIRVANA is nothingness, what good is there in craving for it?" I must then ask the inquirer whether he really enjoys constant

* No "objective Nirvana" can exist in Nature. Nirvana is *a state*, not a mode of visible objectiveness, nor a locality. Nirvana, as Nagasena said to the king, IS—but does not exist.—[ED.]

changes, or whether he likes the sorrows and sufferings attending life both physically and mentally.

This is a sufficient answer as to why wise men wish for the attainment of NIRVÂNA.

Just a few more words about the non-existence of a soul which survives death. Suppose any one holds that there is such soul in man, I must then ask him courteously whether he knows, or can guess, out of what such a soul is evolved. The answer may probably be that it is made from matter, or force, or space, or a combination of all these, or one or two of these without the other; or perhaps that God made it out of nothing. Now the reader will see that this answer means that in course of time, a day will come when all the souls which are made out of the substances enumerated will all enter NIRVANA, or else ascend to heaven somewhere outside the Universe, and no more beings will exist; nay, even all the heavenly bodies or space itself will exist no more, because then all matter or force, and even space which forms the Universe, are all used up. What will then be the aspect of the empty Universe? This is the reason why I am unable to believe that an immortal soul exists.*

I must now go back to the objects we call inanimate, which includes all the heavenly bodies and the whole of nature with the exception of animals. These again are, according to the law of force, subject to a nearly similar process of re-birth. The only difference is that which arises from the fact that the animate and the inanimate differ in their construction and mode of existence. To explain the process I must repeat again something of what I have said with regard to man; that the dying body asserts powerfully though ignorantly its inclinations or its attractive forces as its habit may dictate when in health, so that if in the case of a heavenly body the nebulous matter or the elements of long dead heavenly bodies become charged with action, by the aid of attractions from all other heavenly bodies, these gradually assume the form and property of the dying body, as in the case of re-birth with man, Thus goes on the process of Akasa, whirling its great wheel round and round with myriads of imaginable and unimaginable changes.

All I have said will, I hope, be found in harmony with the teachings of our enlightened LORD as well as with the belief in spiritualism,† mesmerism, and all other natural powers by which phenomena are produced

* His Royal Highness is evidently unacquainted with esoteric philosophy. The latter believes neither in a God who fabricates souls out of nothing, nor that there is such a thing as any place "outside" the Universe, since the Universe is infinite and limitless. But we must also demur to the idea that SPACE can ever be "used up," whether during Manvantara (or life cycle) or during *pralaya*, the period of absolute Rest, when SPACE remains the same, *i.e.*, eternal, immutable, as it ever was, and as it will ever be, since abstract SPACE is but another name for the absolute ALL.

† This is to be doubted, as belief in spiritualism presupposes belief in the survival of the soul and that H.H. denies such a soul in man. Not being sure of what is meant by soul here, however, the Editor leaves this an open question.

by man. And you will see at a glance that there cannot exist a personal or intelligent God who is supposed to be the Guardian of the Universe, for the system of all the natures I have enumerated is so perfectly complete in itself, that by virtue of the mutual dependence of matter, force and space, the system is able to keep up its self-existence for ever, without requiring any beginning from God at all. Brothers, we also see that all things which form the Universe, from the heavenly bodies down to ourselves, are nothing different in nature, and what we glorify as a reality of happiness or what we hate as an actual sorrow in life, is in truth no other than nothingness. The worlds, stars, vegetables, animals, and all things which we take to be different, are nothing but the results of changing operations of matter, forces and space, which form the Universe.

Brothers, we now plainly see that nothing material or immaterial, either in our bodies or our minds, can be a soul that will survive death; our true souls, and selves that will take re-birth are simply the good or bad actions done in life. So then, Brothers, while we are as yet but on the threshold of NIRVANA, let us strive to cultivate an universal love, which will undoubtedly tend to good actions, the only tools with which we can paint our perfect likenesses at death.*

In conclusion, I may mention that my conjecture is in perfect harmony with the principles of nature.

1. That all natures exist in pairs, or opposites.
2. That all natures act and exist only by mutual dependence.
3. That no nature can ever produce something out of nothing.
4. That all natures act on objects in succession.
5. That all natures seek to unite with their affinities.

All these rules apply to physiology as well as psychology.

* KARMA, TANHA and SKANDHAS, are the almighty trinity in one, and the cause of our re-births. The illustration of painting our own present likeness at death, and that likeness becoming the future personality is very poetical and graphic, but we claim it as an occult teaching. What H.R.H. means to infer, as we understand it, is this. At the solemn moment of death no man can fail to see himself under his true colours, and no self-deception is of any use to him any longer. Thence the following thing happens. As at the instant of drowning man sees marshalled past his mind's eye the whole of his life, with all its events, effects and causes, to the minutest details, so at the moment of death, he sees himself in all his moral nakedness, unadorned by either human flattery or self-adulation, and, as he is; hence, *as he*, or rather, as his astral double combined with his *Kama* principle—*shall be.* For the vices, defects and especially the passions of the preceding life become, through certain laws of affinity and transference, the germs of the future potentialities in the *animal* soul (*Kama rupa*), hence of its dependent, the astral double (*linga sharira*)—at a subsequent birth. It is the *personality* alone which changes; the real reincarnating principle, the EGO, remains always the same; and it is its KARMA that guides the idiosyncracies and prominent moral traits of the *old* "personality" that was (and that the EGO knew not how to control), to re-appear in the *new* man that will be. These traits and passions pursue and fasten on the yet plastic third and fourth principles of the child, and—unless the EGO struggles and conquers—they will develop with tenfold intensity and lead the adult man to his destruction. For it is they who are the tools and weapons of the Karmic LAW OF RETRIBUTION Thus, the Prince says very truly that our good and bad actions "are the only tools with which we paint our likenesses at death," for the *new* man is invariably the son and progeny of the old man that was.—[ED.]

Now, Brothers, for want of time, I must close my article here, and if you take pleasure in my conjectures or the truths that I make out, I shall be very pleased to converse with you further in another article, on subjects relating to the law of Karma, heaven, hell, causes of fate and chance, and other matters of interest.

I do not intend to mislead any one by my article, but I ask you to consider it only as the statement of my own convictions in relation to the teachings of our Blessed LORD. If you will be good enough to criticize my belief I shall be exceedingly obliged.

I avail myself of the opportunity of wishing you all, Brothers, a long life, happiness and prosperity.

CHANDRDHAT CHUDHATHAR,
Prince of Siam.

THE NEW SIGN.

The day of the Cross is over!
  The somberous Western sky
Is swept by a mighty sign
  From nadir to zenith high.

It trembles in flitting light
  Where Earth, in her furthest swing,
Hung th' pall of man's darkest night
  On th' Universe's outmost ring.

But now, from that bound retreating
  Toward th' Infinite Central One,
We see, 'gainst the dark we're leaving,
  The sign of the Hidden Sun.

Its figure no man may utter;
  But all who have seen its light
Are stars in the pallid dawning
  Of Humanity's passing night.

In th' hour when th' life-wave rolled
  Through the mystical Gate of Man
That shadow,* athwart the sea,
  The reign of the Cross began.

Its sceptre, from that far time,
  Through Æons and Kalpas untold,
Swayed th' tides of that ocean sublime—
  The "Great Deep" of force manifold.

But now lies the might of The Cross
  In Kali-Yug's deep purple grave,
And th' sign of the Hidden Sun
  Shapes the course of the worlds and the wave.

MARY FRANCES WIGHT, F.T.S.

* The shadow of the Gate.

WAS HE MAD?

I.

"THE senses," said the Professor as we were sitting over the fire one evening, "the senses are of course our only messengers from the world of existence. They five are the only travellers on whose accounts we have to rely for our information concerning the Isness of the Universe. And they five are each acquainted with a different aspect of the Universe. Just as different facts and observations impress variously different voyagers to new lands, so each of these our five messengers comes to us rendering his own peculiar version. If there had been one less of these messengers, we should have had a very different notion of things. Now the most important of the senses is of course—— "

"The sense of Sight," I interposed.

"Certainly not," he said. "No, the most important undoubtedly is the sense of Touch. Not only because all the senses are but modes or forms of the sensation of touch, but for other reasons. The sense of Sight is the sense of Touch awakened by the impinging of a wave of ether, just as hearing is the Touch of a wave of air. Taste and Smell too are the results of Touch in the glands and tissues and nerves of the body itself. But the importance—the super-importance of Touch is more manifest when we consider that by it we become aware of the three dimensions of matter. I am speaking of Touch in its ordinary sense now, apart from its operation in Sight, Hearing, Taste and Smell. Were it possible to imagine ourselves bereft of the power of touch while retaining our other senses, we should imagine ourselves in a condition in which we could not possibly have any evidence of such a thing as we now call thickness. It would not enter into our experience, nor consequently into our imagination."

"Stay a moment," said I, "surely you are going a little too far. I follow you when you say it would not enter into our experience—at least, I think I follow you, though it is exceedingly difficult to clear one's mind of this notion of the three dimensions of space, after being from the dawn of consciousness accustomed to it. It is, I say, very difficult to imagine oneself without it. You might as well try to rid your mind of the idea of time, and then conjecture what manner of ideas would then remain in the mind. It cannot be done without long and deep thought. But even granting that you are right and that all our ideas of perspective and of the trinal dimensions of matter are not due to the stereoscopic effect of our binocular vision, but that they accompany that stereoscopic effect as associations of the results of experiments in the sense of touch,

I am still at a loss to understand how that can preclude imagination from picturing to itself so extremely simple a condition of matter as a cube—nay I can hardly think imagination conld avoid falling into the idea, for space itself must needs have three dimensions—no more and no less—to fill it."

"We had better stop there," said the Professor, as I was just about to explain myself at further length, "as you are already slipping into a good many fallacies. Let us look at this matter a little more closely before our ideas become more complicated and therefore confused. You do not see why imagination cannot picture things which are not stored in memory by experience. This is your fundamental fallacy. A very little thought would show you clearly that imagination can only combine and arrange in fresh forms the materials which it finds in the memory. Can you imagine a colour not in the solar spectrum? Peacock-blue! Why surely all the shades of which this compound colour is made up exist in the rainbow. No; I say, tell me if you can picture in your mind a new tint altogether—a simple colour not compounded of nor resembling any tint you ever saw? You cannot? No, certainly not. Of course not. Not because there are no such colours, for it happens there are, but because there are none in your memory. A man, blind from his birth, cannot imagine either light or colour because they are not in his experience. The fact that imagination arranges and does not originate thoughts—analyses, synthesises, classifies, sub-divides, re-combines and so forth, the various materials in the storehouse of the memory, but creates them not, is well known to every beginner in philosophy—it is almost an axiomatic doctrine."

"This is true enough," I said, as I felt myself getting wedged into a corner, though I thought I could still see a loophole of exit. "But you cannot deny that many things have been imagined which have never had any existence in experience at all, or how could a novelist or a dramatist originate such characters as a Hamlet or a Touchstone or even a Pickwick or a Sam Weller?"

I saw the absurdity of my remark as I spoke. How often has it happened to me that the very utterance of a false argument seems to invoke the spirit of its refutation. Especially has this been the case in my talks with the Professor. Often enough when I have laid before him difficulties which I have puzzled over all my life, the solution has burst forth upon me while I spoke—like a lightning flash darting across the cloud of my doubt. I fancy it must be that the explanation is so uppermost in the Professor's mind that its "sphere," as he calls it, extends into my understanding even before he utters it forth in language. And on this very occasion, I felt my argument answered by a silent forerunner of the Professor's reply.

"Surely," he said, "these very instances that you quote are as good witnesses as could be selected for the truth of what I was just saying.

Shakespeare and Dickens were above their fellows in these two things —that they observed better and could put their observations more aptly into language than others."

But still I was unwilling to allow myself completely vanquished.

"But how about Shakespere's Julius Cæsar?" I said. "You cannot pretend that he observed the doings of a man who died centuries before?"

"Why not?" replied the professor, and in a moment I again felt within me the mysterious precursor of his reproof.

"Can we not observe the dead," he continued, "when we have their lives and actions before us in black and white? Can we not——"

"Enough!" I cried. "You are right, and my whole interruption was uncalled for. Proceed. You were telling me, and I see it now, that but for the power of touch we should not, even in imagination, conceive of a third dimension."

"No, we should not," he said. "I am glad that is quite clear, because that is the fundamental statement on which rests all that I am about to remark. If, indeed, some one among us, or some man in past times, or some being of superior intelligence, were to give us an account of a third dimension of space, which with our four senses (supposing we had only four) we could not of ourselves have discovered, we should still find ourselves unable to attach any very clear meaning to his words. We should but be like men, blind from their birth, listening to an account of the wonders of light. We could take it on faith, and if we had reasons for giving credit to the revealer of this unknown and unimaginable dimension of matter, we should probably do well to trust him for this declaration of a third dimension, although we should not be able to understand. It would be faith—not knowledge. Now what I want to arrive at is this:—If the addition of one sense provides us with such a different aspect of the whole universe, is it not a little more than probable that, were yet another superimposed upon the five, we should have an altogether fresh view compared with which the cube itself would be but a superficies?"

"Now," said I, "you are beyond my depth. That is a thing I cannot at all comprehend. The cube fills up all space as it seems to me, and compare it with what you will, it cannot appear to be a superficies."

"I see," he remarked, in a tone of evident disappointment, "that you have missed the purport of all that I have been trying to say."

He was wrong, for I saw more than I pretended to see. But I disliked metaphysical theories about a possible fourth dimension, and did not wish to drift off into surmisings about the Unknowable, a course which has always seemed to me unscientific and unprogressive.

"How can I put it to you in a clearer light?" he added presently, after pausing for a while and looking intently into the fire. "Look here," he

exclaimed, as though he had suddenly found the key to my understanding "Do you believe that there is a Spiritual World?"

"Yes," I said slowly, wondering into what corner this admission would drive me. "Yes, I don't think physical phenomena are at all explicable without some sort of postulated metaphysical."

"Good expression," he said in a satisfied way, which made me think I had really said a clever thing. "You think," he continued, "that a spiritual world exists, but of its nature you know nothing."

"Exactly," I answered.

"Well, what is the difference between believing in a spiritual world—a postulated metaphysical, as you neatly express it—and in believing that the three dimensions are not the all in all of being."

I paused, feeling confused and uncertain and hardly knowing where we were. "Do you mean," I said hesitatingly, "that a spiritual world and a fourth dimension are identical?"

"Why not?" asked the Professor, with extraordinary emphasis and earnestness.

"What a strange fancy!" I said, "but it pleases me, I must confess; and though the idea is so new to me that I cannot on the moment pronounce any definite opinion upon it, yet certainly I think I have never heard any theory of spiritual existence that seems more possible and more reasonable. The notion is nevertheless enshrouded in vague clouds of doubt which prevent me from accepting it at once, but it is full of suggestions of its own truth."

"Think it over," said the Professor, looking at me steadfastly as he rose to take his departure, "and if when I next call you are confirmed in the opinion, I shall make you my confident for strange disclosures," and with a firm grasp of the hand he bade me good night and left.

For more than an hour after he departed, I sat over the dying embers of the fire reflecting deeply upon this singular idea; and the more I thought it out the more reasonable and the more possible it appeared, and something made me feel it must be true.

II.

IT was two weeks before the Professor and I again found an occasion for a quiet chat alone, though we met once a few days after at the house of a friend. It was a singular fact, which I had often noted with surprise, that the Professor would never enter into a philosophic vein of talk except when we were alone together. We frequently met socially, but no matter how small and select the circle, he would never rise above the most common-place conversation in the presence of a third person. In-

deed, he would always appear a man with very little to say for himself, for it was his maxim that people should argue on general matters only occasionally, on political matters very rarely, and on religious matters never. So that with these three channels of converse barred, and philosophy vanished, there was little opportunity left for him to show the real depth and fertility of his intellectual nature. If anyone introduced any abstruse subject, he would promptly and skilfully turn the drift of conversation, and edge off the deeper question as though it were something too sacred to be allowed in the social circle. To me, of course, who knew him more intimately, he was a very different being ; in fact, I might say I knew, or seemed to know two Professors—one the learned metaphysician, and the other the easy-going, inoffensive *sine quâ non* of certain dinner-parties. I once asked him—the metaphysical one, I mean of course—why he kept up this dual nature, and allowed himself to be so needlessly under-estimated by all except myself.

"I have a purpose to serve," he answered, "in making you my Elisha, and the real fact is that I have no special desire for unnecessary confinement in a mad-house, which might be my lot were I to say publicly some things that I know. Of course, I might guard my most advanced and difficult utterances, but when certain mysteries are daily present to me, it is not easy in speaking of them, to keep within bounds, and I should run the risk of my supposed insanity being certified by the infallible decrees of orthodox medical science. Even if I were not actually made to suffer physical restraint, there is little doubt I should be branded as a harmless lunatic, a consummation I naturally object to, not only personally, but because it would be a serious blow to my mission in the world."

This reply it was that first roused my suspicions, not, indeed, as to the Professor's sanity, for I knew him too well not to be fully convinced that his mental faculties were of the highest order, but as to what his "mission" might be, and I began to fancy he had some discovery or secret with which he was thinking of entrusting me. And I was not altogether wrong.

On the 7th of November, 1886, just a fortnight after the conversation narrated in the first chapter, I was again with him alone, sitting as before over my fire. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and after a rather dreary pause, he again referred to his anxiety that the world should not be permitted to ridicule and misjudge his advanced notions.

"Now, candidly," he said, "what do you yourself suppose an ordinary business man would think of such a conversation as our's of about a fortnight ago?"

"I should expect him to smile, and put us down as two rather over-inoculated patients of M. Pasteur," I said.

"Good," answered he, laughing. "That is to say, they would suppose that we had taken into our systems such a lot of his hellish virus that we had gone stark, staring mad."

"That puts it more plainly still," said I. "We should no doubt be reckoned mad—harmless madmen. In fact, it was but the other day I was speaking to a friend of mine—one of the shrewdest men I know, and he began talking about the very matter that we were speaking of—a a possible fourth dimension of space. How such a subject crept up in our conversation I forget, but I know his remark was that he always considered that a man who could believe in such damned nonsense as that must have a tile loose."

The Professor turned impatiently in his chair, and gave the fire a vigorous and vindictive dig with the poker.

"The shrewdest man you know!" he exclaimed sarcastically. "And you—what did you say to this shrewdest man?"

"Well, I hardly knew what I ought to say. I could not find courage to confess that I was at least half a believer in this very folly that he was deriding. Moreover, I felt that I knew so little about the matter that I certainly could not give any lucid reason for the half-faith that I held; and therefore, though I blush to say it, I gave way to a strong temptation which beset me to change the subject, and no doubt my friend believes at this moment that I have as much contempt as he for such wild notions."

"There is no need to blush because you carried out the scriptural precept not to cast your pearls before swine," said the Professor. "Your shrewd man was not the kind of man to be able to comprehend the possibility of anything existing which could not be made manifest to his five senses. Because his five fingers each touched one point of the great universe, there was no room for a sixth point. That would be his style of logic! What end, then, could be served by talking to such a man of things which were as far beyond the scope of his mind as heaven is above earth. Your silence was commendable. But enough of him. Let us now have a little serious talk. I have some remarkable disclosures to make to you if I find you in a due state of receptivity—as I have reason to suppose I shall find."

What could he mean, I wondered.

Presently he went on: "I have made up my mind," he said, "to show you some very wonderful experiments which I cannot demonstrate to the world at large, simply because, like your 'shrewd' friend, people would only think me mad, and would not believe even if I showed them the experiments before their own eyes. For the generality of men do not believe a thing because it is shown to be true, unless it is '*orthodox*' —unless 'any of the rulers' have believed in it, and, above all, unless it is what they want to believe. But first of all you must make up your mind that nothing which I am about to show you shall alarm you, however strange and unusual it may be. And now look here . . . ."

CHARLES E. BENHAM.

(To be continued.

LETTERS ON MAGIC AND ALCHEMY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE term "occult" is applied to certain things which are beyond the power of being perceived by the external physical senses and which can be known only in a higher than the ordinary state of consciousness. To those who are able to enter that superior consciousness in which the spiritual faculties are opened, these things will cease to be "occult"; but to those who are deficient in that power, and especially to those who deny the possibility of any higher perceptive faculty than that of the external senses, the inner mysteries of Nature will be incomprehensible, and the reading of books on metaphysics and occultism will perhaps have no other effect than to disorder their imagination. The inner mysteries of the "Temple" cannot be unveiled; it is the observer himself who must remove the veil that hangs before his eyes; there is no other key to the understanding of Nature than the power of understanding itself.

Logical argumentation and inductive or deductive reasoning are good enough as far as they go, but they are only crutches for those who cannot walk on their own legs; they are means by which those who cannot see certain things may form a more or less correct opinion as to how these things would look if they were able to see them; they are the aids of speculative science, but they do not convey real knowledge, for real knowledge is the direct perception and understanding of a truth as it is and not merely as what it is said or imagined to be.

Real knowledge is therefore not obtained by mere theoretical speculation but it is the result of *experience*, and as a person without well-developed external senses can have only an incomplete experience in regard to external and sensual things; likewise he who is unconscious of the things of the spirit can have no real knowledge of spiritual truths; nor can he who is in possession of real self-knowledge communicate it to another who has no such experience; for however true a thing may be to him who knows, it will be only a matter of opinion or belief to those who have not had the same kind of experience.

It is therefore exceedingly difficult to speak in a comprehensive manner about things in regard to which the majority of mankind have only very vague opinions, and even the terms which must be employed to express thoughts on occult subjects differ widely in their meaning according to the intellectual or spiritual standpoint of the reader. No sooner is a new term applied to signify some spiritual power, it is immediately travestied and misapplied to external things by those who have not the least conception that such powers exist. Thus the word

"Faith," which originally meant "spiritual knowledge," is now universally misapplied for "belief" or "creed"; "attraction" is called "love," while, in fact, it is only the reaction of love; "begging," *i.e.* the requests for the gratification of selfish desires, is called "prayer," which in its true sense means the aspiration of the soul for the highest, implying entire forgetting of self; "magic," or the exercise of spiritual powers for a *wise* purpose, is misnamed "witchcraft," &c., &c.

Terms are misleading unless they are properly understood, and to avoid as much as possible such an unfortunate misunderstanding, it will be necessary to preface the following articles by giving an exact definition of some of the terms used therein:

God.—The infinite, unlimited, unconditioned, omnipresent and unmanifested *Absolute;* the intellectually incomprehensible, fundamental and universal *Cause* of all that exists, in which all exists and in which we all are, and live, and have our being.

Substance.—The universal invisible essence of which all visible and invisible forms are made; whether in its transcendental aspect as "Mind-substance" or the matter which gives shape to thoughts; or in its more gross, dense and material aspect, where its outward appearance becomes manifest to the external senses and in which state it is usually called "Matter."

Power.—A state of Substance in which it manifests activity. This activity may manifest itself in various forms and on various planes of existence. It may act without or with relative consciousness. As there is only one fundamental Substance, there is only one fundamental Power, and the two are only two aspects or modes of manifestation of the eternal unmanifested One called God.

Will.—The fundamental and original Power from which all other forces and activities in the universe spring. Every imaginable power or force, from relatively unconscious motion up to self-conscious spiritual love, is therefore nothing else but a certain mode of manifestation of Will, and all the different terms applied to these forces, such as "life," "light," "sound," "electricity," "heat," &c., merely signify the various aspects and modes of manifestation of that one fundamental power called the Will; in the same sense as all imaginable substances, from relatively unconscious granite rock up to self-conscious spirit forms, are only various shapes of one fundamental original substance which assumes various qualities in its various forms of manifestation, according to the nature of its internally acting Will.

Imagination.—The creative power of Deity, acting in Nature as a whole, or in individual beings, which governs the construction of form according to a certain pre-conceived plan or pre-existing idea. The Imagination like the Will, may act with or without relative consciousness, and be exercised with or without any voluntary conscious effort. The growth of a tree is the result of the image of the future tree existing uncon-

sciously within the imagination of the seed, and being gradually rendered objective by the internally acting and relatively unconscious will having been stimulated into action by influences coming from external surroundings. There are many things existing in man's imagination; but he is not conscious of all of them at one given moment of time.

Thought.—The exercise of the power by which the images in the mind come to the consciousness of the latter. Man creates no ideas; he merely grasps the ideas which are already existing and whose images are reflected in his mind as in a mirror, and by the act of thinking he combines or resolves them and puts them into new shapes. The lower animals perceive only the images which are reflected in their minds without any effort on their part; but man has the power to rise by his will into the higher region of ideas, and to select and grasp ideas according to his choice.

Spirit.—Will and Imagination united into one, and acting undividedly in the same direction and for the same purpose. The will, by identifying itself with a thought, invests the latter with a spiritual power; the imagination uniting itself with the will guides the latter, and thus a spiritual and self-conscious power may be made to act as far as thought can travel, or as far as the will can reach.

Consciousness.—Certain states, resulting from the action of the Will upon the Imagination. There can be no absolute unconsciousness in the universe, for all things are the products of an activity which is eternal and therefore self-existent and self-conscious, even if it is without any relative consciousness in regard to any existing form. External things may come to man's external consciousness by means of his external perceptions; but spiritual and "invisible" things come to his inner consciousness by means of the emotions and sensations produced within the sphere of his Mind.

Ether.—The universal but invisible element of "Matter" in its aspect as non-molecular substance.

It seems almost unnecessary to reiterate the statement that all the above explained terms are not intended to represent these things as being essentially different from each other; they only refer to different aspects or forms of manifestation of the eternal One for which there is no name and no definition. He who spiritually knows of the One will find the doctrines of Occultism easy enough to be understood; he who is incapable to spiritually recognize the Unity of the All, will get lost in the labyrinth of the multiplicity of external phenomena, and however experienced and learned he may be in the classification of such phenomena and in giving to them the names adopted by science, he will necessarily remain ignorant of the Cause of all things, without the knowledge of which nothing can truly be known. Therefore the ancient Rosicrucians said that he who knows many things knows very little, while he who knows only One—knows all.

The requirements of human language have made it necessary to give separate names to the various kinds of manifestations produced by the absolute One, and from this circumstance arises the illusion which makes it appear in the eyes of the ignorant as if these things were different from each other, not merely in their external appearance but in their essential nature. If we were permitted to speak correctly we would have to say in speaking of a *Man*, a *Horse*, a *Stone:* That of which we intellectually know nothing, and for which we have no appropriate name, having manifested itself to our external consciousness in the form of what we have chosen to call a "man," a "horse," a "stone," &c. Instead of speaking about Life, Light, Sound, &c., we would perhaps have to say: "Those vibrations of the universal Ether of Space, which are invisible and intangible to our senses, but which, by acting upon certain *media* and under certain conditions, produce within our external consciousness the phenomena which we call "life," "light," "sound," etc. Such a roundabout way of speaking would be more philosophical: but it is doubtful whether it would be more comprehensible and practicable for use. Language is, after all, only an aid and not a substitute for the exchange of thought. Minds who are in harmony with each other will have no great difficulty in understanding each others thoughts, even without the use of a great many words, while those who are in disharmony with each other will only increase their misunderstanding by using a great many words. External language like any other external thing, can only be relatively true; absolute truth is self-evident to those who can see it, and requires no human testimony or certificates. Every assertion requiring logical proof is therefore true or false according to the aspect under which the object is seen; a circle seen from the plane in which it exists, is only a straight line with two ends and a middle part; seen from above or below it is a circle without any end; looked at sideways, it is an ellipsoid and if one half of it is invisible it may appear to be a parabole. All external science, however true it may be in one way, is false in another, and all dogmatic assertions prove nothing but the vanity of him from whom they originate; for there is no one who knows absolute Truth except He who is Himself the Life, the Way and the Truth, the self-conscious divine Spirit in Man.

Under such circumstances it would perhaps be wisest to be silent and to say nothing at all, and if we nevertheless attempt to speak about things belonging to the interior realm of Nature, it is not for the purpose that our views should be regarded as being intended to give any new revelations; but merely as furnishing food for thought and as an aid by which the Truth which exists within the inner consciousness of the reader may come nearer to his intellectual understanding. To those who have already found the truth, we have nothing to say.

I.

THE UNITY OF "MATTER."

A GREAT deal has been written about the question: "What is Matter and what is Mind?" Scientific and philosophical dissertations have been written without very much elucidating the subject, the usual answer having resulted in: "Mind is no matter, and matter never mind." Nevertheless, the answer seems plain; for "Matter" and "Mind" are undoubtedly two terms signifying two different aspects or modes of motion of the eternal *One*. This truth is clear to the spiritual perception of those who can see with the eye of Reason, and they require no further proof; but even to those who are accustomed to reason only from the plane of external observation, the Unity of the All and the consequent identity of Matter and Mind is a fact which gradually forces itself upon their scientific attention.

The scientific and religious world seems to be gradually rising out of the profundity of its ignorance. Some 288 years ago Giordano Bruno was burned alive as a heretic for having proclaimed the fact that there is only one God and consequently only one Substance in the universe, and now the same truth is believed in by some of the greatest luminaries of science. Professor Suess, in his inaugural address as *rector magnificus* of the university of Vienna in 1888, publicly expressed his belief in the Unity of the All, even in the stronghold of Roman Catholicism, without being burned or even challenged by the followers of orthodoxy. Having called the attention of his hearers to the newest discoveries of science made by means of the spectroscope, by which the identity of material substances existing upon the various planets and stars is proved, and having mentioned the important discoveries of Mendelejeff, which go to show that there is a scale of harmony of chemical substances resembling that of colour and sound, he spoke the following memorable words: "As the dawn precedes the sunrise, likewise all great discoveries are preceded by a foreboding of their coming. To-day the Unity of all Substance is instinctively felt to be a truth, but the united labour of all nations will soon discover the way to prove it intellectually to be so."

This old and nevertheless ever new truth that the All is only One, and that the great variety of forms in Nature is merely a variety of forms and not of essential being, is the fundamental basis in the pursuit of occult study. It begins to be universally recognised, and yet its full importance is seen only by few. It is the most sublime idea which can be grasped by the human mind, and the consequences of its recognition reach far beyond the limits of time into Infinity. Cornelius Agrippa says: "The One completely penetrates every other number; it is the common measure, the foundation and origin of all numbers. It is unchangeable and excludes multiplicity. Multiplied with itself it is its own product; it cannot be divided into parts but every division produces

a multiplication, *i.e.*, it produces units, of which none is larger or smaller than the original unit and of which every part is the whole. It is the beginning and end of all things, but it has itself neither a beginning nor an end. All things originate from the One, and all tends towards unity in the end ; all that *exists* finds its true *being* in the One, and those who seek for salvation in the One must get rid of their multiplicity and return to the One."

There can only be one Love, one Life, one Power, one Wisdom, one Truth, one Substance, one God, although each of them may become manifest in an endless number of forms, and all these terms merely represent various aspects of the One, whose name consists of one letter.

The One is self existent and self sufficient, and therefore eternal and not subject to change. It will forever be intellectually incomprehensible, because the intellect is only one of the many forms of its manifestations and a part cannot comprehend the whole. A scientific examination can therefore have nothing to do with qualities of the absolute One, it can only deal with its manifestations. As soon as the One begins to manifest itself, it steps out of the sphere of pure being and a duality comes into existence. Formerly it was only Cause ; now it is Cause and Effect and as every Action produces a Reaction, it becomes at once a Trinity of Cause, Action and Reaction the incomprehensible mathematical point ; extending in three dimensions, assumes the aspect of a triangle constituted of *Matter* and *Motion* and *Space*.

Space represents Causality, it is unchangeable ; Matter and Motion manifest themselves in a great many ways. There are forms of matter or Substance in the mineral, vegetable and animal Kingdoms ; there are substantial forms in the realm of the Elementals and in the Kingdom of gods. There are forms of Motion, from unconscious motion up to conscious thought, and still higher up to the action of the self-conscious Spirit ; but Space remains always the same, and there can be no other but a three-dimensional Space ; for "Space" represents Form, and *Three* is the number of Form. A form with more or less than three dimensions is unthinkable, and can have no existence for us.

To recapitulate, we have therefore the *Unity* of the *Cause ;* the *Duality* of the form of its manifestation, and the *Trinity* of the *Effect.* Within the eternal absolute One, Matter and Motion, Will and Ideation are one ; but as soon as they manifest themselves they appear as a duality, producing a trinity, the child, in which the qualities of the Father and Mother find their united representation.

ZENO.

(To be continued.)

WAGNER'S GOSPEL.*

WHAT a grand example Nature yields to the artist, the scientist, and the workman! She is never satisfied with her work, but continually varies the detail, and alters the type, lest by any chance there should exist better means to a given end than she has yet made manifest. She is continually trying experiments; here an extra petal, there a crimson spot; here a longer hair, there a shorter ear; here she broadens the curve of a bay, there she develops a strip of low-lying land; here she builds up a mountain, there she lowers a precipice; and, over all this practical work, she throws the artistic glamour—the sculptor's grace of outline, the painter's sweetness of color—and with her mighty hands draws music from everything; from the waves as they fret the shore, from the clouds as they fall in rippling showers, from the rhythmic swing of the wind-blown branches, from the waving of the grass and the corn, from the cadences of falling water, and the soft murmuring of the rivers and little streamlets; yea, even from the fresh young leaves as they smite cymbal-wise together in the laughing spring weather. Now and again she feels the necessity of expressing this universal music in concrete form, and then she develops the artist, as, in the flower-world she would develop from the old pink-flowered variety a crimson rose, with an added fragrance, a sweeter grace, a more subtle charm, to indicate the greatest perfection a flower-life could at that time attain to, and be to the flowers a representative-rose. And so all ages have had their representative men. In every age one man's mind stands out broadly, as a type of what his time could do, and think, and dream, and suffer; in his work is enshrined its deepest philosophy, holiest religion, highest poetry, and truest science; and to this man it has fallen, his sight being clearer, his soul broader, his intellect swifter, and more subtle than his contemporaries', to rebuke their sins, ridicule their follies, strengthen their combats, brighten their ideal aims, and lift them one step nearer that perfected humanity which he feels, rather than sees, lightening the dim distance of futurity.

It has been said, "Art interprets Nature to man"; but we may go further, and say, "Art interprets God to man." Art renders visible the divine beneath its material veil, gathers into a focus all those scattered rays of light which fall athwart the darkened chamber of life, and shows that the many-hued prism of existence is but one white radiance of glory set in the dawn of eternity. It is to the artist then we must look for this representative mind; the priest anointed by God himself to make his ways known unto us; and though a Buddha may

* By EVELYN PYNE, Author of "A Dream of the Gironde," "The Poet in May," etc.

shine out through all ages by the exceptional beauty of his life until that life affects us with the mystery of a living poem, or a tangible strain of music, vibrating on the air-waves of humanity for ever, yet, for the most part, we need our lessons in concrete form, that form which is beauty, and which Dante tells us "*che l'universo a dio fa somigliante.*" A poem, a picture, a statue, and lastly, and perhaps most powerfully, a tone-drama, reveal us to ourselves; strike responsive but dormant chords in our nature, and bring those vague spiritual visitations hovering around us from cradle to the grave into direct communication with the spiritual in us, without which they are too liable to "fly forgotten like a dream," and thus fail to re-act on that life they hallow, and glorify. It has always been the task of the greatest minds, those who "knowing most, the most believe," to protest against the unbelief of their Age, whether that unbelief takes the form of word-refining and credulity, or the rougher, but more honest, absolute denial of spiritual power at all: "*nier est facile, it s'agit d'expliquer,*" says Figuier, and whether we are able to explain or not, the negation of some spiritual power beyond us, yet with whom we at rare intervals hold communion, tends to narrow our humanity and lessen its glory. And so we find these representative men set at intervals on the ladder of life to mark the height attained; thus in the record of past ages humanity rose as high as Plato, or as Shakspere, and in the future it will be seen that in this nineteenth century Wagner marks our progress; humanity rose as high as Wagner. In speaking of Wagner and his teaching, we wish it clearly understood that we shall examine his work from no scientific standpoint, whether his method be true or false to the received theories of composition; whether he fulfils or disobeys the laws of harmony, as laid down by the old Masters, or carries out the axiom of Novalis "*Nur seinen eignenen Gesetzen soll der mensch gehorchen.*" All these questions are of no value to our present enquiry; we simply seek to determine his value as a teacher to that great multitude to whom all such questions are as sealed volumes, yet who are none the less influenced by their results. We contend that Art must not be judged by its power over the few priests, but by its broad influence on the many, its effects on the people as shown in thought, life and conduct. It must penetrate, like Jesus, to the poor and the sinning, and raise, purify, and elevate them. The art that inspires a school is great possibly, but it is only in its first phase of development. By-and-bye it will leave its narrow bounds, and spring, and spread, and influence the world, or it will dwindle away and die out of knowledge, and sight. "But," it will be asked, "since all Art must begin by inspiring a school, that is, must at first be confined to a few, how distinguish the true from the false—the Art that shall live from the Art that shall die?" By examining its teaching: if we find *that* based on some universal truth of our nature, and not merely shrouding

a passing phase of sentiment in fantastic garb to catch attention, we may feel sure *that* Art will live. Opposition will but strengthen it, and abuse fall from it like rain from the gleaming wings of the eagle. And these universal truths are ideas of the Infinite, gathered from the contemplation of the finite shadows; in other words, they are the recognition of the One in the many:

> "The One remains, the many change and pass;
> Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;"

the search amidst the ever-changing flux of *becoming*, for the eternal *is*, the true *being:* and to bring this abstract idea into concrete form is the mission of art! It recognises the fact that life, in itself, has no present; it is but a hopeless glance into the twilight of the past, or the darkness of the future; but it also recognises as the reverse of this changeful life, the steadfastness of eternal being; where neither past nor future exist, but the present is all in all, and it strives to find the connecting link between the human and divine, and finds it in what has been taught under a great variety of names with one and the same meaning: "Love," "God," "inspiration," "ecstacy," "self-annihilation," "reason," "innate ideas"—numberless are the terms, but the signification is one—we will call it "Love," as the word hallowed by the Christian teaching and elevated to a crowned supremacy by Shelley expresses better to our minds the almost infinite variety contained in the one expression. Not by ignoring the human, not by denying the divine, neither by asceticism nor sensualism will the truth be reached: with a slight variation of Plato's beautiful myth, we might say the chariot of the soul has two winged horses, the divine and human, and a charioteer called Love, who, if he will, can drive them safely to the end; but woe to him if in his enthusiasm for the divine he neglects the human, and does not insist that the two draw equally. If the one stumble or the other grow restive, the chariot is overturned and ruined. Wise is the charioteer and faithful who knows that on mutual help and support depends the safety of his car, and so cherishes both! So much for the necessary basis of art; we have now to consider the distinguishing characteristic of the artist. We shall find this to be an universal sympathy, boundless in its stretch, all-embracing in its love. This universal sympathy produces a sensitiveness alive to the smallest influences, whether of nature, art, humanity or God; a sensitiveness not only responding to purely outward influences, but being played upon by and echoing internal impressions, emotions and ideal passions; a sensitiveness which, from its finely-strung nerves, can imagine or create what others never really comprehend or know; and this creation is merely the excess of sympathy which makes possible the exchange of emotion between the soul of the creator (the artist) and something *outside* his mind, yet by the power of sympathy inextricably linked *to* his

mind. How does he create? By calling out of chaos, order; out of darkness, light; in short, by sympathy with the hidden possibilities lying coiled up in the matter his soul touches and breathes life into. An artist must see with the hundred eyes of Argus, and hear with world-wide ears; nothing is so small, common, or unclean but to him it can suggest grandeur, rarity, purity! He creates from a word, an object; and describes it so graphically that though his bodily eyes may never have beheld it yet his mental ones note every shade, every tint, every tone; thus it is not infrequent to find poets describing minutely things they have never seen, so that they enable others to behold, and realise what, to them, is purely a sympathetic intuition of the possibility lying dormant in Matter.

An artist like Prospero has only to wave his wand, and behold, the reign of magic has begun! A word, conjures up an object; a perfume, a passion, and, it may be, unknown to himself, he reveals truths of which he believed himself unconscious. The very teaching the language of his art expresses may be unintelligible to him; he may be merely the vehicle for the revelation, as the wind, unknowing its mission, carries the seeds of future forests on its careless wings, or the electric flash is chained for human enlightenment as it swiftly flits through the air. He will require no teaching *per se*, either of joy or suffering, for he will hear in himself the depths of personally unfelt sorrow, as well as the crowned heights of personally untasted joy; his soul will be like a perfect instrument from which the lightest touch draws music, now sad, now mirthful, now passionate, but music always, that is, truth—truth to somebody; not perhaps truth to us who criticise, and from the narrowness of our minds call only what we ourselves experience truth; but truth, nevertheless, a deeper truth than we can grasp, unless with it we grasp all Nature. Language in common life seems an unmusical thing enough; a poor, broken-to-harness drudge, with very little beauty or charm left; but note the change when, under the sympathetic hands of the poet, language, leaving the beaten track of commonplace, soars above to the heights of poetry, grand, ennobled, beautiful; the common words fall into chains of jewelled sound, caress the ear, woo the air into their likeness, and behold, the despised drudge is a fair queen, full of grace, cleaving the blue encircling air with a thousand shadows of beauty, interlacing curves of unimaginable tenderness! A block of stone appears to have little might to move or inspire; but, behold, under the sympathetic hands of the sculptor it springs forth an Apollo, a S. John, an Aphrodité. The artist in both cases recognised, by the power of sympathy, the possibility hidden in the despised surroundings, and drew it forth. It is from the very depth and grasp of this sympathy, that we find so many artists leading solitary lives; the world around them whirls onwards, fearful, and avoiding all great emotions; hiding as much as possible, even from itself, the power latent in its soul, and

and only venturing on the dead level of small thoughts, small aims, small pleasures, which lead to content. This world can never either plunge or mount into the regions familiar to the artist, and so he leaves it, in his highest moods, behind him, and soaring beyond its view, loses sight of the phantoms it pursues so eagerly, yea, loses his own identity, which becomes merged in the universal, and thus the highest triumphs of art are gained, and the shadows of Deity falling softly round the artist, wake his nature to active response, until the truth revealed to his soul takes objective manifestation at his hands! We have thus seen that the basis of art must be a comprehension of the possibilities in life, seen from its two sides, divine and human, and the basis of the artist's nature, an universal sympathy, to comprehend and render these possibilities in concrete form. . . . In this age, when one Master teaches an eternal sleep to be the only possible or desirable ending to "life's fitful fever," and another scoffs at all spiritual communication; that is to say, all those feelings and dim experiences which cannot be directly reduced to material sources, as the results of ignorance or incipient madness; it is full time our representative mind should stand forth and say aloud that all may hear. And, behold! he stands amongst us, a crowned king of art, the art that belongs, *par excellence*, to this nineteenth century; music, that socialistic art, which is as easily understood and enjoyed by the beggar as the king, and even finds an echo in the breasts of those humbler creatures to whose narrowed powers we arrogantly deny the light of reason: music, to whose magic we plead, whenever we wish to move mightily the human heart, to inspire it for noble deeds or pure emotions. Do not our soldiers march to battle, spurred on by music's voice? Are not our religious services dependent on music for the greater portion of their force and influence? Is not our most perfect enjoyment (the opera) derived from music? And, even in the legitimate drama itself, is it not music whose influence is invoked to soften and prepare the mind for the reception of the deep emotions unfolded by the play it is witnessing? Shakespere's love of music runs like a sweet melody through all his writings; and Carlyle thus expresses its power: "The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us, for a moment, gaze into that." And Shelley, in most musical words, tells of music's might over his mind:

"The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
  By the enchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career
  Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of Nature's utmost sphere,
'Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear."

And from the edge of that Infinite, to which music has led him, Wagner turns and interprets the life around: he brimmed with its passion, pale with its yearning, with the undying thirst of the age for certainty, for perfect knowledge—that age which would rather choose to deny the existence of spiritual power than confess it beyond its comprehension, and with passionate zeal seeks to elevate humanity into a religion, yet flings it down into the abyss of Nothingness and oblivion—that age which, with frantic ardour, preaches Socialism as a creed, yet fulfills it by striving to rob its brothers, and will not, or cannot, comprehend.

> "Your Fouriers failed,
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within."

Wagner stands forth, priest of the gospel, revealed in music, and preaches mightily and clearly to all of us; with boundless sympathy for the hopeless struggles and diverse aims of his age, yet clear sight and never-failing grasp of the haven where our storm-tossed barks may ride safely after life's perilous voyage. . . .

The mind of man has conceived, and the voice of man uttered, three gospels, the gospel of hatred and defiance, the gospel of Negation, the gospel of love, and the depths of a man's intellect may be gauged and the worth of his doctrine proved by the gospel he preaches. Some minds receive all three at different stages of their growth; some, as Voltaire and Byron, never grow beyond the first, and can only teach us to tear the mask of beauty from ugliness and to bury our dead, though with much wailing and gnashing of teeth; some, as Mill and Schopenhauer, remain always true to the gospel of Negation, and their teaching also has great value, inasmuch as it inculcates that calm severity of thought which will utterly deny rather than half believe; but our true prophets, our veritable masters, are those who, whether from heavenly radiance of Nature or hard toil of heart, have cut their way through the "everlasting No" to the glory and brightnesss of the "everlasting Yea!" Such minds, piercing below the frippery of popular belief or denial, and setting at its true value the mythology in which an Age has woven the tinted weeds it gathers on the shore of eternity, and the prismatic shells flung there by the receding waters of Time, speak not to one nation or for one Age; but to all nations and for eternity! Such are Shakespere, the poet-philosopher; Shelley, the sweet singer; and Wagner the prophet. Shelley indeed, only reached the land "where music, and moonlight and feeling are one" after much beating of breast, and breaking of pinion against the darkened bars of life's prison house; but Wagner was native there from the first, sweet strains of spiritual music, and star-like radiance shone through, and showed the bars were but imaginary barriers, mere shadowy clouds between spirit and matter;

and so, with the perpetual passing of angels, life's rhythmic dance sweeps on, the infinitely great and the infinitely little united in the wondrous mosaic of being:

"*Stille*
Ruhn oben die Sterne
Und unten die Gräber."

If we consider his works, we shall find their texts are all taken from the Gospel of Love. Love he teaches, divine or human, is the one unconquerable, all-saving power. Love the redeemer, as in "Der Fliegende Holländer;" Love the pardoner, as in "Tannhaüser;" Love the revealer, as in "Lohengrin;" Love the conqueror, as in the "Ring der Nibelungen"; but there is a continual growth of power, in grasp and expression of the truth taught, from the love that pities to the love that pardons, of the two first dramas, and from faith in possible to the full flood of actual love, sweeping on resistless and boundless as the divinity whose shadow and symbol it is, of the two latter. No poet (we speak advisedly, for Wagner claims to be a poet, and is one, if piercing to the very heart of life and revealing the essential beneath the external constitute a poet), no poet, save Shakespere and Shelley, has so completely realised a "disembodied joy," and in this his Art aids him mightily; and when by his magic he holds up to the human the mirror of itself, deeply shadowed and fringed with the spiritual, whence all "disembodied joys" are born, yea, interwoven with it so deftly that to draw the silver thread of inter-penetrant deity frays the web of life into meaningless strands, our spirits float on in "music's most serene dominions," through the air of earth, starless, and tremulous with sighs, until we reach the shining tablelands beyond. Let us briefly consider the "motif," and treatment of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," prefacing our remarks by repeating our leading axioms in this discussion: Art should be individual only so far as the individual typifies the universal; directly Art ceases to perceive the whole in the part, it fails in its mission. . . . "Tannhäuser" opens with the solemn strains of the Pilgrim Song, a holy phrase of great power and beauty, in which is woven the sweet music of earnest prayer, and the deep harmony of devotional yearnings; this changes to the wild unearthly music of the Venus-Berg, in which all Nature takes part with desire and passion. You hear in this wondrous witch-song the joy of the awakening earth on a spring morning, the flowers flushing beneath the sun, the fresh young leaves smiting their little hands together in rapture and praise, the cool plashing of slowly flowing rivers, lily-garlanded; the whisper of the wind amid the reeds and tall irises; the tender lisp of the little streams, the full glory of the bird-chorus and the music of the human, of the young man, and maiden rejoicing in their beauty and brimmed with the joy of life. The whole tone of this witch-song is one glad cry, "How fair is life! let us kiss her lips, and drain to the dregs the cup she offers, filled with a sweet strong wine-

There is no soul! there is no future! Drink! enjoy!" Yet, even as this wild frenzy of passionate life possesses the listening air, we hear the sad refrain—we hear the wail of the sea-bird, half lost in the dash of the hopeless wave on an iron-bound shore; the shriek of the wind-tortured trees on dark stormy nights, when everything is hidden in thick blackness, and only weird cries tell of the work of devastation. The roar of the avalanche as it sweeps on, heedless of the anguish it causes, slaying, and to slay; and so the pilgrim-song and the witch-music shadow forth the strife of the human and the divine, and the drama of the individual life begins. Tannhäuser has sought the forbidden presence of Venus; the goddess who gives man the swift, wild joys of passion has wooed him from the holy land of song; yet plunged in these bodily pleasures, he is not happy, and at last, calling on Mary, tears away, and finds himself free again. He goes to Rome, but is denied pardon; so-called religion curses him; so-called friendship would slay; only Love, as typified in the sweet, saintly Elizabeth, remains faithful. She watches and prays; but Tannhäuser, stung to madness by the Pope's haughty answer to his plea for pardon, "Sooner shall this staff blossom than thou be pardoned!" strives to find the home of Venus once more. Again the witch-music sounds in his ears, again the old magic begins to tinge everything in his sight, when the name of Elizabeth strikes on his shattered hearing, and, like a spell, recalls him to his better self, and he struggles away from the sensual glamour that is fast stealing away his senses. A solemn chant fills the air, and behold a mournful procession, bearing the dead body of Elizabeth! while slowly advancing across the hills march a body of pilgrims from Rome, bearing the joyful tidings that the Pope's staff has blossomed! Tannhäuser's sin is pardoned! Falling on his knees by the dead Elizabeth, he loses life, to be in death redeemed by the Love which was stronger than either!

Let us now turn to "Lohengrin." It opens with a picture of cloud-land, a summer-day scene; blue stretches of sky, flecked and furrowed by faint fleecy snow-wreaths of cloud, the air is nearly still, tremulous only with light wind voices, that whisper tidings of the coming glory to the listening trees; but lo! as we watch the azure depths above, not clouds, but angels are there, and what we thought the voices of the wind is but the flutter of their snowy pinions making low music to the rhythm of their flight as they bear the mystic cup of life across the world, chanting the solemn Grail-Song, that unuttered music to which life is set. Then the pictures changes; we are carried into the thick of material life, from the glow of spirit to the darkness of Matter. Wrong and suffering abound here, as peace and joy there; but still patient endurance, truth, and courage can reach the serene comforters; the spiritual leans down, the material strains upward, and in the light of love finds salvation and joy. But woe to that reckless one who, not content with deep draughts of the mystic cup, must analyse and separate the elixir to find its

component parts! It is the fate of Tantalus again, and the rash soul must thirst, and the rash heart hunger in vain! So Elsa, nót content with the mysterious joy, the half-unknown blessings, seeks to reduce it to an ordinary gift, to certify whence it came and whither it goes, and at the instant it has left her, leaving, indeed, the calm of reason and philosophy (the brother), but never the rapture of religion, the faith in the presence of the uncomprehended (the lover), which makes the beauty and magic of life. . . . We have briefly analysed these two, but the same fundamental truth is the ground-work of all Wagner's dramas; while in the "Nibelungen" even the very gods themselves are powerless against the might of the Supreme Love! Thus he teaches us the grandest lesson the mind of man is capable of receiving, not by ignoring the human with its needs and weaknesses; not by denying the divine, but by showing how the human may rise beyond itself into the light above, by fulfilment of its conditions, and loving strife towards the dawn; as the seed is laid in the earth, and rises to the glad sunlight, flushing to a fair flower, not by proud rejection of its lowly resting-place, but by patient development of the germ of life in its heart! He teaches us to recognise the *one* in the many, in a new and sweeter sense than the old masters taught, the sense of an eternal ever-present spirit that moulds the human many into the divine one, and that eternal Spirit is "Love"; not blind necessity, not iron fate, not stern justice not an avenging deity, but "Love," a spirit that has its dwelling-place in the meanest, and, it may be faintly, it may be powerfully, according to the material it works in, moulds that meanest into some faint likeness of its own eternal beauty. To Wagner all life is holy, and worthy of reverence; we soar with him to heaven, we descend to Hell, we rest in Purgatory, we roam the earth as surely as if with Dante and Virgil we had indeed accomplished the momentous journey. Fairyland opens her silvern gates to us; elves dance in the moonlight; the world of soulless spirits, good and evil, floats round us in the air, and, like Prospero, we command their attendance and ministry or dismiss them with a wave of our magic wand.

Wagner, like Shakspere, rejects nothing as too small or mean, and fears nothing, as too high for his purpose; he has just as perfect comprehension and sympathy (in the sense we have defined) for ugliness, as beauty; passion as Law, Hell as Heaven; and, what is far rarer and more precious, he has a perfect comprehension of the regions between the two extremes, where the one imperceptibly melts into the other; the knight on his steed, the minstrel with his inspired song, the shepherd piping amid the hills, the steersman at his post, the pilgrims with their holy chant, the maidens at their spinning, the pure and wronged princess, the dauntless champion of the grail, the tender, loving, self-sacrificing maiden, the jealous, unscrupulous woman, the true-hearted knight, the world-weary Dutchman, the fierce warrior who preferred hell with his

beloved to heaven without her, are all equally life-like, all have the same intense humanity and passionate vitality of existence. His dramas carry us into the very heart of life, with its sharply defined contrasts and conflicting interests, and there is such a wonderful air of reality about his music; people do not there die to a sentimental cavatina, or express their despair in an elegantly cadenced aria! No, the music is changeful as life itself; where, in reality, speech would rise to the grand and poetical, there we have phrases of sweet, and grand, and pathetic melody; where, in life, the human strains above itself, and becomes god-like in its tragic despair and strife, there the music swells upwards in superhuman grandeur, or sinks down in superhuman gloom; but where mean ideas, mean actions, or common-place speech would exist in life, there we find scant melody, rude phrases, hurried utterances; truly this man has swept away empirical laws, as the giant pursuing his way in the morning sunlight sweeps away the cobwebs that bar his path and passes on with a smile! Wagner (like Shakspere) writing for all ages, cannot be comprehended fully in one; as it takes innumerable years to ripen humanity to the vintage of a mind like Shakspere's or Wagner's, so it takes innumerable years to educate mankind to their flavour, but as slow passing time goes on, eaeh moment casts a fairer gleam of light on their pages, and the deep truths enshrined there grow slowly clearer and clearer, until humanity sees (as they did) that the solid wall it had been vainly beating its breast against was but the morning mist, which the sun of progress is melting away. The age sneers when a prophet tells his visions; it continually

> . . . "culls simples,
> With a broad clown's back turned broadly to the glory of the stars."

but none the less is the prophet constrained to speak; it is as true now, as of old, that the prophet may not speak of himself, but a power that is above him puts words into his mouth, and though he would curse the ingratitude of the world, yet is he bound to bless by the sacred gift that is alive in his soul! Wagner proudly styles his dramas "Music of the future," yet they breathe the very spirit of the present, when even art seems seized with that frantic thirst for perfect knowledge, and unceasingly strives for the completed circle, the fully rounded disc, and is ready to sacrifice her own beautiful existence to give life to an art that shall be greater, purer, more perfect than herself; an art which shall, from the renouncement of individual development by all its branches, rise to a grand unity, partaking indeed of the charm of painting, poetry, music and sculpture, but belonging exclusively to none of them. Such an art we find shadowed forth in these dramas, and the future historian of the nineteenth century will find, if he wishes to grasp that intangible spirit that colours every action and every thought of the age, he must go to Wagner's music, breathe its fragrance, comprehend its sense, and then

the bare, historical facts will take quite other faces for him, and be quite otherwise comprehensible, and his history will be not a dry record of cut-and-dried actions, meaningless to a succeeding age, with different thoughts and aims, but, like the plays of Shakspere, and the music-dramas of Wagner, a gorgeous, many-hued woof, in which the bitter-sweet of life is inextricably blended, each delicate feeling, each original action, whether good or evil, lending its color and shade, and each dimly-felt intuition, its gleam to the whole, so that it stands forth, glittering and glowing, yet black in its folds, tear-stained at its edges, with flower-like borders and perfumed fringes, amid which skulls grin and nettles and nightshade mingle. Wagner has preached his gospel well, with no faltering tone, no halting speech, and if it is not fully understood in these days, we should remember, the deeper the water the longer the nets necessary to dredge for its treasures. Any eye can perceive the pebbles hidden in a shallow, brawling stream, but where do the coral and pearl come from? There, or the deep, still ocean? His teaching, as graven in gleaming letters, on his works, his actions, and probably, his thoughts, seem condensed into "We are spirits, my brothers, and akin to God! Around us the spirit-world hovers; hold out your hands, and you may reach it; open your hearts, and it will fill them with truth and love, and lift them into the light; shut them, and you fall into the starless darkness of material life, made glorious by no dreams, but iron-barred from your kindred, and voiceless, save from your sighs. We seek the completed circle, and behold it is the spiritual alone that can round life's rainbow of passion and anguish into it! You cannot *see* with your minds, but you can, if you will, *perceive* with your souls, though the curtain of death be drawn across, and a river of tears rolls between!" and in that perception lies the secret of life, and in the expression of that perception the secret of art.

EVELYN PYNE.

A BEGINNER'S SORROWS.

REAPING the fruit of rightly-spent lives, some of those now living started this new stage of their existence with a decided preponderance of the Higher over the Lower Self. The same law, working reversely, is the cause that others have started with as decided a preponderance of the Lower over the Higher Self. The former is a born "saint"; the latter, a born brute. Yet are both *men;* and the saint may embrutalize himself, the brute, sanctify. Only in either case it must be at the cost of terrible effort, downward or upward as the case may be. The one may crucify the flesh, and rise again in the resurrection of life; the other may do what Bunyan meant when he wrote of some who "fight their way to hell over the Cross of Christ."

But in the average man—such as you and I, reader—the two Selves co-exist (so to speak) in a state of more or less unstable equilibrium. Neither can be given the governance except at the price of much bitterness—whether of shame and remorse, or of unsatisfied cravings which die very slowly. The struggle may not be so severe as in the first-named exceptional cases, but it is quite severe enough. It is a long time before the upward path (not to speak further of the other) grows smooth to the feet. At the outset, it seems generally as if difficulty only led to difficulty, and the aspirant feels entangled in a maze from which there seems no outlet.

How? In this way, for one:—

Moved by a ray of Light which pierces through the fog of the material and touches his innermost spirit, and which may be coloured with the hue of the creed-window through which it comes, or pure from the fount of the Absolute, one of us—one of the average class—dares to aspire. And he learns and feels that the first step is to master the Lower Self. He cannot withdraw from the world; he has to mix with his fellows in business and social relations, to do his daily work, to come into contact with low and mephitic influences. He finds the task arduous beyond expectation; he fails repeatedly; but the Light fascinates him and he rises again and struggles on. He begins with the coarsest aspect of the Lower, and after a prolonged conflict succeeds at last in reducing to control the fleshly appetites. He is master of his body as once he never dreamed of being. But the work is barely begun. Semi-physical tendencies, semi-sensuous proclivities, await him beyond the grossly material; and beyond them again are lying in ambush what theologians call the purely "spiritual" evils. But the Light shines, and he fights on. He wars now, daily, hourly, with such subtle foes as conceit, vanity, love of applause, censoriousness, envy,

contempt, and a hundred others, each with a hundred ramifications and sub-ramifications, all mutually interlacing like jungle underwood. And as if this were not enough, he discovers a new source of sorrow.

He has struggled to live in a wise silence; it seems to him that he has simply become sullen. In abstaining from the faults and follies of those around him, he is alarmed to find himself in danger of growing morose. Though the centre has shifted from one region to another, he finds it is still in the Lower Self. Avoiding Scylla, behold Charybdis! How to cease to have anything in common with the gross amusements and frivolous occupations of his fellows, and yet to retain quick and vivid sympathies towards them, is a problem found increasingly difficult of solution.

At last it dawns—as flashes—on him. He had always taken for granted that he loved his kind; the "Enthusiasm of Humanity" had long been a favourite theme of his. And he is sorely disquieted to find—now that the tumult of the senses is somewhat hushed—that it is not the silver tone of Love which is heard in his heart. "Heart? *have* I a heart?" he is tempted to ask, despondingly. If he could only *love* his fellow-men! if he could only go out towards them with an ebbless tide of sympathy and affection! Then there would be no danger of his un-humanizing while seeking to develop himself. While grave and silent, abstemious and self-restrained, he would yet be tender and gentle, quick to respond, swift to help. But how can Love be compelled? how can he *will* himself to love?

Is this your case, reader? Be comforted. Listen, and think. Life is Love; the Higher Self is Life; therefore, *the Higher Self is Love.* Do not be discouraged; only persevere. As the Lower Self is ever more and more subordinated, the Higher Self *will* rise, though, perhaps, gradually, imperceptibly, as a Northern sunrise. But it *will* rise. And as the Higher Self comes more and more into the field, there will come gentleness and tenderness and unutterable, self-annihilating Love. It is only a question of time. Have faith, and have patience.

And in the meantime, to the best of your ability act, speak, and even (so far as is possible) think as you would act, speak, and think if you *did* feel as you long to feel. There will be no hypocrisy in this. The engineer who cut a deep, wide channel in the dry rock is no hypocrite, although the result of his labour is the skeleton of a river without its soul; for he is only making a course along which the waters *will* run, presently. So with you. Cut deep and wide the channel, though your heart seems as dry as the Sahara. For sometime you will reach a point where a few more strokes—and lo! either by tiny but ever-growing tricklings, or in one glad mighty rush, the waters come, and learning what it is to *Live*, you shall learn what it is to *Love.*

ERNEST HAWTHORN.

FROM THE EAST OF TIME.

By Charles Hannan, f.r.g.s., Author of "A Swallow's Wing," &c.

(Continued from the October Number.)

I SAT musing upon the glory of the dawn till gradually the light cast lavish by the hand of the rising sun flooded the world with its fulness and banished every shadow that sought to linger on the lawn.

And then the evil of my inner self rose up to contradict the truth of the beauty given to the fields, and to cry out, "It is *not* day—it is *not* day—for all is dark!"

I must write. When *it* rises within me as it is rising now there is but one way to escape—constant, unremitting work. God knows whether I should write at all were it not for the misery within me. God knows. For me, I think I should dream my life away—even as the Lotus-eaters of the olden time—dreaming one's own dreams and intoxicated with the beauty of their unending scenes.

But *you* who read were not born to dream—nor was I—though the loveliness of what is throbs through my every vein and calls upon my soul to weep with its own joy and pain.

I must write—write anything—so only that I write on.

There are some hours still which must be spent before I shall meet her on the lawn. For two days I have met her so—the first to greet her for the day!

* * * * * * *

I cannot chase it from me. It *will* return—the knowledge and the recollection of the truth.

I have yielded. All the beauty that was without has gone. I may not recall thee, Onora, for at thy name a thousand echoes reverberate within my brain, and bound and rebound, as it were, from crag to crag till in the distance they die away in a myriad of mingled sounds afar in some gloomy vale whose end I cannot see.

I have yielded. I allow my thoughts to dwell upon themselves, and evil shades to haunt me and remain with me now.

My youth is no longer mine!

Why have I written? Why do I write? Why do I not even now cast my poor works into the flames that this spirit which has come upon me shall not come?

I cannot think—and yet——

How can the future look back upon the past? How can he, in a future age, have read of my life which is not yet complete? Is my whole path mapped out for me to trudge woodenly? How else can this thing be? Let me cast my works into the fire—everything—everything. My escretoire will be rid of the result of years of toil—yes—yes—a mad longing fills me, a fearful impulse which I know is defiance of my God. This man has my biography—five hundred years in future time—he reads of my life—of these works—five hundred years after they are written by me, and he communicates to me through the centuries that he has so read!

And because he has read he comes to me to steal all the beauty of my life—to take from me half my youth—to share my love—and to be with me for ever as my self and as a part (the greater part) of me who am become his thing!

And I, who look forwards, not back—I, who look into future time, and read of that accursed book—I, who see that by my own works I cast into the future what recoils to damn me even now. I, who write and am fated to write—I stand up now and I say that as that book *is* written and has been read five hundred years in future time, so it shall not be written and shall not be read, for I defy my Creator and the hand that holds within it these undefined laws of space, and I care not if I pass into the fires of Hell!

I defy the Spirit from the East of time.

* * * * * * *

A great iron hand seems to clasp my soul and give it strength. My resolve is well nigh accomplished. My escretoire is empty. Everything which I have written lies there—in that heap—where these words shall lie in a moment or two's time.

The pen which I love I use for the last time. Could my hand wither now it would be well, yet it writes as though with a terrible fascination found in the last words which it shall put upon the page. I am as one frenzied, for a devil has taken possession of me, and I say that what *is* shall not be!

Everything—to my shortest poem—lies upon that heap. A light—yes, a light—God, I cannot see!—a light—a light——

* * * * * * *

I have seized it, and now cast away my pen.

* * * * * * *

I seem to have recovered from a long swoon. Where am I? It is bright day.

And what is that which I see still written as it were upon the wall?

"Thy published works. What of them?"

* * * * * * *

All has come back to me. The light must have fallen from my hand. There is a great pile of papers lying before me unburnt.

I am dizzy as though faint with a struggle which I cannot remember to have fought.

Ah! I understand it now. Destiny cannot be opposed.

* * * * * * *

Onora is upon the lawn.

PART II.

THE day has passed away.

It has been my custom for years to seek to examine the intricacies of my own brain. "Man, know thyself!" has been to me as a motto possessing in three words the wisdom of man. And I did know myself and now know little, for a new spirit has entered into me which divides and yet does not divide, which is mine and yet not mine.

It is as though my love—my passions—my poetic longing—my every thought—nay the merest shadow of a thought—were intensified so that I can scarcely bear to think or to exist; whilst yet, strangest of all, the very intensity of all that is within me seems as a division—as not my own—but as the robbery of half my youth!

How can I describe my own brain, when it is saturated at once with its doubled intensity and with the pain which tells me that I have lost—not gained.

Scent might be poured upon the fragrant rose. Would the flower then, in the vast intoxication which might come upon it, realise that the beauty of what had been was not?

And I am even as the rose—and every impulse within me as the airs that exhale, and these are absorbed in the greater power—the scent which has given yet taken away.

Ah! the simile is feeble to describe my soul!

I have pondered much before I sat down to write the lines. I have cast my inner eye back upon what has been, and I have prayed upon my knees for forgiveness for that hideous madness which came upon me—leading me—me, the mortal thing—the child of a vast destiny—to defy my Creator and my God!

I would have burnt my works! I would have sought to destroy those things which, speaking through the time to come, shall die of themselves, in order that I might prove to my own poor self the lie of what has been and what is!

It was the thought of man—of man at once maddened with the evil of his own thought and the horror of its simple execution—when suddenly, whilst the light was in my hand, the full consciousness of what I was about to do may have flashed upon me as I fell backwards in a swoon.

And now I understand. How could *I* defy the illimitable laws of Time—how stand before my God to disobey His will?

I had forgotten that which I had myself written hours before. On that moment I would have acted to destroy a present that the future might not be—and I forgot that the future is, has been, and will be.

To me who live now something of the future time must have been—then why not all?—for this Spirit *has* communicated to me from thence—and *having been*, how could I say—"It shall never be!"

I, who am a creature of an intellect which cannot grasp the truth of what I know and write, would have said "I destroy what will be"—and would have forgotten that what will be—*is*.

The East of Time. Who shall penetrate its vastness? Who shall comprehend that it exists? Alas! I am faint and weary, and cannot see through the night, for the knowledge of the Everlasting and of the truer sight is not yet mine.

Five hundred years in future time!—and the Spirit which has come from thence speaks no longer of that time to me, for it has come back—back—back—to share with me my life.

And it is as though it were as yet unborn—and still is, for the Spirit existeth always though it is not seen.

I am but a man living and breathing as you and all your fellows, yet I am cut apart from you. I strive to understand; but my thoughts are weak, though something of the truth I see.

And it seems to me that in that hour when this man who lives five hundred years in future time cast himself back as a thing unborn into my life—and when the mesmeric circle binding him with me was at length complete—that he, passing from the future to my time, descended from knowledge to oblivion, from light to dark.

So the Spirit which has come upon me is as a silent thing, because of itself it *has not yet been born* and cannot speak of the future time—until the mesmeric circle is relaxed.

And I, who am enchained by this strange descended spirit know this—that the mesmeric circle may never be relaxed because *I* have not that power—and because the spirit from the East of Time has lost it as it has lost all which has not yet been.

You know my name—you have read a truer description of me than I could give you now—a description which came from the East of Time. I have gazed long in my glass to read its truth. But there is much that you do not know—much that I have still to write.

To write! Yes, I shall write all—everything—for by this means I seem to escape from myself, or, shall I rather say, to grow myself once more and pass into my peaceful Author state. Ah! I can write but little now, for my art, poor as it was, seems to have narrowed itself down and I write not as I always wrote, for I am an altered man. My last work is but half complete—now I cannot finish it, for the atmosphere of my thoughts

is altered so that by some strange contrast in what is still to write with what is done I should spoil the work I undertook.

Can you realise the unspoken pain of the man whose genius leaves him? Heaven only knows if I have aught of genius yet; if so, it is as though it were gone for ever, for I recognise it no more. Sadness has descended as an eagle wing ever stretched open above me, and my heart which knew joy in the beauties around me seems to see them not.

And I pray to the Great God that sometimes—be it only a moment, he may release my soul and give me the truer things that I have known.

Whilst I live I shall strive against despair.

I have been filled with vague wonderings as to what is, and what is not.

I see before me a life where hope has vanished, for my earthly joys are sapped by the constant recollection that unit as I am upon this earthly sphere I am restrained from wandering from the set path of my destiny; and it is as thought every action were now no longer my own but had passed into the hands of Fate.

Can you obtain a glimpse of the misery that lies prone before me, like a dead thing upon which I must trample, though I shudder in the act?

The time which is to be exists now, and I whose life has not been lived am dead and gone. I cannot understand; only my life has been finished, and *is* finished ages ago, and written down in these books far in the East of Time.

These books! There was but one—the second volume—strange chance! had been lost, and I do not yet know of the life which lies before me any more than did that spirit which has come to learn its course in present time, and which exists within me now. Only this I know, or this, at least, I seem to know—that if my whole existence has been written of in a later day, so that those who live five hundred years in future time have read, so it must be that I have no will—that I must follow the path of destiny—that I am powerless to turn from it—that my best thoughts and my truest deeds, equally with my worst belong not to me, and do not arise within me, but are sent by a higher power, and something of despair creeps upon me, for I am too weak, too human to trust my God!

* * * * * * *

A great wave of emotion surges up within me. God is too just—such cannot be. My path in life is my own to tread. I refuse to become a fatalist. I will not yield to the insidious beliefs that would force themselves upon me. I cannot understand Time—how, then, can I understand or know that my life is so laid out?

I refuse my soul the belief it seems to crave. I *will* be free—I shall lead my own life—it is mine—mine only.

Have I forgotten, then, the spirit from the East of Time?

Why do I remember now?

* * * * * * *

It is strange I cannot now take my pen in hand or calmly sit down to reason out a single thought, as was my wont, without loosening the gates of my soul, whence demons issue and clamour with one another in futile strife!

Now that my passion has spent itself in part, I can see more clearly, and I think that I must endeavour to avoid the thoughts that point towards what will be, and that I must rather strive to fall back upon memory than to dwell upon the future time!

Let me tell you of my past.

Of my boyhood you may care to learn little, and I who look back upon my earlier years with a great thankfulness that they are past, shall not dwell upon them long. Even now the vague fears of my fellows—of everything—the unnatural desire to hide myself away, to die if it might be, forces itself back upon me. I was not as other boys, and my temperament consorted ill with the rudeness of school life. All was new, all was hard, and no hope of better things filled my boyish heart. I could see no future which was not bound up in the dreary routine of class on class, for my imagination had not awakened within me, and my own fears stilled the consciousness of a weakness which has later been my only hope—my only strength.

Ah! do not envy the poet's life. Mine, at least, was not one for envy. Could you look back, as I can, upon the days gone by; could you mark, as I can, the development by shock on shock of the saddened manhood that at last found its way through the clouds, I think you would say with me, "Thank God, these days have gone!"

And even now, as the years creep over me, I look back with something of horror at the days that lie ever increasing behind me, and a sense of thankfulness only fills me when I remember that they are gone.

School became a thing of the past, and my eyes opened somewhat to the reality of the world around me under the course of a University career.

There I commenced to write. At first with a vague wonder as to what came from me, then with a timid fear to put *myself* upon the page, and after many days with the truer knowledge that the poet must show his heart.

I have never ceased to write since then. For what else do I live? Ah! I believed but yesterday that a future lay before me—and now——

Now I see with a different sight; what is man's ambition—what do I gain, what have I gained in the little reputation which is already mine. Is it not but a poor thing to strive for if in the ages to come all shall have died away, as has been written from the East of Time—all—all my works dead—all that I have written, all that I shall write, all

passed away into oblivion, and a single volume only of my biography shall be found in the world five hundred years in after time!

And yet I shall never cease to write.

It was at college that I made the acquaintance of Frank Marston. He became my closest friend. Together we studied, and together spent our vacations, and together we started to visit the continental towns. These, at least, were happy days.

I can recall, almost as though I still lived them o'er, the days of that, dear summer three years ago.

I can recall, if I do not weary you with memory, one of those dear evenings in Berlin. Frank had wandered away from me as I sat amongst the trees in that solitude which I love—near the happy crowd, and yet alone. You know the Zoologischer Garten of Berlin; do you know the spot I mean? The sound of the music came borne to me across the water, and the setting sun cast its glories of light and shade of gold and grey, upon the peaceful scene, and the music borne upon the balmy air lulled my senses into a deep rest, and sadness fell upon my soul. Something brings back to me the poor lines I wrote amidst the beauty of that scene—something brings back the sadness which must interline with its holiness and with its unspeakable longing such hours as these.

Scented airs would gently waft me,
  Waft me where—where could they waft—
To what summer more entrancing
  Where the wind shall breathe more soft?

Where is borne upon the evening,
  So lingeringly, so rare,
Dulcet music intertwining
  With the cadence in the air?

Here—the moments passing by me
  Seem to fall with golden sound,
As might leaves from autumn branches
  Fall quivering to the ground.

Yet there is a thirst within me
  That I cannot—cannot—slake
In the beauty that is sleeping
  On the surface of the lake.

Ah! although I feel a glory
  Surely fallen from on high,
It would seem as though inwoven
  With some Angel's tearful sigh.

Ah, to me peace is inseparably connected with the beautiful and the sad!

Three days later, in Dresden, a town dear to me because its quiet loveliness harmonizes with all that is good within me—the bad news came. My father was seriously ill. My trip, almost at the outset, came abruptly to an end.

So Frank was left alone to complete his summer tour, and I returned home—too late!

He died before my arrival home, leaving me an orphan in circumstances of poverty which came as a revelation to me; to work for my daily bread.

I do not know if I have anything of pride in my nature, for I accepted my uncle's offer to provide for me, and I have lived since as his dependant, in a position at which my whole being revolts at times—*for the sake of my art.*

I have not seen Frank Marston for more than a year. He is wealthy, and he is one to whom the excitement of travel seems to have become a necessity, and he is only now returning from the far, far East.

And of my career since my father's death?—it has been quiet and studious, and yet I cannot study for my memory is a useless thing. It sometimes seems to me that all my powers of thought are absorbed in the one channel which leads me to imagine a beauty which cannot exist upon earth and to create that fiction which is my chief delight.

And yet I write so uselessly that at times I despair. Are my works good or bad? I cannot tell. As yet my poor fame, *which is to be*, as the spirit from the East of Time has said, is as nothing, and the best of what has come to me and gone from me to the page lies still within my escritoire.

Thus has been my life—a life spent latterly amongst my own thoughts and in the solitude of the dear country, which I love—here at Varnley Hall—my uncle's home.

* * * * * * *

It is written in those lines of my biography which come to me from the future time, before the mesmeric circle was complete:

"He had now entered upon his twenty-sixth year, and it was in this year that he fell in love."

How strange it is that the truth should thus come back to me.

Four days ago I met Onora Mayne. Who is she? She is the *one* in all the world for me. I can understand that change which is spoken of as falling upon my life at this time, but it has a dual, not a single cause, though all lies with Onora Mayne.

I who have never loved, now love with a madness which might of itself divert the current of my every thought. This alone might cause the change; but there is the other truth—the greater truth—that in meeting Onora Mayne I awakened to youth, and that from

this my biographer writes into the East of Time, and the man living there and reading of my youth and of Onora Mayne seeks to come back to steal from me that which he himself does not possess, and sends his spirit into my spirit to wreck my life, it may be, with the vague truth now prone before me, and to take from me the greater part of every joy—ay, even of my love. Is not this enough to turn my life, as the course of the strong river may be turned, to flood and devastate the fields?

Onora Mayne came into my quiet life! Beautiful creation! how can I aspire to such as thee? Yet sometimes the fairest maid stoops to gather the poorest flower that blooms beneath the hedge.

It is not strange to me that we never met in the days which have been—when I remember what my life has been and what yours.

Already there is an unseen sympathy between us, the sympathy of soul for soul, and yet to-day, when that horrible night had passed away, and when I greeted you on the lawn, I fancied there was some change in you as there was a change in me.

But the change in you was of another kind to mine, for I loved you with a devotion ten times intensified, and you seemed more cold than yesterday. But I remembered later that my mind may by recollection have exaggerated your friendliness, and that the increased depth of my love for you took away in its very expectation of increased sympathy from the warmth of your manner to me.

I know that you like me, and I know, too—alas! that you are too free, too trusting, to have dreamt that I have thought of love.

I think you rather look on me as a harmless thing, as one so buried in the beauty of his own thoughts—do *you* think them beautiful, Onora Mayne?—that he could not love.

Is your heart, Onora, cold to me? I love you as man never loved, and still I fear.

* * * * * * *

I fell away into a vain dream as to what might be. I am unable to concentrate my thoughts. I cannot understand how my mind wanders away, not as in the old time, and how I write intermittently as I never used to do.

And every thought leads me to dwell on the future time, to think of what will be, not of what has been, as though the Spirit which came from the East of Time would ever strive to lead me thither, and as though I of the present refused to turn to unknown things and struggled to dwell upon the past.

An awful thought occurs to me. What if I am doomed to have another existence in the East of Time—what if this man whose Spirit has come back to me is but myself, as it were re-born—born after passing from a life of sorrow, born again through perfect forgetfulness, and there

doomed to recoil upon myself in the old time to make my life as an unending cycle, an earthly Hell!

What have I done, my God, to deserve such punishment as this!

* * * * * * *

I have passed through agony such as surely few men know.

It seemed to me that that which descended through Time, sought to return to the East, yet knew not how. And the struggling of the spirit tore me asunder, and I could not move, and yet I seemed to fight against the spirit of the future time, as though I felt that my own soul were so linked with it that these two must pass *together if at all* into the East of Time.

And now I am weak, and in my weakness peace has for a moment come upon me, and I know that the Present still is.

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CHARLES HANNAN.

(To be continued.)

THE DUBLIN LODGE T. S.

The DUBLIN LODGE has now arranged for the holding of meetings at its new rooms, No. 16, Charlemont Mall, every Thursday, at 8 p.m., and the members will be glad to welcome on these evenings any friends interested in the work of the Society.

With a view to the promotion by the regular study and discussion of Theosophical tenets, a Research Section has lately been started, the subjects at present under consideration being (1) Light on the Path, (2) Karma, (3) Elementaries and Elemental Spirits, and (4) the Relations of Man to Nature.

The Lodge is desirous of opening communications with all interested in the Theosophical Movement throughout Ireland, and for the better furtherance of this object a corresponding section has been organised with a nominal subscription, arrangements having been made to secure to each member a regular supply of Theosophical literature.

The library of the Lodge being at present scarcely adequate to meet the increasing demands for Theosophical literature in Ireland, the council would feel grateful for any donations in the shape of books, pamphlets, &c., from their friends in other countries, Light on the Path, and works of a similar nature being particularly needed.

Correspondence.

"ESOTERIC BUDDHISM" AND THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

IN reference to various remarks concerning "Esoteric Buddhism" which appear in the course of your new work, "The Secret Doctrine," I beg to call your attention to some passages on the same subject which appeared on former occasions in the *Theosophist* at a time when that magazine was edited by yourself.

In the *Secret Doctrine* you speak of *Esoteric Buddhism* as a work with "a very unfortunate title," and in reference to a passage in my preface, emphasising the novelty for European readers of the teachings then given out, you say the error must have crept in through inadvertence. In the last number of LUCIFER you discuss the same point in a note appended to a correspondent's letter. Permit me to remind you of an editorial note, evidently from your own pen, in the February *Theosophist*, 1884. This is in reply to an objection raised by Mr. W. Q. Judge that nearly all the leading ideas of the doctrine embodied in "Esoteric Buddhism" are to be found in the *Bhagavad Gita*. You wrote:—

"We do not believe our American brother is justified in his remarks. The knowledge given out in *Esoteric Buddhism* is most decidedly given out for the first time, inasmuch as the allegories that lie scattered in the Hindu sacred literature are now for the first time clearly explained to the world of the profane.* Since the birth of the Theosophical Society and the publication of *Isis*, it is being repeated daily that all the esoteric wisdom of the ages lies concealed in the Vedas, the Upanishads and Bhagavad Gita; yet unto the day of the first appearance of *Esoteric Buddhism*, and for long centuries back, these doctrines remained a sealed letter *to all but a few initiated Brahmins* who had always kept the spirit of it to themselves."

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* The author of the "Secret Doctrine" begs to suggest that she never denied to the doctrines expounded by Mr. Sinnett the privilege of having been *clearly* "EXPLAINED," for the first time, in *print*, in "Esot. Buddhism." All she asserts is, that *it is not for the first time* that they were *given out* to *a European*, and by the latter to other Europeans. Between "publishing" and "giving out" there is a decided difference; an admirable *peg*, at any rate, for our common enemies to hang their captious cavils upon. It is not the writer of the "Secret Doctrine," moreover, who was the first to put such a natural interpretation upon the sentence used by our esteemed friend and correspondent, but, verily, sundry critics *outside* of, as also *within* the Theosophical Society. It is no personal question between Mr. Sinnett and H. P. Blavatsky, but between these two individuals on the one hand and their critics on the other; the former being both in duty bound—as theosophists and believers in the esoteric teaching—to defend the Sacred Doctrine from side attacks—*viâ* its expounders. —[ED.]

Thus, if I erred in my statement about the doctrine having been unknown previously to Europeans, I erred in very good company—your own. Your note goes on to say that certainly the teachings of "Esoteric Buddhism" lie concealed in the Bhagavad Gita, "but" you say:

"What of that? Of what good to W. Q. Judge or any other is the diamond that lies concealed deep underground? Of course everyone knows that there is not a gem now sparkling in a jewellery shop but pre-existed and lay concealed since its formation, for ages, within the bowels of the earth. Yet surely he who got it first from its finder, and cut and polished it, may be permitted to say that this particular diamond is given out for the first time to the world." *

In regard to my "unfortunate title," which was (as you know, I think) approved when first proposed without any question arising as to the two "d's"—you say in the *Secret Doctrine*:

"It has enabled our enemies to find an effective weapon against Theosophy because, as an eminent Pali scholar very pointedly expressed it, there was in the volume named neither esotericism nor Buddhism."

It happens that you discussed the same criticism in an article in the *Theosophist* for November, 1883. Your text on that occasion was an article in the *St. James' Gazette*, which you attributed to Dr. Rhys Davids, and you wrote:

"But before the Orientalists are able to prove that the doctrines, as taught in Mr. Sinnett's exposition are "not Buddhism, esoteric nor exoteric," they will have to make away with the thousands of Brahminical Adwaita and other Vedantin writings—the works of Sankaracharya in particular—from which it can be proved that precisely the same doctrines are taught in those works esoterically."

You spoke, in the course of the article, of the very remark you now find to be "very pointed," † as "such a spiteful and profitless criticism" to attribute it to the pen of the great Pali scholar.

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* This proves, firstly, that the desire to defend, in print, a friend and co-worker *quand même*, even when he is not entirely right, is always injudicious; and secondly, that experience comes with age. "The good advocate not onely heares, but examines his case, and pincheth the cause where he fears it is foundred" —Fuller teaches. We proved no "good advocate," and now bear our *Karma* for it; from an "advocate" we have become a "defendant."—[Ed.]

† So we say now. Not a word of what we wrote *then* do we repudiate here; and the "Secret Doctrine" proves it. But this does not clash at all with the fact that, once made public, no doctrine can be referred to any longer as "esoteric." The esoteric tenets revealed—both in "Esoteric Buddhism" and the "Secret Doctrine" have become *exoteric* now. Nor does a remark cease to be "spiteful" for being "very pointed," *e.g.*, most of Carlyle's remarks. A few years ago, at a time when our doctrines were hardly delineated and the Orientalists knew nothing of them, any such premature discussion and criticism were "profitless." But now, when these doctrines have spread throughout the whole world, unless we call things by their true names, and admit our mistakes (for it was one, to spell "Budhism," *Buddhism*—a mistake, moreover, distinctly attri-

The propriety of the title given to my book was discussed in an article in the *Theosophist* for June, 1884, when an editorial note was appended, in the course of which the writer said:

"The name given to Mr. Sinnett's book will not be misleading or objectionable when the close identity between the doctrines therein expounded and those of the ancient Rishis of India is clearly perceived." *

These extracts seem to show that the unfavourable view of *Esoteric Buddhism* now presented to the readers of the *Secret Doctrine* can only have been developed in your mind within a comparatively recent period.† Satisfied with the assurance conveyed to me—as explained in the preface to the sixth edition—by the reverend teacher from whom its substance was derived—that the book was a sound and trustworthy presentation of his teachings as a whole, that would never have to be remodelled or apologised for,‡ I have been content, hitherto, to leave unnoticed every

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buted *to ourselves*, "theosophists of India," *vide* page xviii. Vol. 1 of the "Secret Doctrine," and *not at all to Mr. Sinnett*), our critics will have an undeniable right to charge us with sailing under *false* colours. Nothing more fatal to our cause could ever happen. If we would be regarded as *theosophists*, we have to protect THEOSOPHY; we have to defend our colours before we think of defending our own petty personality and *amour propre*, and should be ever ready to sacrifice ourselves. And this is what we have tried to do in the *Introduction* to the "Secret Doctrine." Poor is that standard-bearer who shields his body from the bullets of the enemy with the sacred banner entrusted to him!—[ED.]

* The Rishis having nought to do with "Buddhism," the religion of Gautama Buddha, this question shows plainly that the mistake involved in the double "d" had not yet struck the writer as forcibly as it has done later.—[ED.]

† This is an error. What we say now in the "Secret Doctrine" is what we *knew*, but kept silent upon ever since the *first year* of the publication of "Esoteric Doctrine"; though we confess we have not realised the importance of the mistake as fully from the beginning as we do now. It is the number of criticisms received in private letters and for publication in LUCIFER, from friends as well as from foes, that forced us to see the question in its true light. Had they (the criticisms) been directed only against us *personally* (Mr. Sinnett and H. P. Blavatsky) they would have been left entirely unnoticed. But as all such had a direct bearing upon the doctrines taught—some persisting in calling them *Buddhism*, pure and simple, and others charging them with being a *new-fangled doctrine* invented by ourselves and fathered upon Buddhism—the danger became imminent, and a public explanation was absolutely necessary. Moreover, the impression that it was a very materialistic teaching—"Esoteric Buddhism" being accused of upholding the Darwinian hypothesis—spread from the Indian and Vedantin to almost all the European theosophists. This had to be refuted, and—we do so in the "Secret Doctrine."—[ED.]

‡ No one has ever dreamt of denying that "Esoteric Buddhism" was a "trustworthy presentation" of the Master's teachings *as a whole*. That which is asserted is simply that some *personal* speculations of its author were faulty,

other criticism that it has called forth. I have known all along that it contained errors which initiates would detect, but by the time any student might be in a position to appreciate these he would be independent of its guidance, and till then he could not be embarrassed* by them. Now, however, I regret to find that the *Secret Doctrine* is not merely concerned to expand and develope the earlier teaching—a task which I should be the first to recognise could be performed by no one more efficiently than by yourself—but paves the way for its expositions by remarks on *Esoteric Buddhism* which are not in the nature of fresh revelations concerning what are, doubtless, its many shortcomings, but are in the nature of disparagements † which you have, on former occasions rebuked others for putting forward.

You say—in objecting to my title—"the esoteric truths presented in Mr. Sinnett's work had ceased to be esoteric from the moment they were made public." Is not that an odd objection to appear on the first page of a book called "The *Secret* Doctrine." Has the doctrine ceased to deserve that designation from the date at which your own book appeared?‡

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and led to erroneous conclusions, (*a*) on account of their incompleteness, and (*b*) because of the evident anxiety to reconcile them with modern *physical* science, instead of metaphysical philosophy. Very likely errors, emanating from a desire diametrically opposite, will be found in the "Secret Doctrine." Why should any of us—aye, even the most learned in occult lore among theosophists—pose for infallibility? Let us humbly admit with Socrates that "all we know is, that *we know nothing*"; at any rate nothing in comparison to what we have still to learn.—[Ed.]

* Not "embarrassed," but *misled*—and it is precisely this which has happened. —[Ed.]

† We demur to the expression. No "disparagement" whatever is meant, but simply an attempt is made to make certain tenets taught in our respective works more clear. Without such explanations, the statements made by both authors would be unavoidably denounced as contradictory. The general public rarely goes to the trouble of sifting such difficult metaphysical questions to the bottom, but judges on appearance. We have to acquaint first the reader with all the sides and aspects of a teaching before we allow him to accept or even to see in one of such a *dogma*.—[Ed.]

‡ It *has*, most unquestionably, if logic deserves its name. Our correspondent would have hardly made this query, intended as a hit and a satire, had he paid attention to what is said on pages xvii—xviii (the first and the second) of the *Introduction* to the "Second Doctrine," namely—"Esoteric Buddhism" was an excellent work with a very unfortunate title, though *it meant no more* than does the title of this work, the "*Secret* Doctrine"; which means, if anything, that no more than "*Esoteric* Buddhism" are those portions of the "Secret Doctrine" now explained in our volumes *any longer* "*secret*"—since *they are divulged.* We appeal to logicians and literary critics for a decision.—[Ed.]

These questions however are all of minor importance, though it puzzles me to understand why your view of them should have been so diametrically reversed from what it was a few years ago.* I might hardly have written this letter at all, but for a passage in the *Secret Doctrine* referring to *Esoteric Buddhism* that occurs on page 169. There you suggest that my own attempt to explain planetary evolution fails for want of being sufficiently metaphysical, and you quote a phrase from me—"on pure metaphysics of that sort we are not now engaged"—in connexion with a passage from one of the letters of instruction I received when the book was under preparation. "In such case," you say, "as the Teacher remarks in a letter to him: 'Why this preaching of our doctrines, all this uphill work and swimming in *adversum flumen ?*'" Any reader will imagine that the passage quoted from the letter had reference to the passage quoted from the book.† Nothing can be further from the fact. My remark about not being "*then*" concerned with "pure metaphysics" had a limited and specific application, and on the next page I see that I have dealt with that period before the earliest manifestations of Nature on the plane of the senses, when the work of evolution going on was concerned "with the elemental forces that underlie the phenomena of Nature so visible now and perceptible to the senses of Man."

From time to time, amongst criticisms of *Esoteric Buddhism* that have appeared to me misdirected, I have heard this charge—that I have not appreciated the great doctrine metaphysically, that I have materialised its conceptions. I do not think I have ever before put pen to paper to combat this idea, though it has always struck me as curiously erroneous; but when language from yourself seems to fortify the impression I refer to, it is high time for me to explain, at any rate, my own attitude of mind.‡

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* *Vide Supra* notes: the reasons are now explained.—[Ed.]

† This remark of the Master was made in a general not in any specific application. But what of that?—[Ed.]

‡ Once more we beg to assure our friend and colleague, Mr. Sinnett, that in saying what is said in the "Secret Doctrine" we did not for one moment contemplate the remarks as expressive of our *own personal objections*—seeing we know our correspondent's ideas too well to have any. They were addressed to and directed against our benevolent critics: especially those who, with an impartiality most admirable, though worthy of a better fate, try to hit us both, and *through* us to upset the Esoteric Doctrine. Has not the latter been proclaimed by a number of well-wishers as an invention of H. P. Blavatsky's? Did not even an admirably clever and learned man—the late W. C. King—claim, in his "Gnostics and their Remains," to have "reasons for suspecting that the sibyl of '*Esoteric* Buddhism' (*i.e.* your humble servant) drew her first notions from the analysis of the *Inner man* (to wit our seven principles) as set forth in my (his) first edition"! This — because the most philo-

The charge of materialising the doctrine seems to me to arise entirely from the fact that I have partially succeeded in making some parts of it intelligible. The disposition to regard vagueness of exposition as equivalent to spirituality of thought is very widely spread; and multitudes of people are unaccustomed to respect any phraseology that they find themselves enabled to understand. Unused to realise a thought with precision of imaginative insight, they fancy if it is presented vividly to the mind that it must have lost caste in the realms of idealism. They are used to regarding a brick as something with a definite shape and purpose, and an idea as a Protean shadow. Give the idea a specific plan in Nature, and it will seem to them materialised, even if concerned with conditions of life as remote from materiality as Devachanic emotion.

The succession of Cause and Effect seems itself materialised—in the mental atmosphere I am discussing—if it is represented, in its most interesting aspect, as forcing its way from one plane of nature to another.

For readers of this temperament *Esoteric Buddhism* may be materialistic; but as I venture to believe that it has been a bridge which has conducted many, and may bear many more, across the chasm which divides the interests and materialism of this life, from the realms of spiritual aspiration beyond, I have not yet seen reason to regret the mould in which it was cast, even though some of those who have used it in their time now despise its materialistic construction.* It would load your paper too heavily if I quoted passages to show how constantly I really emphasised the non-material aspects of its teaching; but I may perhaps be allowed one from the closing sentences of the chapter on "the universe," in which I say:—"It"—the doctrine of the Esoteric Wisdom—"stoops to materialism, as it were to link its methods with the logic of that system, and ascends to the highest realms of Idealism to embrace and expound the most exalted aspiration of spirit."

The truth of the whole matter is admirably expressed in a comprehensive sentence at the end of a long article on "The Metaphysical Basis of Esoteric Buddhism," which appeared in the *Theosophist* for

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sophical Gnostic works, especially the doctrines of Valentinus and Marcus—are full of our archaic esoteric ideas. Forsooth, it is high time that the defendant, *also*, should "rise and explain" her attitude in the "Secret Doctrine," regardless of any one's (even her own) personality!—[ED.]

* No one we know of "despises," but many, on the other hand, *rejoice*, and very much so, at being able to refer to it as "materialistic." It was high time to disabuse and contradict them; and this letter from our correspondent, setting forth his true views and attitude *for the first time*, is one of the first good fruits produced by our remarks in the "Secret Doctrine." It is an excellent check on our mutual enemies.—[ED.]

May, 1884, with the suggestive signature, Damodar K. Mavalankar. This runs :—

"The reader will now perceive that *Esoteric Buddhism* is not a system of materialism. It is, as Mr. Sinnett calls it, 'Transcendental Materialism,' which is non-materialism, just as the absolute consciousness is non-consciousness."*

Any vindication of oneself must be a repulsive task. For many reasons I would rather have left all such questions alone, but to ignore unfavourable comments when these proceed from your own pen would be to treat them with less respect than is embodied in my present remarks.

In conclusion, since the *Secret Doctrine* so frequently discusses what *Esoteric Buddhism* meant to say as regards Darwinian evolution, let me endeavour to elucidate that point. The teaching I received on the subject of race evolution was very elementary. It was not exactly "fragmentary" (as has sometimes been said), but it was a skeleton statement, as regards all the problems of "Cosmogenesis," consequently it dealt merely with that cosmic progress of the spiritual inquiry through the various kingdoms of Nature which, beginning (on the material plane) with the mineral, culmimates in Man. It follows from this elementary statement that at some stage of the great evolutionary process there is an ascent from the animal to the human kingdom, † never mind where the transition is effected. There the teaching vindicated the spirit of the Darwinian idea ‡ though the further illumination now cast upon the

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* These are the *verbatim* expressions of your friend and humble servant, the Editor. Damodar only repeated our views. But the "Damodars" are few, and there were, as our correspondent well knows, other Brahmins in England, who were the first to proclaim "Esoteric Buddhism" *materialistic to the core*, and who have always maintained this idea in others.—[Ed.]

† At the stage of the first Round, and partially at the second, never during any stage of the *Fourth* Round. A purely *mathematical* or rather algebraical reason exists for this :—The present (our) Round being the middle Round (between the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, and the 5th, 6th, and 7th) is one of adjustment and final equopoise between Spirit and matter. It is that point, in short, wherein the reign of *true* matter, its grossest state (which is as unknown to Science as its opposite pole—homogeneous matter or substance) stops and comes to an end. From that point physical man begins to throw off "coat after coat," his material molecules for the benefit and subsequent formation or clothing of the animal kingdom, which in its turn is passing it on to the vegetable, and the latter to the mineral kingdoms. Man having evoluted in the *first* Round from the animal *via* the two other kingdoms, it stands to reason that in the present Round he should appear *before* the animal world of *this* mantantoric period. But see the "Secret Doctrine" for particulars. [Ed.]

‡ What did Darwin, or what Darwinians know of our esoteric teaching about "Rounds!" The "Spirit" of the Darwinian idea, is an *Irish bull*, in this case, as that "Spirit" is materialism of the grossest kind.—[Ed.]

subject by your present work shows that many specific conjectures of Darwinism are erroneous, and its application to the human evolution of this world period altogether misleading. It is needless to say that I was not furnished with the later teaching on this subject when *Esoteric Buddhism* was written, therefore of course my own impression at the time was that the doctrine supported the Darwinian hypothesis, as a general idea. I never heard a word breathed in India, when writing *Esoteric Buddhism* to the contrary effect. *

Nor was the point worth raising then. My readers had to be made acquainted with the primary principles of Karma, reincarnation and cosmic progress towards superior conditions of existence. All the cosmo-genesis that was essential to the comprehension of these principles was supplied in the teaching as given. Much was left for further development, for later opportunities. The first book of Euclid cannot also contain the second, third and fourth. In the *Secret Doctrine* I have no doubt we are furnished with esoteric teaching, which is the analogue of the more advanced geometry. Probably it will be least appreciated by those who read its opening pages as warning them off the subject of triangles.

Yours very respectfully, A. P. SINNETT.

OUR CLOSING REMARK.

We thank Mr. Sinnett, with all our heart, for this letter. Better late than never. On page 186 of Vol. I. of our "Secret Doctrine," now just published, we quote from a letter of a member of the T. S., who wrote: "I suppose you realize that three-fourths of Theosophists, and even outsiders imagine that, as far as the evolution of man is concerned, Darwinism and Theosophy kiss one another" in "Esoteric Buddhism." We repudiate the idea most vehemently on the same page, but our negation would not go very far without that of Mr. Sinnett. The letter containing the above quoted sentence was written more than two and a half years ago; and our denial, notwithstanding the same charge of Darwinism and materialism in "Esoteric Buddhism," was maintained by the same writer and supported by many others. Thus it was indispensable for the good of the Cause that Mr. Sinnett should deny it over his own signature. Our object is accomplished, for the author of "Esoteric Buddhism" has now solemnly repudiated the charge, and we hope to receive no more such flings at our philosophical beliefs.

We close by thanking our esteemed correspondent once more for the indulgent spirit in which he deals with our remarks, but which, to our regret, he very erroneously attributes to a personal feeling due to some unwarrantable change in our attitude towards himself. We repudiate such a charge, and hope that our explanations will dissipate the last vestiges of any such suspicion.—[ED.]

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* The reason for this also is stated in the "Secret Doctrine."

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S PUBLICATION FUND.

Colonel Olcott has the permission of Professor F. Max Müller to give publicity to the following letter from himself to his Bombay correspondent :—

My Dear Sir,

Though I wrote to you yesterday only, I write once more to tell you and your friend Tookaram Tatya * that I am pleased to see from the *Indian Spectator* of July 1st that the "Krishna Yajur Veda Sanhitâ" has beenundertaken by the Theosophical Publication Fund, instead of the Rig Veda. This text will be useful, and I shall be glad to subscribe to it. You might go on with publishing the Taittiriya Brâhmana, likewise the white Yajur Veda, the Samaveda, and Atharvaveda, both Sânhita and Brâhmana, text and commentary. It would have been mere waste to print a new edition of the Rig Veda with Sâyana's commentary. The second edition of this work, which, with the generous assistance of H. H. The Maharajah of Vizianagram, I am now printing at the University Press, and which will contain many corrections of the old edition, will answer all wants in Europe and India for some time to come. Then there is still so much to be done in publishing really correct editions of important Sanskrit texts. To print the same text twice would have been woful extravagance.

But it seems to me, considering the higher object of the Theosophical Society, that you ought to publish a complete and correct edition of the Upanishads. There is a collection of the Upanishads published at Madras in Telugu letters, which might serve as a model. The Upanishads are, after all, the most important portion of the Vedas for philosophical purpose, and if the Theosophical Society means to do any real good, it must take its stand on the Upanishads, and *on nothing else.* I am thinking of publishing a cheap edition of my English translation of the Upanishads, but I must wait till the first edition published in the Sacred Books of the East is quite sold out. If you have sufficient funds, you should also print the commentaries on the Upanishads, but you should take care that the edition is entrusted to competent hands, so that we should get a critical edition, based on a careful collation of the best MSS., like our best editions in Europe. At present a beautiful and correct edition of the text seems to me almost a duty to be performed by the Theosophical Society. Please to urge this very strongly on your friend, and tell him from me that I always find the Grantha MSS. the most correct and most useful.

Yours very truly, (Signed) F. Max Müller.

24th July, 1888.

* The most active and indefatigable of all our Bombay Theosophists in the spread of Sanskrit and theosophical literature. The good he does to the poor and the distressed, in his Homœopathic *Free* Dispensaries—they, the sufferers, alone know. May he be rewarded as he deserves.—[Ed.]

CASTING OFF.

If King Henry VIII., the much-married King of England, stopped in some of his proceedings for divorce, or at least was stopped by the ecclesiastical authorities at the first of his acts, and was warned by them that his divorce with Catherine of Aragon was contrary to the laws of God, and could hardly be made by any sort of *modus vivendi* to fit in with the laws of men, King Milan of Servia has certainly sent in a greater amount of tickets to entitle him to a final "distribution of gifts."

I wish that some authority from the Editorial chair of LUCIFER would tell me whether the recent action of King Milan of Servia will not entail upon him a *Karma*, a never-ending penalty of remorse, shame, and future sorrow, for the cruel and unjustifiable act which he has committed by the divorce of his Queen Nathalie.*

I would like to know whether the Russian Christian Church, as well as the West, considers marriage as a thing which may not be cast aside by the decision of a civil tribunal. Your own creed of the Russian Church appears to my unassisted intellect to be emphatic, pronounced, and unchanging.

I quote from the creed of the Russian Church :—

"εφ' ορον ζωης αυτων εις καθα κινδυνον, δεν εξαφινωται ο ενας τον αλλον, υστερον δε βεβαιωνεται."

"Ad finem usque vitæ, quocunque rerum discrimine, constanter servaturus, nec alter alterum deserturus sit." (Orthodox Confession of the Eastern Church. A.D. 1643. Schaff. Creeds of the Greek Churches, 8vo. Lond. 1877, vol. ii., p. 393.

I may also state that there is not a single Latin priest who would dare to contravene the commands of his church by pronouncing a divorce *à vincula matrimonii* in a case like that of King Milan. They are much too careful of the words "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Surely the Russian Church has the same pure tradition. If the old Patriarchs of Constantinople could speak, their voices would be emphatic to declare that the sacramental ties of marriage are eternal and indissoluble, and that their authority has been decreed by the oracular and changeless fiat of everlasting veracity.

Some of the inferior Jew papers in London have recently had letters on the subject "Is Marriage a Failure?" But they have in this respect often confused the civil and religious ties. In the marriage of King Milan we have both. He may be civilly allowed to emulate King Solomon, but religiously he has only one wife, from whom he is now divorced.

Let us now consider the matter. The world, at the end of the present century, and approaching its descending cycle, gradually becomes worse and worse as artificial civilisation progresses, and moral improvement diminishes. We see this in the tendency for facilitating divorce, either in Servia or in England, the less attention paid to individual aspirations after holiness, and the probability that the next generation will be a great deal worse than the present. We live in a time when the words of Horace,

> Ætas parentium, pejor avis, tulit
> Nos requiores, nox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosorem,

are deeply applicable to us, and those who are born of us, and then the action of men like King Milan is only a forecast of the future, when the coming race "*Sans Dieu, sans foi, sans loi*" shall preach "the principles of 1789," "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Liberty, each to select his own punishment; Equality, before the throne of some self-invoked infernal power; Fraternity, such as was that of Cain towards Abel.

Still, for those who do not contemplate decay on a large scale, it is hard to perceive individual instances of blasphemy and immorality, and harder that they should have the sanction of any religious body.

The old feeling of chivalry in the West makes me inclined to break a lance for the divorced Queen of Servia, and by advocating her strive

> "For the cause that lacks assistance,
> From the wrong that needs resistance,
> To the future in the distance,
> And the good that we can do."

C. CARTER BLAKE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

* There is no "authority" on ecclesiastical laws in the "editorial chair of LUCIFER." The present editor recognizes no such laws, rejects and cares very little about them. But there are laws of honour, and honour—"stands at another bar than that of laws," whether social or ecclesiastical. And there is a woman in the said editorial chair, whose whole being revolts against such an infamous act of despotism and injustice as perpetrated by Milan of Servia, he who claims to reign "by the grace of God" and sticks fast to his throne only by the abject cowardice of his subjects. Of crowned despots, sots and even snobs, there were many, but hitherto even they had tried to preserve an *appearance*, at least, of honour. In our modern day, however, it becomes a matter for serious consideration, whether honour is ever to be *found, to a dead certainty, at home*—anywhere, except perchance among thieves! We live in a strange world of incongruity and paradox. When one knows that upon discovering a *sharper* in their midst, even the members of the poorest club would not fail to kick him out, one can only stare in finding all the modern sovereigns, great or small, remaining undisturbed and quite unconcerned before the perpetration of the most brutal act of licentiousness and abuse of power *by one of their own* fraternity. That Milan, the lineal descendant of Swineherds is *no* gentleman—though his late uncle Michael Obrenovitch was decidedly one—is no wonder. But that other Kings and Emperors, some of whom boast of a long lineage of knightly ancestors and "kings *gentiluomini*"—should allow such an unprecedented outrage upon a woman, a Queen, innocent and pure as few, go unpunished—is most marvellous—even in this age of depravity, and Crowns sold at auction.

> "O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
> Were not derived corruptly! and that dear honour
> Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!"

But, since the day of Solon, to paraphrase him: "Honours created far exceed those that are achieved."

To the second question of our correspondent, we answer—"most decidedly, the Greek Church would countenance and permit no such breaking of her laws, Nor shall the St. Petersburg *Metropolitan* or his Synod ever recognize the act of the Servian Theodosius; who is officially branded by that Synod, hence by the press, as the "*pseudo*-Metropolitan. The orthodox Greek Church is greater than Milan, "King" of a kingdom from an *opera comique.* But what of that? Russia does not recognize Ferdinand of Coburg; yet the Austrian usurpator rules to this day over Bulgaria, the land of Brigands and Generals Boum-boum. The Synod of Russia is not what it was only thirty years ago, when no divorce could be obtained on any consideration, and divorce plans were smashed against the Synodical rock even when backed up by the Imperial will and protection. Now things have changed. One can obtain a divorce in Russia as easily as in the United States. Russia is getting *civilized*, you see. The government may protect and defend Queen Nathalie, but Russia will not go to war to punish a —Milan. Yet, the religious feeling is strong both in Russia and Servia. . .

It remains to be seen what the Servians will do. Ah, *now* is a fine and easy-going time for the Milans and—"Jack the Rippers."

Reviews.

BEYOND THE KEN.

By CAROLINE CORNER. J. Burns, Southampton Row, London.

MISS CORNER evidently possesses a considerable knowledge of certain occult phenomena, and of the teachings of Theosophy in reference to the higher nature and faculties of the individual.

"Beyond the Ken" is a mystical story wrapped up in somewhat mystical language, which we imagine it will not always be easy for the uninitiated reader to understand. It is not one of those sensational tales in which the author draws largely upon the credulity of the reader, and which, in virtue of that very quality which gives them their popularity, serve to hide and discredit the value of the phenomena with which they deal. It is a fascinating story with quite an original freshness about it.

The story of the Styrian peasant lad, as told by Miss Corner, is simple and interesting; and so far as the "occult" part of it is concerned, no attempt is made to force this into undue prominence, or to present anything more than a simple incident—one of these rare but well-known (to occult science) instances in which a temporary but complete change takes place in the character, intellect and memory of the individual, who for the time being becomes a totally different person, afterwards returning to the former consciousness, picking this up just at the point at which it was previously dropped, and losing all memory of the intervening time and events. This phenomenon is cleverly worked into the narrative, and made to subserve a high and ennobling purpose in the romantic history of the hero and heroine. The former rises from a peasant lad to become a great sculptor, while the latter is his true guiding star and inspiring genius, and is united to him from childhood by those mystical affinities which operate on the higher planes of being.

The author writes with a profound conviction of the reality and possibilities of that higher life which constitutes the real Ego, and indeed possesses that sympathy with nature and poetic instinct from which this conviction is inseparable, but she is not always successful in expressing her ideas in such a way as to force her convictions home to the minds of her sceptical readers, with regard to the former question, as it requires a considerable metaphysical training to do so. In the second case, however, she always presents a clear picture of that which she sees herself, and her manner of writing is always fresh if not altogether forcible.

"Overshadowed" is the title of a short story at the end of the book. As a narrative it possesses some interest, but is rather unequally written The mesmeric control exercised by the Count over the sensitive nature of the heroine serves as a slight thread upon which to construct the plot, but is not presented in any respects as a serious scientific problem, which is what it professes to be and might become were it treated with a trifle more elaborateness.

SAINT MARGARET.

By William Tirebuck. W. P. Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell, Edinburgh.

THE author of this pleasing little novel has set himself the task of depicting the inward struggle of a man who is actuated by a real love for humanity, and a desire to follow in the footsteps of Christ, but who is suddenly brought face to face with a consciousness of the unreality, formality, narrowness and bigotry of that which passes for Christianity in the present day.

Julian Jerome, in accordance with the dying wish of his father, is endeavouring to "live Christ," and commences his practical work as superintendent of a Mission room under the patronage of the Rev. Laurence Lundie, M.A. The contrast between the real needs of the poor and degraded to which Julian ministers, and the Christian gospel which the vicar propagates, "inside the church with cold formalism, and outside in kid gloves," is well set forth in the opening chapters. It is inevitable that Julian should come into conflict with the vicar, for he is too conscientious to live without protesting against the shams with which he comes in contact, and he boldly tells the vicar that his version of the Scriptures, "the version of your congregation—that is, the version as translated into the language of your lives, is a false version." As the result, he is requested by the vicar to resign his appointment; but he has already influenced very deeply the mind of the vicar's daughter, Margaret, and she also—possessing the same desire to find a practical christianity which shall meet the real needs of the poor and ignorant—comes into conflict with the formal methods of orthodox Christianity as represented by her father, and leaves home to undertake philanthropic work on her own account.

Jerome's experience in the field of modern radicalism and agnosticism is exceedingly well and graphically depicted, and the author brings forcibly home to his readers how completely every sphere of our nineteenth century life and thought is honeycombed with the canker of sham hypocrisy and self-seeking.

The subsequent vicissitudes through which Julian and Saint Margaret have to pass, in their endeavours to work out their ideal, affords the author a groundwork for an interesting story. It can hardly be said, however, that he has given a solution of the main question. The book is one of those which reflect a very widespread feeling that there is something essentially wrong with moder Christianity, and the author is very happy in his mode of expressing this; but those who expect to find the solution outside of their own consciousness will be disappointed. It is not given to all to sense the finer truth.

The author, however, expresses the broad spirit of unity which must actuate those who work for humanity, and which is the spirit of Christ apart from theological dogma and ecclesiastical trappings. He does more than this, he hints at that deeper unity which pervades the whole universe, and which is the basis of all Theosophical teachings. "Nothing can individually know entire harmony, because everything is contributing towards one harmonious whole not yet complete; each shares the incompleteness and possibility of completion. Thought cannot realize all possibilities, just because all possibilities are not yet realized. We must think up to facts we know, and cover the rest with faith."

We can recommend the book to the inquiring reader, as well as to those who wish for a pleasing, interesting and extremely well-written story.

Theosophical Activities.

A MEETING of members of the Theosophical Society was summoned by Col. Olcott, P.T.S., to consider proposals which he had forwarded to them for the formation of a British Section of the Theosophical Society. At this meeting, which was held at No. 9, Conduit Street, on Monday October 8th, 1888, it was :—

1. That a British Section of the Theosophical Society be formed.

2. That Mr. Archibald Keightley be appointed General Secretary *pro tem.* :—

3. That Col. Olcott, P.T.S., and Messrs. A. P. Sinnett, John Varley, T. B. Harbottle, and A. Keightley be appointed a Committee to draw up a code of Rules—such Rules to be submitted to an adjourned meeting, to be summoned by the Committee at their discretion.

The adjourned meeting was held at Conduit Street on October 19th, Col. Olcott in the chair.

Col. Olcott addressed the meeting after the draft of Rules had been read by the Secretary. He said that he had given his consent to the alteration of the Rule as regards the payment of an entrance fee on joining the Society, but only upon one condition—the substitution of a fixed annual subscription.

Then Col. Olcott referred to the idea that organization in advance of demand wouuld cause difficulty. He said that he had considered the matter carefully, and that he had rejected the objection on the ground that organization creates a demand and secondly that he considered that the demand already existed. He alluded to the fact that he had previously found difficulties occur because he had been unprepared with organization, when a demand had been made. It was, he believed, certain that the demand was being steadily created by the spiritualistic movement, and by the revolt against superstition which had become prevalent. He therefore believed that the T.S. must be ready to meet a demand which would probably be made upon it.

He again referred to the matter of subscription, and warmly recommended that some sum should be settled before his departure for India.

The chairman ascertained that all present were Fellows of the Theosophical Society, and were duly entitled to vote. Also that representatives from the London, Dublin, Blavatsky, Cambridge, Liverpool, and Glasgow Branches were present. He then proceeded to put the Rules to the Meeting.

Rule 1 was carried unanimously, as was No. 2. But subsequently an amendment was proposed by Mr. Bertram Keightley to insert a Rule between Rules 10 and 11 with regard to the possibility of Branches of the T. S. being formed within the United Kingdom, but apart from the British Section. The amendment was withdrawn after some discussion, the meeting evidently being of opinion that the word "the" in Rule 2 should be changed to "all." This was passed. To Rule 8 of the draft the Chairman proposed an amendment, and it was finally passed under the present form, *i.e.*, with the addition to the draft

code: "and of such unofficial members of the present General Council of the Theosophical Society as are resident in the United Kingdom. The Council is an integral portion of the General Council of the Theosophical Society." Rule 4 was carried unanimously. To Rule 5, it was proposed to add "and addresses" after the word "names." This was carried unanimously, together with the Rule. Rules 6 and 7 were also carried unanimously. Rule 8 was carried unanimously; but the point was afterwards raised as to the quorum of the Council. Subsequently the quorum of the Council was decided as follows: it was also decided that the words should be inserted as part of Rule 8. "The quorum of the Council shall consist of one representative from each of two Branches."

To Rule 9, Mr. Hamilton raised an objection that nothing was stated in respect of the occurrence of a "tie." In this he was supported by Messrs Gardner and Harbottle, and it was finally decided to add: "In case of a tie the motion shall stand adjourned. Rules 10, 11 and 12 were carried unanimously, after Mr. Bertram Keightley's amendment was withdrawn on a clearer reconstruction of Rule 2.

To Rule 13 of the draft code Mr. Bertram Keightley proposed, as an amendment, to add:

"Where a room or rooms shall be provided and furnished as a reading-room for the use of members of the section, a library of works on Theosophy and Occultism shall be formed for their use; the expenses being defrayed out of the funds of the Section."

This was seconded by Mr. Cobbold, and a somewhat lengthy discussion arose on the question. It was pointed out that the funds might not be forthcoming, and that there had been no subscription fixed. But the general concensus of opinion was in favour of the scheme, and the Rule was finally passed as amended.

To Rule 14 of the draft code, Mr. Bertram Keightley proposed an amendment as follows: "That the expenses of the Section shall be defrayed by an annual subscription from each member thereof. In the case of members belonging to a Branch, the Secretary of that Branch shall be responsible to the Council for the collection of their subscriptions."

A lengthy discussion followed after this had been seconded by Mr. Harbottle. The latter gentleman stated that, though he had formed one of the committee who prepared the draft code, he felt himself quite at liberty to support this amendment. A large number of those present spoke in favour of the amendment; but Mr. Sinnett strongly opposed it, on the ground that a capitation subscription was a wrong principle and that he believed it would be a disastrous insertion in the Rules. Mr. Keightley replied that though he regretted it, he felt himself obliged to persist with his amendment, and the President Founder supporting the proposal, it was put to the vote and carried, Mr. Sinnett opposing. On enquiry from the chairman, Mr. Sinnett stated that he wished his vote to be recorded.

Mr. Bertram Keightley then moved to insert as a rule, between rules 14 and 15 of the Draft Code, the following:

The annual subscription of each member of the section shall not be less than 5s. per annum, but members residing within 20 miles of London shall pay an additional subscription of 5s.

The broad principle of this was accepted, but an addition was made: "this being subject to the action of the Council in special cases."

This was finally carried.

Rule 15 of the Draft Code was slightly altered, the word "Theosophical" being substituted for "Parent." This Rule became Rule 16. At the same time, Mr. Ellis raised the objection that the words "Lodge" and "Branch" had been used indiscriminately. It was finally settled that the word "Branch" should be substituted for "Lodge" in every case.

Rule 16 was carried *nem. con.*, and became Rule 17.

Two recommendations of the Committee were adopted unanimously.

"That *ad interim* business shall be transacted by the General Secretary, pending the full organisation of the Section."

And that

"The above Rules shall come into force on the first day of January, 1889."

The President-Founder then addressed the meeting, and after congratulating the meeting on the conclusion of the business, bade the members present farewell before his return to India.

The following are the Rules as finally adopted:—

THE BRITISH SECTION
OF THE
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

RULES.

1. The British Section of the Theosophical Society shall consist of all Fellows of the Theosophical Society resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

2. For all purposes of organization, the Section shall consist of all branches of the Theosophical Society within the above limits, provided that the said branches shall be duly chartered by the Theosophical Society, or by such other authority as shall be deputed for that purpose.

3. The government of the British Section shall be vested in a Council. The Council consists of the following: The Presidents of Branches, *ex officio;* one delegate from each Branch for every twenty-five members, the General Secretary, and such unofficial members of the present General Council of the Theosophical Society as are resident in the United Kingdom. The Council is an integral portion of the General Council of the Theosophical Society.

4. The General Secretary shall be elected annually by the Council, and during his tenure of office shall have the voting power of a member of Council, and shall be responsible for the carrying on of the routine business of the Section, and for the due execution of all instructions conveyed to him by the Council.

5. The General Secretary shall further keep a register of all members of the Section, and it shall be the duty of Secretaries of branches to furnish him from time to time with the names and addresses of members of their branches. This register shall be open to the inspection of Presidents of branches.

6. No person shall be considered a member of the Section whose name is not on the list of the General Secretary.

7. The Council of the Section shall meet in London during the months of April and November, and at such other times as may be considered expedient. Note of such meetings, together with notices of any resolutions to be moved, or business transacted, shall be forwarded to every Branch, at least twenty-one days before the date fixed for such meeting. Special Meetings shall be summoned by the General Secretary, at the request of the representatives of any two Branches, in which case notice shall be given to all branches, as above.

8. At Meetings of the Council, the members present shall elect their Chairman for the meeting; during such election the General Secretary shall take the Chair *pro tem.*; the quorum of the Council shall consist of one representative from each of two Branches.

9. Each Member of the Council has one vote on any questions about which a division is taken. Proxies, general or special, shall be allowed. In case of a tie, the motion shall stand adjourned.

10. The Council of the Section shall have power to issue charters to Branches and diplomas to Members. It shall further have power to suspend charters or the diplomas of unattached members, pending an appeal to the President-Founder.

11. Each Branch shall determine for itself the qualifications of its Members or Associates. But no Member of the Section shall have power to vote or be eligible to office in more than one Branch.

12. All difficulties or questions arising within branches or between unattached Members of the Section, may be referred at the desire of either party to the decision of the Council of the Section. And final appeal shall lie to the President-Founder.

13. The Section shall have its head-quarters in London; where a room or rooms shall be provided and furnished as a reading-room for the use of members of the Section. A Library of works on Theosophy and Occultism shall be formed for their use; the expenses being defrayed out of the funds of the Section.

14. The expenses of the Section shall be defrayed by an annual subscription from each member thereof. In the case of members belonging to a branch, the Secretary of that branch shall be responsible to the Council for the collection of their subscriptions.

15. The Annual Subscription of each member of the Section shall not be less than 5s. per annum, but members residing within 20 miles of London shall pay an additional subscription of 5s.; this being subject to the action of the Council in special cases.

16. The contributions of the Section to the Theosophical Society shall be subject to the action of the Council from time to time.

17. Alterations of these Rules may be made by the Council, subject to the provision as regards notice, as above specified.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, Gen. Sec. *pro tem.*

NOTE.—Two errors unfortunately crept into the notices sent, which are corrected in the present copy, as will be seen on comparison.—A. K.

THE ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

———:o:———

Owing to the fact that a large number of Fellows of the Society have felt the necessity for the formation of a body of Esoteric students, to be organised on the ORIGINAL LINES devised by the *real* founders of the T. S., the following order has been issued by the President-Founder:—

I. To promote the esoteric interests of the Theosophical Society by the deeper study of esoteric philosophy, there is hereby organised a body, to be known as the "Exoteric Section of the Theosophical Society."

II. The constitution and sole direction of the same is vested in Madame H. P. Blavatsky, as its Head; she is solely responsible to the Members for results; and the section has no official or corporate connection with the Exoteric Society save in the person of the President-Founder.

III. Persons wishing to join the Section, and willing to abide by its rules, should communicate directly with:—Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.

(Signed) H. S. Olcott,

President in Council.

Attest:—H. P. Blavatsky.

"Om ah guru munjee Goshaya barsid dhi. . . . Höm."

LUCIFER

VOL. III. LONDON, DECEMBER 15TH, 1888. No. 16.

IS DENUNCIATION A DUTY?

"Condemn no man in his absence; and when forced to reprove, do so to his face, but gently, and in words full of charity and compassion. For the human heart is like the Kusûli plant: it opens its cup to the sweet morning dew, and closes it before a heavy shower of rain."

—BUDDHIST PRECEPT.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

—CHRISTIAN APHORISM.

NOT a few of our most earnest Theosophists feel themselves, we are sorry to hear, between the horns of a dilemma. Small causes will at times produce great results. There are those who would jest under the cruellest operation, and remain cool while having a leg amputated, who would yet raise a storm and renounce their rightful place in the kingdom of Heaven if, to preserve it, they had to keep silent when somebody treads on their corns.

In the 13th number of LUCIFER (September, page 63), a paper on "The Meaning of a Pledge" was published. Out of the seven articles (six only were given out) which constitute the entire Pledge, the 1st, 4th, 5th, and especially the 6th, require great moral strength of character, an iron will added to much unselfishness, quick readiness for renunciation and even self-sacrifice, to carry out such a covenant. Yet scores of Theosophists have cheerfully signed this solemn "Promise" to work for the good of Humanity forgetful of Self, without one word of protest—save on one point. Strange to say, it is rule the third which in almost every case makes the applicant hesitate and show the white feather. *Ante tubam trepidat:* the best and kindest of them feels alarmed; and he is as overawed before the blast of the trumpet of that third clause, as though he dreaded for himself the fate of the walls of Jericho!

What is then this *terrible* pledge, to carry out which seems to be above the strength of the average mortal? Simply this:—

"I PLEDGE MYSELF NEVER TO LISTEN WITHOUT PROTEST TO ANY EVIL THING SPOKEN OF A BROTHER THEOSOPHIST, AND TO ABSTAIN FROM CONDEMNING OTHERS."

To practise this golden rule seems quite easy. To listen without protest to evil said of *any one* is an action which has been despised ever since the remotest days of Paganism.

"To hear an open slander is a curse,
But not to find an answer is a worse," . . .

says Ovid. For one thing, perhaps, as pointedly remarked by Juvenal, because:—

"Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance *to ignoble minds*" . . .

—and because *in antiquity*, few liked to pass for such—minds. But now! . . . .

In fact, the duty of defending a fellow-man stung by a poisonous tongue during his absence, and to abstain, in general, "from condemning others" is the very life and soul of practical theosophy, for such action is the handmaiden who conducts one into the narrow Path of the "higher life," that life which leads to the goal we all crave to attain. Mercy, Charity and Hope are the three goddesses who preside over that "life." To "abstain" from condemning our fellow beings is the tacit assertion of the presence in us of the three divine Sisters; to condemn on "hearsay" shows their absence. "Listen not to a tale bearer or slanderer," says Socrates. "For, as he discovereth of the secrets of others, so he will thine in turn." Nor is it difficult to avoid slandermongers. Where there is no demand, supply will very soon cease. "When people refrain from *evil-hearing*, then evil speakers will refrain from evil-talking," says a proverb. To condemn is to glorify oneself over the man one condemns. Pharisees of every nation have been constantly doing it since the evolution of intolerant religions. Shall we do as they?

We may be told, perhaps, that we ourselves are the first to break the ethical law we are upholding. That our theosophical periodicals are full of "denunciations," and LUCIFER lowers his torch to throw light on every evil, to the best of his ability. We reply—this is quite another thing. We denounce indignantly systems and organisations, evils, social and religious—*cant* above all: we abstain from denouncing persons. The latter are the children of their century, the victims of their environment and of the Spirit of the Age. To condemn and dishonour a man instead of pitying and trying to help him, because, being born in a community of lepers he is a leper himself, is like cursing a room because it is dark, instead of quietly lighting a candle to disperse the gloom. "Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word;" nor can a general evil be avoided or

removed by doing evil oneself and choosing a scape-goat for the atonement of the sins of a whole community. Hence, we denounce these communities not their units; we point out the rottenness of our boasted civilisation, indicate the pernicious systems of education which lead to it, and show the fatal effects of these on the masses. Nor are we more partial to ourselves. Ready to lay down our life any day for THEOSOPHY—that great cause of the Universal Brotherhood for which we live and breathe—and willing to shield, if need be, every true true theosophist with our own body, we yet denounce as openly and as virulently the distortion of the original lines upon which the Theosophical Society was primarily built, and the gradual loosening and undermining of the original system by the sophistry of many of its highest officers. We bear our Karma for our lack of humility during the early days of the Theosophical Society; for our favourite aphorism: "See, how these Christians love each other" has now to be paraphrased daily, and almost hourly, into: "Behold, how our Theosophists love each other." And we tremble at the thought that, unless many of our ways and customs, in the Theosophical Society at large, are amended or done away with, LUCIFER will one day have to expose many a blot on our own scutcheon—*e.g.*, worship of Self, uncharitableness, and sacrificing to one's personal vanity the welfare of other Theosophists—more "fiercely" than it has ever denounced the various shams and abuses of power in state Churches and Modern Society.

Nevertheless, there are theosophists, who forgetting the beam in their own eye, seriously believe it their duty to denounce every mote they perceive in the eye of their neighbour. Thus, one of our most estimable, hard-working, and noble-minded members writes, with regard to the said 3rd clause:—

> "The 'Pledge' binds the taker never to speak evil of anyone. But I believe that there are occasions when severe denunciation is a duty to truth. There are cases of treachery, falsehood, rascality in private life which should be denounced by those who are certain of them; and there are cases in public life of venality and debasement which good citizens are bound to lash unsparingly. Theosophic culture would not be a boon to the world if it enforced unmanliness, weakness, flabbiness of moral texture." . . . .

We are sincerely sorry to find a most worthy brother holding such mistaken views. First of all, poor is that theosophic culture which fails to transform simply a "good citizen" of his own native country into a "good citizen" of the world. A true theosophist must be a cosmopolitan in his heart. He must embrace mankind, the whole of humanity in his philanthropic feelings. It is higher and far nobler to be one of those who love their fellow men, without distinction of race, creed, caste or colour, than to be merely a good patriot, or still less, a partizan To mete one measure for all, is holier and more divine than to help one's country in its private ambition of aggrandizement, strife or bloody wars in

the name of GREEDINESS and SELFISHNESS. "Severe denunciation is a duty to truth." It is; on condition, however, that one should denounce and fight against the *root* of evil and not expend one's fury by knocking down the irresponsible blossoms of its plant. The wise horticulturist uproots the parasitic herbs, and will hardly lose time in using his garden shears to cut off the heads of the poisonous weeds. If a theosophist happens to be a public officer, a judge or magistrate, a barrister or even a preacher, it is then, of course his duty to his country, his conscience and those who put their trust in him, to "denounce severely" every case of "treachery, falsehood and rascality" *even* in private life; but—*nota bene*—only if he is appealed to and called to exercise his legal authority, not otherwise. This is neither "speaking evil" nor "condemning," but truly working for humanity; seeking to preserve society, which is a portion of it, from being imposed upon, and protecting the property of the citizens entrusted to their care as public officers, from being recklessly taken away. But even then the theosophist may assert himself in the magistrate, and show his mercy by repeating after Shakespeare's severe judge: "I show it most of all when I show justice."

But what has a "working" member of the Theosophical Society independent of any public function or office, and who is neither judge, public prosecutor nor preacher, to do with the misdeeds of his neighbours? If a member of the T. S. is found guilty of one of the above enumerated or some still worse crime, and if another member becomes possessed of irrefutable evidence to that effect, it may become his painful duty to bring the same under the notice of the Council of his Branch. Our Society has to be protected, as also its numerous members. This, again, would only be simple justice. A natural and truthful statement of facts cannot be regarded as "evil speaking" or as a condemnation of one's brother. Between this, however, and deliberate backbiting there is a wide chasm. Clause 3 concerns only those who being in no way responsible for their neighbour's actions or walk in life, will yet judge and condemn them on every opportunity. And in such case it becomes—"slander" and "evil speaking."

This is how we understand the clause in question; nor do we believe that by enforcing it "theosophic culture" enforces "unmanliness, weakness or flabbiness of moral texture," but the reverse. True courage has naught to do, we trust, with denunciation; and there is little manliness in criticizing and condemning one's fellow men behind their backs, whether for wrongs done to others or injury to ourselves. Shall we regard the unparalleled virtues inculcated by Gautama the Buddha, or the Jesus of the Gospels as "unmanliness"? Then the ethics preached by the former, that *moral code* which Professor Max Müller, Burnouf and even Barthelémy St. Hilaire have unanimously pronounced *the most perfect which the world has ever known*, must be no better than meaningless words, and the Sermon on the Mount had better never have been

written at all. Does our correspondent regard the teaching of non-resistance to evil, kindness to all creatures, and the sacrifice of one's own self for the good of others as weakness or unmanliness? Are the commands, "Judge not that ye be not judged," and, "Put back thy sword, for they who take the sword shall perish with the sword," to be viewed as "flabbiness of moral texture" or as *the voice of Karma?*

But our correspondent is not alone in his way of thinking. Many are the men and women, good, charitable, self-sacrificing and trustworthy in every other respect, and who accept unhesitatingly every other clause of the "Pledge," who feel uneasy and almost tremble before this special article. But why? The answer is easy: simply *because they fear an unconscious* (to them), *almost unavoidable* PERJURY.

The moral of the fable and its conclusion are suggestive. It is a direct blow in the face of Christian education and our civilized modern society in all its circles and in every *Christian* land. So deep has this moral cancer—the habit of speaking uncharitably of our neighbour and brother at every opportunity—eaten into the heart of all the classes of Society, from the lowest to the very highest, that it has led the best of its members to feel diffident of their tongues! They *dare not trust themselves* to abstain from condemning others—from mere force of habit. This is quite an ominous "sign of the times."

Indeed, most of us, of whatever nationality, are born and brought up in a thick atmosphere of gossip, uncharitable criticism and wholesale condemnation. Our education in this direction begins in the nursery, where the head nurse hates the governesss, the latter hates the mistress, and the servants, regardless of the presence of "baby" and the children, grumble incessantly against the masters, find fault with each other, and pass impudent remarks on every visitor. The same training follows us in the class room, whether at home or at a public school. It reaches its apex of ethical development during the years of our education and practical religious instruction. We are soaked through and through with the conviction that, though ourselves "born in sin and total depravity," *our* religion is the only one to save us from eternal damnation, while the rest of mankind is predestined from the depths of eternity to inextinguishable hell-fires. We are taught that slander of every other people's Gods and religion is a sign of reverence for our own idols, and is a meritorious action. The "Lord God," himself, the "*personal* Absolute," is impressed upon our young plastic minds as ever backbiting and condemning those he created, as cursing the stiff-necked Jew and *tempting* the Gentile.

For years the minds of young Protestants are periodically enriched with the choicest curses from the *Commination* service in their prayer-books, or the "denouncing of God's anger and judgments against sinners," besides eternal condemnation for most creatures; and from his birth the young Roman Catholic constantly hears threats of curse and excommu-

nication by his Church. It is in the Bible and Church of England prayer-books that boys and girls of all classes learn of the existence of vices, the mention of which, in the works of Zola, falls under the ban of law as immoral and depraving, but to the enumeration and the *cursing* of which in the Churches, young and old are made to say "Amen," after the minister of the meek and humble Jesus. The latter says, Swear *not*, curse *not*, condemn *not*, but "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate and persecute you." But the canon of the church and the clergyman tell them: Not at all. There are crimes and vices "for which ye affirm with your own mouths the curse of God to be due." (*Vide* "Commination Service.") What wonder that later in life, Christians piously try to emulate "God" and the priest, since their ears are still ringing with, "*Cursed be he* that removeth his neighbour's landmark," and, "Cursed be he" who does this, that or the other, even "he that putteth his trust in man" (!), and with "God's" judgment and condemnations. They judge and condemn right and left, indulging in wholesale slander and "comminating" on their own account. Do they forget that in the last curse—the *anathema* against adulterers and drunkards, idolaters and extortionists—"the UNMERCIFUL and SLANDERERS" are included? And that by having joined in the solemn "amen" after this last *Christian* thunderbolt, *they have affirmed "with their own mouths the curse of God to be due"* on their own sinful heads?

But this seems to trouble our society slanderers very little. For no sooner are the religiously brought up children of church-going people off their school benches, than they are taken in hand by those who preceded them. Coached for their final examination in that school for scandal, called the world, by older and more experienced tongues, to pass Master of Arts in the science of cant and commination, a respectable member of society has but to join a religious congregation: to become a churchwarden or lady patroness.

Who shall dare deny that in our age, modern society in its general aspect has become a vast arena for such moral murders, performed between two cups of five o'clock tea and amid merry jests and laughter? Society is now more than ever a kind of international shambles wherein, under the waving banners of drawing-room and church Christianity and the cultured tittle-tattle of the world, each becomes in turn as soon as his back is turned, the sacrificial victim, the sin-offering for atonement, whose singed flesh smells savoury in the nostrils of Mrs. Grundy. Let us pray, brethren, and render thanks to the God of Abraham and of Isaac that we no longer live in the days of cruel Nero. And, oh! let us feel grateful that we no longer live in danger of being ushered into the arena of the Colosseum, to die there a comparatively quick death under the claws of the hungry wild beasts! It is the boast of Christianity that our ways and customs have been wonderfully softened under the beneficent shadow of the Cross. Yet we have but to step into a modern

drawing-room to find a symbolical representation, true to life, of the same wild beasts feasting on, and gloating over, the mangled carcases of their best friends. Look at those graceful and as ferocious great cats, who with sweet smiles and an innocent eye sharpen their rose-coloured claws preparatory to playing at mouse and cat. Woe to the poor mouse fastened upon by those proud Society *felidæ!* The mouse will be made to bleed for years before being permitted to bleed to death. The victims will have to undergo unheard-of moral martyrdom, to learn through papers and *friends* that they have been guilty at one or another time of life of each and all the vices and crimes enumerated in the Commination Service, until, to avoid further persecution, the said mice themselves turn into ferocious society cats, and make other mice tremble in their turn. Which of the two arenas is preferable, my brethren—that of the old pagan or that of Christian lands?

Addison had not words of contempt sufficiently strong to rebuke this Society gossip of the worldly Cains of both sexes.

"How frequently," he exclaims, "is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or a shrug? How many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and seasonable whisper. Look . . . . how large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints—nodded away, and cruelly winked into suspicion by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves. How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—which the party who is at the pains to propagate it beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling—that she is heartily sorry for it—hopes in God it is not true!"

From Addison we pass to Sterne's treatment of the same subject. He seems to continue this picture by saying:

"So fruitful is slander in variety of expedients to satiate as well as to disguise itself, that if those smoother weapons cut so sore, what shall we say of open and unblushing scandal, subjected to no caution, tied down to no restraints? If the one like an arrow shot in the dark, does, nevertheless, so much secret mischief, this, like pestilence, which rages at noonday, sweeps all before it, levelling without distinction the good and the bad; a thousand fall beside it, and ten thousand on its right hand; they fall, so rent and torn in this tender part of them, so unmercifully butchered, as sometimes never to recover either the wounds or the anguish of heart which they have occasioned."

Such are the results of slander, and from the standpoint of Karma, many such cases *amount to more than murder in hot blood.* Therefore, those who want to lead the "higher life" among the "*working* Fellows," of the Theosophical Society, must bind themselves by this solemn pledge, or, remain *droning* members. It is not to the latter that these pages are addressed, nor would they feel interested in that question, nor is it an advice offered to the F.'s T. S. at large. For the "Pledge" under discussion is taken only by those Fellows who begin to be referred in our circles of "Lodges" as the "working" members of the T. S. All

others, that is to say those Fellows who prefer to remain ornamental, and belong to the "mutual admiration" groups; or those who, having joined out of mere curiosity, have, without severing their connexion with the Society, quietly dropped off; or those, again, who have preserved only a skin deep interest (if any), a luke-warm sympathy for the movement—and such constitute the majority in England—need burden themselves with no such pledge. Having been for years the "Greek Chorus" in the busy drama enacted, now known as the Theosophical Society, they prefer remaining as they are. The "chorus," considering its numbers, has only, as in the past, to look on at what takes place in the action of the *dramatis personæ* and it is only required to express occasionally its sentiments by repeating the closing gems from the monologues of the actors, or remain silent—at their option. "Philosophers of a day," as Carlyle calls them, they neither desire, nor are they desired "to apply." Therefore, even were these lines to meet their eye, they are respectfully begged to remember that what is said does not refer to either of the above enumerated classes of Fellows. Most of them have joined the Society as they would have bought a guinea book. Attracted by the novelty of the binding, they opened it; and, after glancing over contents and title, motto and dedication, they have put it away on a back shelf, and thought of it no more. They have a right to the volume, by virtue of their purchase, but would refer to it no more than they would to an antiquated piece of furniture relegated to the lumber-room, because the seat of it is not comfortable enough, or is out of proportion with their moral and intellectual size. A hundred to one these members will not even see LUCIFER, for it has now become a matter of theosophical statistics, that *more than two thirds* of its subscribers are non-theosophists. Nor are the elder brothers of LUCIFER—the Madras "Theosophist," The New York "Path," the French "Lotus," nor even the marvellously cheap and international "T. P. S." (of 7, Duke Street, Adelphi), any luckier than we are. Like all prophets, they are not without honour, save in their own countries, and their voices in the fields of Theosophy are truly "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." This is no exaggeration. Among the respective subscribers of those various Theosophical periodicals, the members of the T. S., *whose organs they are*, and for whose sole benefit they were started (their editors, managers, and the whole staff of constant contributors working *gratis*, and paying furthermore out of their own generally meagre pockets, printers, publishers and occasional contributors), are on the average 15 *per cent.* This is also a sign of the times, and shows the difference between the "working" and the "resting" theosophists.

We must not close without once more addressing the former. Who of these will undertake to maintain that clause 3 is not a fundamental principle of the code of ethics which ought to guide every theosophist aspiring *to become one in reality?* For such a large body of men and

women, composed of the most heterogeneous nationalities, characters, creeds and ways of thinking, furnishing for this very reason such easy pretexts for disputes and strife, ought not this clause to become part and parcel of the obligation of each member—working or ornamental—who joins the Theosophical movement? We think so, and leave it to the future consideration of the representatives of the General Council, who meet at the next anniversary at Adyar. In a Society with pretensions to an exalted system of ethics—the essence of all previous ethical codes—which confesses openly its aspirations to emulate and put to shame by its practical example and ways of living the followers of every religion, such a pledge constitutes the *sine quâ non* of the success of that Society. In a gathering where "near the noisome nettle blooms the rose," and where fierce thorns are more plentiful than sweet blossoms, a pledge of such a nature is *the sole salvation.* No Ethics as a science of mutual duties—whether social, religious or philosophical—*from man to man*, can be called complete or consistent unless such a rule is enforced. Not only this, but if we would not have our Society become *de facto* and *de jure* a gigantic sham parading under its banner of "Universal Brotherhood"—we ought to follow every time the breaking of this *law of laws*, by the expulsion of the slanderer. No honest man, still less a theosophist, can disregard these lines of Horace :—

"He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandalised, and not defends ;
Tells tales, and brings his friend in disesteem ;
That man's a KNAVE—be sure beware of him."

BRAHMA.

IF the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near ;
Shadow and sunlight are the same ;
The vanished gods to me appear ;
And one to me, are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;
When me they fly, I am the wings ;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I, the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred SEVEN ;
But thou, meek lover of the good !
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

IN the following attempt such passages only have been selected as bear more directly on the main theme of the Idyll, the initiation of the Grail. An apology, however, is needed to those who will miss the beauty of the original in the piecing together of scattered lines; but, indeed, it is only intended as an underlined copy and to save the labour of referring to the poem itself. As nearly every word is quoted from the text, marks of quotation are omitted, and the selected lines strung together to avoid useless trouble in printing. The sequence of the different events being brought thus prominently forward, little explanation is needed, each reader's intuition being sufficient to translate the trials before the attainment of esoteric knowledge into his own language. Many are those who went upon the "Quest," longed to find and—lost it. The excellent articles on Parsifal in Nos. 2, 3 and 4 of the "Meister" may be read with advantage by those who are interested in the mysticism of the Grail legend.

> And "O, my brother Percivale," she said,
> "Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail."

By prayer and fasting had the wan sweet maid beheld the Holy Cup, and bade her brother Percivale to

> Tell his brother knights to fast and pray,
> That so perchance the vision might be seen
> By him and them, and all the world be heal'd.

And so they prayed and fasted. But Galahad, who ever moved among them in white armour, when he heard the vision, filled all with amaze, so like his eyes became to the pale nun's. And the maiden plaited broad and long of all her wealth of hair, a sword-belt with a strange device, a crimson Grail within a silver beam; and bound it on the bright boy knight and said:

> "I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.
> Go forth, for thou shall see what I have seen;"
> And sent the deathless passion in her eyes
> Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
> On him, and he believed in her belief.

Now in Arthur's Hall there stood "Siege perilous," fashioned by Merlin ere he passed away; "for there," he said, "no man could sit but he should lose himself." But Galahad cried, "If I lose myself, I save myself," and down he sat, and straight the vision of the Holy Cup

passed by, and every knight beheld his fellow's face as in a glory, but the very Grail they could not see. And many swore a vow that they would ride a twelvemonth and a day in quest of it ; and chief of these was Galahad, and Lancelot, and his cousin, good Sir Bors, and Sir Gawain, and Percivale. King Arthur then was absent from the Hall ; but when he came, they told him of their vows. And sorrowfully did Arthur send his knights upon the Quest, with warning that they followed wandering fires lost in the quagmire,

> But one hath seen, and all the blind will see,
> And one hath sung, and all the dumb will sing.

And Sir Percivale, he who tells the tale, rode on.

> And every evil word he had spoken once,
> And every evil thought he had thought of old,
> And every evil deed he ever did,
> Awoke and cried, "This quest is not for thee."

Then is he shown by four dread tests how vain are human loves. A mighty hunger and a thirst assail him, and he finds deep lawns and then a brook with apple-trees, and apples by the brook fallen and on the lawns.

> But even while he drank the brook, and ate
> The goodly apples, all these things at once
> Fell into dust, and he was left alone,
> And thirsting, in a land of sand and thorns.

And then a woman spinning ;

> But when he touched her, lo ! she, too,
> Fell into dust and nothing, and the house
> Became no better than a broken shed.
> And in it a dead babe ; and also this
> Fell into dust, and he was left alone.

Then flashed a yellow gleam of gold, and one that moved in golden armour, and he, too, fell into dust, and he was left alone.

And last a city wall'd, and nigh the gate a mighty crowd which cried, "Welcome, Percivale, thou mightiest and thou best of men!" And nearing he could see but one old man, who scarce had voice to answer, and yet gasp'd "Whence and what art thou?" and even as he spoke fell into dust and disappeared, and he was left alone.

And he passed on, on, found a chapel, and thereby a holy hermit in a hermitage, and to him told his phantoms. "Thou has not true Humility," the old man said,

> "For when the Lord of all things made Himself
> Naked for glory of his mortal change,
> 'Take thou my robe,' she said, 'for all is thine,'
> And all her form shone forth with sudden light

So that the angels were amazed, and she
Follow'd Him down, and like a flying star
Led on the *gray-haired wisdom of the east.*
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself."

And there Sir Percivale met Galahad who, by the spirit of the Holy Grail, had rode, shattering all evil customs everywhere, who bade Percivale come with him (for his time was near at hand and one would crown him king far in the spiritual city), and he should see the vision.

There rose a hill that none but *man* could climb, and at the base they found a noisome swamp, part black, part whiten'd with the bones of men,

Not to be crost, save that some ancient king
Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge,
A thousand piers ran into the great Sea.
And Galahad fled along them bridge by bridge,
And every bridge as quickly as he crost
Sprang into fire and vanished.

And so he passed across the sea and Percivale beheld the Grail above his head, and saw

the least of little stars
Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl—
No larger, tho' the goal of all the Saints—
Strike from the sea.

But how his feet recrossed the dreadful ridge no memory in him lived, but touched the chapel door at noon and so returned.

And after, when he told the tale to one enquiring, "Came ye on none but phantoms in your quest?" he said, "All men, to one so bound by such a vow, and women were as phantoms"; but he came on one, and her the only one, who had ever made his heart leap, then widow'd and she gave herself and all her wealth to him, and the quest faded in his heart,

but one night the vow
Burnt him within, so that he rose and fled,
But wail'd and wept, and hated his own self
And ev'n the Holy Quest, and all but her:
But after he was joined with Galahad
Cared not for her, nor anything 'pon earth.

But Sir Bors went sadly forth, for he had met his kinsman Lancelot, on whom had come again his madness and

Being so clouded with his grief and love,
Small heart was his after the Holy Quest:
If God would send the vision, well: if not,
The Quest and he were in the hands of Heaven.

Yet in the silence of a prison, where a Paynim crowd, hearing he had a difference with their priests, had bound and plunged him, he saw the vision, beyond all hopes of his who scarce had prayed or ask'd it for himself.

And when the twelvemonth and a day were past, "Was then the quest for thee?" asked Arthur of Gawain,

> 'Nay, lord,' said Gawain, 'not for such as I.
> Therefore I communed with a saintly man,
> Who made me sure the Quest was not for me;
> For I was much awearied of the Quest:
> But found a silk pavilion in a field,
> And merry maidens in it; and then the gale
> Tore my pavilion from the tenting-pin,
> And blew my merry maidens all about
> With all discomfort; yea, and but for this,
> My twelvemonth and a day were pleasant to me.'
> 'Thou, too, my Lancelot,' ask'd the King, 'my friend
> Our mightiest, has this Quest avail'd for thee?'
> 'O, king, my friend, if friend of thine I be,
> Happier are those who welter in their sin,
> Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,
> Slime of the ditch: but in me lived a sin
> So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
> Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung
> Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
> And poisonous grew together, each as each,
> Not to be pluck'd asunder.
> So forth I went, and while I yearn'd and strove
> To tear the twain asunder in my heart,
> My madness came upon me as a fold.'

To the sea't shore he came, when raged a mighty storm, and found a boat and said:

> I will embark, and I will lose myself,
> And in the great sea wash away my sin.

Seven days he drave along the weary deep, and felt his bark shock earth beneath the magic bowers of Carbonek, and passed the lions at the portal, and cleared the empty hall, and clomb a thousand steps to reach a sweet voice singing in the topmost tower;

> Then in his madness he essayed the door,
> It gave; and thro' a stormy glare, a heat
> As from a seven times heated furnace, he,
> Blasted and burnt, and blinded as he was,

With such a fierceness, that he swoon'd away
Yet thought he saw the Holy Grail,
All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.

And Gawain, when he heard Lancelot's madness, swore henceforward to be deafer than the blue-eyed cat to holy virgins in their ecstasies.

'Deafer,' said the blameless king,
'Gawain, and blinder unto holy things
Hope not to make thyself by idle vows,
Being too blind to have desire to see
But if, indeed, there came a sign from heaven,
Blessed are Bors, Lancelot and Percivale,
For these have seen according to their sight.
For every fiery prophet in old times,
And all the sacred madness of the bard,
When God made madness thro' them, could but speak
His music by the framework and the chord;
And as ye saw it, ye have spoken truth.'

What can be more beautiful, more impressive, more ennobling than so grand an allegory of the struggles of our manhood towards the glorious light of wisdom? And what can be more true to life!

Veiled within veils, mysterious in mystery, ever receding from the gaze profane, not to be beheld by sin-stained mortals in her purity, stands Isis, our great mother.

The knowledge of our Being, 'what and whence art thou?' divine Gnosis, this it is which the cup symbols.

It was Galahad alone, he who ever moved in Purity's white armour, and who lost himself—his lower self—to save himself, that won the Quest. Young in years was he, but ready, ready, for he was prepared by former times of struggle, and the nun's belief set the same chord of faith vibrating in his soul, and in the strength of this, he rode shattering all evil customs everywhere, and passed the horrors of the "Dweller," as Lancelot by the lions, with the words, 'Doubt not, go forward; if thou doubt, the beasts will tear thee piecemeal,' ringing in his ears. But for Percivale the bridges vanished as he crost; *he* was not ready yet, the way was not for him. But Galahad passed thro' the Astral Ocean, the cup of Wisdom o'er his head; and Percivale, by inner vision and his master's power, saw yet one further veil of knowledge, the city of the Grail, all in a glory like one pearl—no larger. He, doughtiest of knights, next Lancelot, and fitted somewhat for the Quest, being brother to the nun, good man and true, had first to learn the vanity of many things the world still prizes dear, the appetites and love of woman and of child, of wealth and

fame, "the last infirmity of noble minds." All these fell into dust before the awful question: "Whence and what art thou?"

As for Sir Bors, had he resigned himself and waited for the vision, nothing more—he then, perhaps had never seen the Grail; but for his deeds were better than his faith, and he opposed a creed then sunk to lifeless superstition with the living faith that he had found, he thus beheld the sacred symbol, and gained entrance to the outer court of Wisdom's Temple.

Gawain portrays those butterflies who dally with the Sacred Science, and fail in ignorant contentment, save for the gale that blows their merry maidens all about in all discomfort; such, having failed, turn round and mock at holy things, being too blind to have *desire* to see.

Last Lancelot, the flower of bravery, is wrecked upon a secret sin, his love for Guinevere, the pearl of beauty, wife to the faultless king. Long he strove 'twixt loyalty and duty and his guilty love, till he would fain have ended all, and in the great sea washed away his sin. Still, for he loathes his fault and strives to kill it out, is the Holy Vessel shown him, yet veiled and guarded from his touch by awful shapes. And so each saw according to his sight. So let us all make clear the mirror of our souls, and tune our hearts unto the Harmony of Love, if we would see our GRAIL.

S. G.

ORESTES.

(SONNET IN DIALOGUE.)

Orestes. On anguish of this doom! Alas! Alas!
Chorus. The fierce Erinnys clutch him by the hair,
Orestes. Ye gods, what refuge? Whither shall I fare?
Chorus. Blood-tax for kindred slain to pay he has.
Orestes. 'Twas swift obedience brought me to this pass.
Chorus. For slaughtered sire the gods atonement swear;
Orestes. Ye gave me vengeance for my pious care.
Chorus. She slew his father, who her husband was;
Orestes. For sire's shed blood, her blood was shed by me;
Chorus. Birth-bond than nuptial rite less holy is.
Orestes. Pure-eyed Athene cleanse me who am thine!
Chorus. Remains a place of refuge by the sea.
Orestes. Bright-haired Apollo sacredest blood-guilt this!
Chorus. Pallas shall pardon at her holiest shrine.

EVELYN PYNE.

WAS HE MAD?

(*Concluded from the November Number.*)

. . . As he spoke, a heavy book that was lying on the table rose without any apparent cause, turned itself about, stood on end, leaped into the air, glided along backwards and forwards, and after further mysterious evolutions proceeded, as if lifted by an invisible hand, from the table to my lap, where it lay tranquilly. All this time the Professor sat almost motionless—merely exhibiting a slight twitching of the right hand and a convulsive, strained expression of countenance as he watched the movements of the volume. His calmness astounded me, for I never for a moment attributed the uncanny manifestions to him, and expected them to strike him with the same cold horror as I was experiencing. But, for my own part, the unutterable sensation of dread which seized me is beyond all words to express. I cannot, indeed, now that the absurd feeling has passed away, recall my sensations, but I know that my hair stood on end with fear, and I shook and trembled from head to foot. My head whirled, and I fancied it must be all a dream. Gradually, a dawning conviction came over me that the Professor was responsible for this eerie piece of business, and that this was the secret he was going to entrust me with.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "What on earth is this uncanny power? Is this a trick to frighten me, or have you been studying witchcraft?"

The Professor was calm and unmoved.

"You can believe or disbelieve," he said. "You have seen with your own eyes. If you believe, we will go further; if you disbelieve, it would be no use to do so and there must be an end of it."

As he spoke, a fearful sensation of horror was creeping over me. It is impossible, I feel sure, for the reader of this narrative to enter into the feelings which take possession of one when in a moment all one's ideas of the "Isness of things" are uprooted. I fancied—it was the only solution, however terrible—that I must have gone from my mind and that all around me was imagination or phantasy. And yet surely not so—there sat the Professor, unmistakably real, and there lay the book motionless in my lap.

"In the name of all that is good and true," I began, but I could say no more. My head swam, my eyes closed. I felt myself falling to the ground in a swoon. I remember no more until I came once more to consciousness, and found the Professor standing over me looking anxious and concerned. Gradually, as I "came to myself," the recollection of what had happened unfolded itself.

"It is only as I feared," said the Professor, after I had become restored.

"The sudden disclosing to the mind of laws which subvert our previous notions of the operations of force, as manifested in the environment, is a terrible shock, and is the secret of the terror which inspires children and the vulgar at the apparition, whether real or imaginary, of bogeys and phantoms. The eyes of the intellect are dazzled, the brain is overpowered, the senses are intoxicated. You must rest your thinking faculties as far as possible for a week or two, and you will then find yourself able to return to our experiments, not only without discomfort or fright, but even with keen interest; and now I will leave you to follow out my advice in this respect. Good-night, old fellow; go straight to bed, and think no more about what has happened till I come and see you again."

With these words, he shook hands and said farewell. I was still too overcome to reply, and could not even see him to the door. I merely muttered a confused farewell, and crept off to bed with a sick and despondent heart.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day my miserable frame of mind had by no means left me. To dismiss the events of the previous evening from my thoughts, as the Professor had advised, was an utter impossibility. On the contrary, these recollections dismissed all other ideas, and I found myself quite unable to give attention to the ordinary affairs of life. Everything seemed unreal; my surroundings appeared to be a mere phantasmagoria, a projection of fantasies on my brain as unsubstantial as the images projected by a magic lantern on a screen to amuse children. A horrid suspicion haunted me that I was going from my mind. I felt no confidence, no reliance in any one of my senses. I think that no one who has not been through a similar state can have any idea how implicit, and how constant, is the trust which we all of us place in the infallibility of natural effects which experience has tested and never found to fail. When I walked, I ceased to retain any faith in my muscles or organs, or in the earth as a support. If I laid anything on the table, I felt constrained to watch it for some seconds to make sure it would not bound off to the ceiling or glide away to the ground. As for the Professor, I felt towards him one passion only—that of inveterate hatred. Or was it fear? At any rate, it was an indescribable antipathy. I would not go near him at any price; I even took the precaution to keep the latch of my front door fastened so that it could not be opened from the outside, for he was in the habit of walking in unannounced. Even with this precaution, I was far from feeling safe, for who could tell whether he could not, with his hateful witchcraft of fourth dimensions and spiritual hands, stand on the doorstep and calmly undo the door on the inside.

So things went on for a week, when at length I found relief. It was exactly as the Professor had said. My brain had been overpowered and my senses dazed. Gradually my mind regained its normal strength, and within a fortnight I was able to think with pleasure and even to theorise upon the singular phenomenon which had caused me so much horror and wretchedness. I became deeply interested in it, and so far from disliking the Professor, I began to long for another visit and further experiments.

At my own request he called. I told him all that had happened—my dejection—my uncanny feelings—the revival of the sway of reason in me. He seemed much pleased, and was especially delighted when I went further and gave him the crude theories which I had formed.

"I imagine," I said, "that we have a magnetic power which we only lack the faculty to exercise. You appear to have discovered and developed that faculty. Is not that so?"

"Hardly, I think," he replied. "I will first show you an experiment, and will then as far as possible explain to you the *modus operandi*, though you must bear in mind that I do not claim to fully understand the matter myself, as I am new to it. However, I will tell you all I can. Fetch down that case with the stuffed bird in up there on the wall."

It was a pet canary that had died a year before. I had had it stuffed, for it was a favourite of mine, and I kept it over the mantelshelf, perched on a twig just as it used to perch and sing in its cage.

"I am going to take this bird out," said the Professor.

"All right," I said, not very pleased. "Do so if you wish, though I have been at some pains to make the case thoroughly air tight, so as to keep out insects."

The Professor smiled, and as he did so to my intense astonishment I saw the bird in the case, which he was holding in his hand, vibrate. And then the front of the bird disappeared as far as the legs, leaving the remainder standing as though it had been cut straight down with a keen knife.

"Watch it closely," said the Professor.

I did so. I looked at it as nearly as I could front ways, and could see that it was not cut through, for the front appeared yellow as though covered with feathers and not showing the cork with which it was stuffed.

"Watch it still," said the Professor. As he spoke, the disappearance progressed; in a second all the body had gone, and gradually the vanishing spread to the very tip of the tail. The bird was gone.

The next thing I saw was that it was in the Professor's hand. The case remained sealed, intact. My astonishment, as may be supposed, knew no bounds. In another minute the Professor had replaced the bird on its perch, its reappearance being the exact converse of its disappearance. First of all came the tail, and at the same moment the

tail vanished from the bird in the Professor's hand, and the same process extended gradually along the body. When only the head remained outside the case, a sudden thought inspired me. In a moment I grasped the head and endeavoured to snatch it away, in order to make perfectly certain that no trick was being practised.

It seemed to be riveted in the air. I pulled at it in vain. The Professor tried to restrain me, but I was too quick for him. A smart tug, and the head-piece of my poor canary was in my hand and the resistance ceased. At the same moment the body portion inside the case fell from its perch. The two were severed.

I was intensely annoyed when I saw what had happened, for the damage was beyond repair.

"Your own fault," said the Professor calmly.

I was bound to admit it was, and looked very foolish as I tried to hide my concern by assuring him it was of no consequence.

"Well, now let me proceed to explain," he said. "Suppose you had a plane surface bounded on all four sides by barriers. To a person who did not know of a third dimension, who knew of length and breadth, but could not imagine thickness because it did not enter into his experience, to such a person, I say (of course a merely hypothetical and impossible individual), it would seem that it would not be in any way possible to remove that plane surface without taking away the barriers, and yet you know well enough it could be at once done by lifting the plane surface or by lowering it. To any one gifted with a sense of the fourth dimension, thickness itself is but as it were superficial. There is an aperture still open to that closed case. It is what I call the fourth dimension, or the spiritual aperture. The only reason why you could not put your hand into that aperture is because you cannot see it, and your senses do not direct you. Were the requisite sense unveiled, as it is with me, you would be able easily to do what I have done. Therefore it was that your clumsy effort wrenched the head off the bird."

I understood very little of his explanation, though now the meaning is slightly clearer, and I seem to have a dim conception of the matter.

"But," I said, "why do you not show this extraordinary power to everyone? Why make such a secret of it?"

"Your memory is very defective," he replied. "What was your own answer last time we met, when I asked you what you thought an ordinary business man would think about a fourth dimension?"

"Oh yes, I know," said I; "but that's quite a different matter. People would ridicule the theory, but the facts they could not deny."

"You are very, very wrong, if you really think that," said the Professor. "Recollect the parable of Dives. Moses and the Prophets give the theory, the resurrection is the fact. If they will not hear the one they will not believe the other."

"I cannot see how scientific men can deny facts that are brought before them," said I.

"No more can I," said the Professor, "and yet they do. But I'll tell you what I'll do, to set your mind at rest on the point. I am going up to London to-morrow, and shall probably stay a few weeks. I will get introductions to two or three of the most eminent physicians and scientific men (which I can easily manage through my friend, John Rook, the publisher), and you shall just hear the result for yourself."

"Very good," I said. "And now let us have some further experiments."

"No," said he, firmly, "we have had enough for you to digest until my return. Too much food for the body gives gastric fever; too much for the brain gives brain fever. On my return, I hope to show you some still more astounding experiments, also to make you acquainted with the rather unpleasant operation which I performed on myself in order to lay open the spiritual faculty, and perhaps, if you wish it, to do the same for you. And, as a final idea for you to consider, let me tell you that only human force—that is, mental and spiritual activity—operates in the spiritual dimension, and that that aperture is only open or accessible to man. Dust cannot get into your bird-case, but I can force dust in. This is because gravitation is of no account in the spiritual dimension, where spiritual, that is human, force alone operates."

Leaving me this idea to work out, he said farewell until the time he should come back from Town and perform further experiments for my edification.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK after the Professor left for London, I went for a short holiday, choosing the Scotch lakes for my tour. If there is one thing I dislike when away on a holiday, it is to be worried with a number of letters forwarded on to me on business and every-day matters, which take all the pleasure from a trip away from home. I therefore took the imprudent course of instructing my housekeeper to forward me nothing that came by post, but to place all letters on my study table that I might attend to them when I returned. It was a delightful holiday to me. I forgot all cares amid the mountain scenery of the highlands, and never gave a thought to the Professor or to the fourth dimension as I revelled in solitude by the lakes and streams of old Scotland.

On my return I took up the little pile of letters that lay on the table. After dismissing to the waste-paper basket several circulars relating to gold mine and other schemes for drawing money from sanguine investors, I took up an envelope on which I at once recognised the handwriting of

my friend, the Professor. I tore open the seal hastily, and not without a feeling of regret that this one communication had not been sent on to me, especially as it was marked "immediate and important," on the outside. But what was my dismay when I read its contents: "Come at once to Engleford Asylum, where your unfortunate friend is to be at once confined. I was fool enough to try the experiments, as you suggested, before two scientific men. Result, certificate of lunacy. Lose no time, or I shall verify the certificate and 'twill be too late."

Within three hours I was at Engleford, and flying to the asylum. It is a massive building of white brick, within a minute's walk from the railway station. At the gate is a bell-handle. I tugged it with remarkable energy, and a great bell clanged as though it would wake the dead. The porter came. I asked to see the superintendent on urgent business.

I was shown into a small office. The superintendent entered, and suddenly it flashed upon me that after all I hardly knew what I had come for. From the post-mark, I judged the Professor had been in the asylum about ten days.

"I have come," I said, rather bluntly, as the superintendent motioned me to a chair, "to see you with regard to a rather curious case," and giving him the Professor's name, I asked whether it could be true that he had been sent to the asylum.

"Yes, poor fellow," said the superintendent. "Sad case, very sad case. He seemed almost like a sane man when he entered, but his symptoms developed with remarkable rapidity, and in three days had taken a very pitiable form of monomania, under which he is, I fear, likely to remain all his days. He has a fancy that he is a canary, and that someone has beheaded him."

I sank back in my chair. It was then too late. The shock had been too much, and had unhinged his mind. I felt I could ask no more. I could not wish to see him in his pitiable plight. I merely expressed my thanks to the superintendent for the information, told him how dear a friend of mine the Professor had been and how shocked I was.

It was too late. The Professor was mad.

CHARLES E. BENHAM.

By opening so freely their lunatic asylums to their supposed madmen, men only seek to assure each other that they are not themselves mad.

—MONTESQUIEU, "*Lettres Persanes.*"

TWO CHRISTMAS VISIONS.

I.

AN ALLEGORY.

I THOUGHT I was sitting with a new-born babe in my lap. If I was not the child's mother, it had no other. I was conscious of a peculiar sense of responsibility concerning him—of a link between us of some mysterious nature.

The babe lay calmly sleeping upon my knee, and I sat watchful for his awakening. He was wondrously developed; the naked limbs were not soft and puny, the healthy brown skin covered sinew and muscle such as seemed to promise extraordinary strength; and his face was as the face of a Buddha. Yet he lay helpless, warm, breathing, and as I watched his eyes opened and immediately he began to cry—cry, it was a most piteous wail, which I strove in vain to hush, walking up and down slowly and troubled, for the wailing stopped not, and he was exceedingly heavy. Worn out at length, I laid him down in despair, and turning from him found myself suddenly alone in the open air. A great sandy plain stretched as far as I could see on every side. Before me upon a great smooth white stone sat the colossal figure of an angel; he held a staff in one hand and his eyes looked steadfastly beyond where my gaze could reach. Approaching, I touched him gently. He turned his grand calm face towards me, and the effect was as a sudden peace pervading my soul. I spoke to him about the babe, asking how I could soothe its bitter wailing.

"It is the cry of humanity," the angel said. "With this child you must use not force but reason; its brain is as instinct with future power as its limbs, but the full strength of this is withheld until a veil is withdrawn. It is yours to draw this aside, yours to develope each and every detail of this soul. On you depends its tendency towards good or evil; each thought of yours will influence—see that you reason wisely and guard your heart from error."

His gaze returned to the distant horizon. "What do you watch?" I asked of him.

"The earth and its inhabitants."

"But what do you see afar?"

"The souls of men," he answered, and turned from me.

Again the scene changed, and I stood within the chamber where I had lain the child. He was asleep, but he awoke even as I approached the couch, and once more the piteous wail smote my ears and made my heart ache. I clasped him in my arms, endeavouring to soothe him. I

thought not to either clothe or feed him for to me he was less body than soul. As I hushed him, it seemed to me that we were reflected by a large mirror which attracted his gaze, and stretching out his hand he touched his image. The cold solid surface frightened him, and he clung to me with screams, dreadful to hear, clung frantically, madly ; his little hands tearing my neck and throat. He had the strength of a wild animal and grew greater and stronger ; and as I struggled with him in terror, he bit me with savageness. Suddenly I recollected the angel's warning, and carrying him with difficulty before the mirror again. "See," I said, "it is but your own image reflected there ; it moves only as you move, and is powerless to hurt either of us."

He touched the mirror, felt it over with his hands and ceased his cries. His expression at once became calm, and the eyes that met mine had in them a look of recognition. He returned my caresses, kissing the wounds upon my throat and neck, upon which they were healed. He became less heavy but his limbs grew and developed, and as I gazed his face assumed a look of clearness and intelligence, his eyes were strangely beautiful. The veil was withdrawn.

After this I saw no more, for there was neither surrounding nor form in my vision. It became mind solely, and the eyes of the child are all my remembrance holds.

The Angel spake. "The veil has vanished. Whatsoever you say now will be understood. Yet there is no thought beyond that which *you* instil. It is yours to guide and teach until this soul becomes cognisant of every thought within your brain. *Then* it will continue to develope *alone*. You will no longer be able to influence for good or evil, save as what you have already given may influence. It will be yours then only to watch the results of what is past." And the Angel left me.

The soul beside me grew hourly. I spoke to him of science, religion, nature and of the problems and mysteries of life. As in the face of death one's whole life is said to pass with incredible swiftness across the brain, so in my dream it seemed as if each thought of mine that I had ever had passed from me to this child, who now ceased to be a child. As I had learned myself, so had this other to learn. I wished to influence rightly, often conscious that my thoughts were neither wise nor good, yet was I unable to withhold them from him. They left me as swiftly as they came, and entered into the mind beside me. Then there came a time when we talked together, thought equal with thought. The fearful sense of responsibility which had never left me gave place to sharp pain as I realized that my past was over. He had followed my every thought, so that I knew his mind even as I knew my own. Henceforth he would be swayed by any that came near. Yet, should harm come to him, the blame I felt was mine.

Once again the Angel stood beside me. His voice was kind and gentle ; it had been almost stern in its calm serenity before.

"You have done your part," he said. "You have sown the seed and must rest patiently for the fruit." He took my hand in his and drew me away.

"Ah!" I cried, "must I leave him now? He is part of my own soul —it is a link that cannot be severed."

The Angel replied as he still drew me towards him: "You have solved one of the mysteries of the Universe, yet, though you are one, you must move forward in the distinct paths for a time; and as your influence is good or evil, that time will be short or long."

F. C.

II.

A CHELA'S DREAM.

A FEELING of swift motion.

Am conscious of traversing a narrow defile on the summit of a range of high hills, the path circuitous and difficult.

The stars sparkle in a clear sky, and the crescent of the moon's last quarter is near the zenith.

It is just before day-dawn.

Two large birds (they seem white), with outstretched necks, long bills, and long legs, with a flight like herons, pass just above me, with a peculiar whizz and singular cry.

A conductor is by my side, but I cannot look up, because of the exceeding brightness of the presence.

A sharp turn in the path brings into sudden view a natural amphitheatre, to which the path just traversed is the only means of access.

The whisper comes "Mark well, and remember."

The area is a verdant plain completely enclosed by the mountain-tops. Short shrubs grow amongst the surrounding rocks, and now and then a bird darts from one bush to another.

In the middle of the plain is a large building of simple but imposing architecture. It is square with a round turret at each corner, and a still higher dome covers the centre.

I approach the building on the north side, in the middle of which is one door.

A dim light burns in the vestibule. The lamp is of ancient Eastern form, suspended from the centre of the roof by a long chain.

A man stands guard at the entrance, dressed in a loose gown of a blue-grey material. On his head a peculiar hat, something like a college cap, with a square flat top. A belt of some metal, like a blue watch-spring*, is around his waist, from which hang in front two tassels.

In his right hand he holds a black rod surmounted by a golden crown, and the other end finished off with a golden ball.

* The symbolical colour of magnetism and its Force.—[ED.]

In his left hand he swings a censer, from which escape the most overpowering fumes. I am conscious that no other guard than those fumes is necessary to bar my progress.

Alone I could not advance a step further.

My conductor enables me to pass. I am hurried along a winding gallery.

On the right hand a solid wall. At regular intervals are pilasters corresponding to high massive pillars on the left. Each pillar has a very simple moulding near the base, and thence ascends without ornament. In the space beyond the pillars sit cross-legged, Eastern fashion, a certain number of men, one man occupying the space between each pillar and the next.

The first man wears a black gown and black turban, with a black star upon it. Following him sit a certain number similarly attired, but without a star. And so on through nine groups, each group being distinguished by a different dress and turban, the last number being clothed in yellow, and the first man having a golden star in his yellow turban.

Between the pillars and in front of each priest, the light towards him, hangs a lamp, in shape something like a shallow sauce-boat*. The lights opposite the black group are miserable and dim. The flames grow larger and the lights brighter, as the colour of the dresses becomes brighter, until the lights opposite the yellows are very large and bright.

At first it seemed as though the gallery returned to the entrance after making a complete circle, but presently it was evident that it took a spiral course, and by the time it had reached the door of the central chamber it had made seven volves.

The entrance to this Holy of Holies is also on the North side.

It is a large circular room under the dome of the Temple.

A flood of bright light pours down from the centre of the dome. A light too dazzling to look at.

In the centre of this sacred chamber is a square altar of blue-grey marble, a few veins of white are in the stone, but it is a rare specimen of the purest colour.

A snow white cloth covers the altar, and on each side an equally white wool mat to kneel or stand upon. The necessary items for their communion celebration are set in order.

All along the gallery leading to this chamber the men were sitting down and had sandals, but here around the altar stand, bare-footed, the same number as in the previous groups, venerable looking men, in snow white gowns and turbans; their long beards and hair also white. A golden star with golden rays upon each turban. In their hands golden

* The Yoni-shaped *Argua*, the lamp of the phallic and exoteric, or dead-letter creeds This is typical.—[ED.]

dishes, upon which is broken bread.* Similar dishes, but of baser metal, were in the hands of all the men in the gallery.

I am led to the East side of the altar.

On the wall in front of me is a large golden 7 (seven). Also on the right; likewise on the left. Looking behind upon the east wall is again another 7.† In all four sevens.

The priests look down upon their sacramental bread as if in contemplation or prayer. Now they turn all with their faces to the wall. This moment my conductor touches some particular point in front of the altar and discloses a secret opening from which taking a large scroll, very yellow with age, and rolled upon two staves or cylinders, whispers :

"These contain the knowledge you covet!

"Oh! let me look!"

"Not now."

The next moment the secret place is closed. It is impossible to distinguish the spot, the stone seems as solid in that part as any other.

"Return to the door—stand a moment"—I hear a whisper. "They have lost the secret, and think all the knowledge of their Temple is in the book upon the altar." It is a dark red book, superbly bound and plated with gold. A crucifixion is represented on its richly embossed cover. A large golden clasp holds the book closed.

The priests now turn towards the altar, which they encircle. Their appearance and mien are enough to inspire respect, and the solemnity of the whole scene fills my soul with reverence.

"They are met for their Communion and await the first ray of the rising sun, which is just about to strike the hill top. We must hasten away!"

The men in the long gallery are sitting in the same attitude of contemplation as when passed before.

The door is reached.

I awake! Has it only been a dream?

Bright presence let me dream again! X.

NOTE.

THIS "dream" would perhaps be more accurately described as a "vision" conveying truth under a symbolical form. The general interpretation is indicated with sufficient clearness in the account of the dream itself; but a few remarks on some points of detail may be of service.

The dreamer is in search of that hidden knowledge which lies at the inmost heart of all religions. This can be *only gained through initiation.*

* The broken fragments of the One TRUTH, which underly each and every religion.—[ED.]

† The four septenaries of the moon, the Occult meaning of the division of the lunar month, which division contains the mystery of generation and birth. This "dream" shows that the "Chela" has entered the phase of practical instruction given so often in symbolical dreams.—[ED.]

The guardian of the gate is clad in a grey-blue garb, the apparent colour of the visible "heavens"; the square flat top of his headgear symbolizing the four elements, or, rather, the number "four," which is so important a factor in symbolism.

He bars the progress of the seeker with the paralyzing fumes of exoteric ritualism and ceremonial, under which the fire of truth does burn indeed, but invisibly.

Furthermore, the "*four* Sevens" show this vision connected with occult (which is not to be confused with its modern imitation) masonry—*e.g.*, with the rites of the "Grand Elect" the knight of "the White and the Black Eagle" (30th deg.) For, in this grade there are four apartments, and it is in the fourth that the initiation is accomplished. They further symbolize the four seasons; so also the year culminates in the *fourth.*

The *Seven* mean an endless series of things. Thus the seven rungs of the ladder in a certain ancient Masonic rite remind one of the seven *pyræa*, or altars, whereon the ancient Persians burnt incense in honour of the seven planets. The passage of the Soul to the highest *empyrean* was symbolized by seven spheres in the Mithraic mysteries—just as in Revelation (an account, in fact, of one form of the Solar rite of Initiation, borrowed from the Egyptians)—the soul ascends through seven spheres typified by the Seven Churches, to its sea of crystal. To symbolize this tenet the primitive Gnostic Christians erected, in the "Hall of Initiation," a ladder with seven ascending doors; the first door was of lead, the second of tin, the third of bronze, the fourth of iron, the fifth of copper, the sixth of silver, and the seventh of gold. These are the seven stages of preliminary initiation, after passing which the neophyte becomes a full adept,and enters upon a new cycle of still more awful initiations.

The nine groups of men or students in the seven coils of the outer gallery are, of course, typical of the nine degrees of increasing knowledge, as also of initiation, the tenth and highest being the central hall under the lighted dome.

But the number ten, though it is that of the Sephiroth and the *perfect number* on the physical plane, is, itself, but a blind. For no Kabalist or Occultist can appreciate its full significance unless he analyses and takes it to pieces, studying all its factors and component numbers separately and in combination, *e.g.* $2\times5=10$, $3+4=7$, $7+3=10$, etc., etc. Ten is the number of Jehovah, the typical personal God. Therefore the dreamer rightly hears it said that even the priests of the inner shrine have "lost the secret."

Finally, it may be well to remark that it would be wrong to take the red book with golden clasp which lies on the altar, and in which the priests erroneously fancy all the knowledge of the temple is contained, to represent inclusively the Christian gospels because of the crucifixion embossed upon it.

The "crucifixion" is a symbolical rite long antecedent to Christianity, and as it veils the secret of the final initiation is rightly seen upon the closed book of the innermost mysteries.

Some most suggestive hints at the meaning and true nature of this ceremony will be found in the "Secret Doctrine," to which the reader must be referred for further details.

AN "EX-CHELA."

The Talking Image of Urur.

By Dr. Franz Hartmann.*

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERY.

HIGH upon the rocks that guard the western coast of the United States against the aggressive waves of the Pacific Ocean, as they roll in through the "Golden Gate," stands the "Cliff-house," a place known to all who have lived in California. There the inhabitants of San Francisco go on hot summer days to enjoy the cool breeze that comes over the watery waste, and strangers from all parts of the globe may be found upon the verandah of the hotel, looking with delight upon the tranquil bay dotted with charming islands, and watching the fishing-boats with their white sails glittering in the sun. Below the railing of the porch, the breakers dash against giant masses of granite that raise from the inky deep their heads, crowned with wreaths of snow-white foam as the spray of the surging waves rises high in the air. At a short distance from the shore, in the midst of the never ceasing turmoil of the infuriated waters, appear two cliffs that have withstood for many centuries the onslaught of the ocean. Upon these cliffs may be seen at all times a great number of seals at play, their bellowing being heard even above the thunder and roaring of the surf.

It was amid these surroundings that one evening, as the sinking sun was colouring the clouds overhead with purple and gold, two persons stood upon the balcony looking over the pandemonium below. One of these was a man about forty years of age; the other a young and graceful lady, evidently of Spanish descent. Pancho—for that was the favourite name by which he was called by the little lady—had the air of a man who had travelled much; he was indeed a cosmopolitan in character. Having lived in many parts of the world, and among different nationalities, he had become acquainted with their habits and learned their various tongues. He had studied the popular sciences, and read a great many books; but he did not believe much in the assertions made by modern authorities. He always wanted to convince himself of the truth of a theory before he was willing to accept it. His master passion was a desire for knowledge, or to express it perhaps more correctly, a desire to gratify his curiosity in regard to the hidden mysteries of nature. He had entered deeply into the study of chemistry

* Author of "Magic, White and Black," "Paracelsus," "Jehoshua," etc., etc.

and read a great many alchemical books, without, however, discovering the way to prepare the Philosopher's Stone. In the course of time he had accidentally become acquainted with the young and lovely Conchita. Finding her so attractive that he imagined he could not be happy without her, he deliberately proposed, and in due course of time submitted to the irksome ceremony, by means of which two persons of the opposite sex are legally made husband and wife.

Beauty of external form and of character are not always found hand-in-hand; but Conchita possessed both. Her figure was small but exquisitely beautiful, and the raven black colour of her hair formed a strong contrast to the delicate pallor of her skin. Her form was faultless, and her manners exceedingly graceful. She was a beauty of such a rare kind that when she was passing through the streets of the city with her black *mantilla* thrown carelessly over her head and shoulders, men would stand still and stare, and ladies would cast shy glances at her as if afraid that she would outshine them all in beauty. She was proud, yet not vain; she knew that she was beautiful, yet was modest and unassuming; a most bewitching creature. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that Pancho was proud of his wife.

Conchita was born in Guatemala. She had been brought up in one of those Roman Catholic convents where girls vampirize each other because they are never permitted to see a man except their old Father-confessor. Under such circumstances the mind creates phantasies, for there is a longing for the unknown in every human nature, and that which is hidden or far away grows in imaginary value in proportion as it seems to be unattainable. The story of the forbidden fruit being the most palatable is not a fiction, and it was, perhaps, a desire to know the true nature of that mysterious and dangerous animal called "man," which led to Conchita's acquaintance with Pancho soon after she left the convent, and to her subsequent marriage.

Taking the above into consideration, the philosophers have not yet fully agreed whether this marriage was, or was not, the outcome of selfishness; but our historian thinks that all human actions are due to selfishness in some shape or other, and that an entirely unselfish person, one who has no desire whatever to incite him to action, would be about the most useless thing in the world.

However that may be, it is certain and beyond the possibility of any scientific doubt that Pancho and Conchita lived very happily together. To Pancho it seemed that his wife had no other desire but to please him, and he almost felt his phrenological bump of veneration growing in her presence. She seemed to be fully absorbed in her husband; but he was not absorbed by her, for man's love is multifarious and vacillating; it comes from the imagination, while there is nothing more simple, and therefore more firm than the love of a woman. Her love springs from

the heart and goes to the heart, while man's love seldom penetrates below the surface.

Conchita loved her husband above all other things; but Pancho had many *loves* besides his wife. He loved to take aerial flights into the realm of occultism and mysticism; his greatest desire was to lift the veil of Isis and uncover the mysteries of Nature. The planet upon which he lived was not large enough to gratify his curiosity. He desired to know other worlds and other beings than those of this earth; he wished to know the whole of the universe, not that prison-house alone in which he was doomed to live.

Conchita cared nothing for Occultism, but loved to enjoy that Light which she saw with her physical eyes. She knew nothing about what is called "the supernatural," except that which she had been told by her religious teachers; she imagined that if anything more could be known about it, her Father-confessor, who was a very smart person, would surely have found it out. She believed in God, although she had not the least conception of the meaning of that term, nor of what kind of being this God might be; but Pancho wanted scientific proof of the existence of God before he would make up his mind to believe in his existence. Conchita had an unbounded faith in divine providence and was willing to trust her destiny in the hands of God; Pancho imagined that each person was himself the master of his own destiny, and he required to know all the attributes of God before he would willingly trust himself into his power.

He had in vain studied natural sciences and theology, and consulted the most eminent professors and clergymen, in his search for reasonable proof of the survival of the soul after the death of the body. Doctrines which were positively asserted to be true by the luminaries of the church, were peremptorily denied and ridiculed by luminaries of science; while both parties based their opposite opinions upon equally plausible and logical grounds. Despairing in his attempts to find any human authority which could be implicitly trusted, he began to investigate Spiritualism, hoping to find in this new science the solution of such difficult problems. For once fortune seemed to smile upon him. He found opportunities to witness the most astounding phenomena, from common table-tippings up to the levitation of living persons, and from direct writings produced in locked slates up to the full materialization of corporeal forms, seemingly solid human beings, with whom one could talk, who could be touched, and who, nevertheless, dissolved a moment after into thin air, or disappeared through solid walls.

Pancho was in the hey-day of his glory. His longed-for goal was at last attained: he had obtained proof palpable of the immortality of the soul. The spirits of his departed friends and aquaintances had come to him, and spoken about things of the past known to no mortal person, save himself. He received indisputable proof of their identity, not only

through professional mediums, but through persons who themselves were disbelievers in Spiritualism. Moreover, he "sat for development" in the solitude of his room and obtained clairvoyant glimpses of various kinds. Once, a beautiful spirit, an angelic being of wondrous loveliness, appeared and told him that she was his spirit-bride, his true affinity, who awaited him with out-stretched arms in the bright hereafter, to lead him to her celestial palace, far, far away among the stars.

After a while, however, it turned out that some of his spiritualistic experiences were of an unsatisfactory character. Not that he had been cheated by fraudulent mediums; but that he saw that some of his cherished spirit communications were not in accordance with truth. He began to doubt whether even his spirit-bride was not the outcome of his own imagination. And thus he became sceptical in regard to the origin of the letters received from those that "were gone before."

The proofs of the unreliability of these "spirit-communications" became more and more abundant as time went on, till at last he became thoroughly dissatisfied with the results of his researches.

It was just at this time that he made the acquaintance of Conchita, and resolved to bid adieu to the inhabitants of the "Summerland," and to learn to know this present life, leaving the hereafter to take care of itself. He married his bride, and, for once in his life, was happy.

But if the craving for the unknown and the mysterious has once awakened within the heart, it is not so easily repressed. Even in his most happy hours, Pancho could not help making silent comparisons between his love in the spirit-world and his terrestrial wife. These were not quite favourable to the latter, as she was, after all, only a woman of flesh and blood, while the former was clothed in an ethereal form. It need hardly be said that he told Conchita nothing about it, for she was of Castilian blood, and would not have suffered any woman, material or spiritual, to come between her and her husband.

As the couple stood upon the balcony, looking down into the surging waters and the bellowing herd of seals that scrambled over the rocks, Pancho mockingly remarked:

"If I were convinced of the truth of the doctrine which teaches the transmigration of souls, I would be ready to believe that these beasts are the reincarnated egos of men coming fresh from the stock exchange. How they push and elbow each other down there, as if buying and selling shares. Now they have exchanged their human for animal forms, but their characters are the same. Formerly all their energies were bent to outwit each other for the purpose of obtaining money; now each one attempts to push the others down, in order to obtain a standing-place upon the sunny rock. It is the same selfishness acting in them now that was at work before; it but differs in the form of its manifestation. Formerly it was a desire for wealth; now it manifests itself in a more brutal form."

"I should be very unwilling to believe," replied Conchita, "that human souls could desire to return again to this earth once they have departed from it. If I were to go, I should have no desire to return. I would rise above this planet into the region of starlight, and listen to the music of the spheres."

"Intrastellar space," sneered our Pancho, "is said to be as dark as pitch, and as there is no air to transmit sound, the music of the spheres, even if there were such, could not be heard."

"Perhaps there may be another kind of light, and another kind of music than that which we know," she said dreamily. "Perhaps the senses of the soul become there more refined and need no material air for the transmission of sound. Heaven is said to be a beautiful place, filled by angels crowned with diamonds, and its streets paved with gold."

"If there were such a super-terrestrial world," answered Pancho, "I should wish to go there and gather some of the rubies and pearls that are said to be so abundant in heaven. I would then bring them back to you. They would look well in your beautiful hair."

"Who knows whether you would return," said Conchita. "You might meet some angel more pretty than I am on your way, and forget all about me."

"No angel or devil," exclaimed Pancho, "will ever break the bonds by which our souls are united. Even if I were as far away from you as the earth from the moon, I would not forget you. Love acts independently of distance."

Conchita seemed to reflect, and then asked: "Tell me, dear, what is your opinion about the nature of love?"

"Why!" hesitated Pancho, somewhat perplexed what to answer. "The books say that it is a peculiar state of the imagination which causes one to think of a certain object."

"That would probably be imaginary love," replied Conchita; "but I wish to know how you define the real thing."

"The real thing!" repeated Pancho surprised. "I cannot see how love could be a real thing; it is merely a state of something which is called the mind; it is a sentiment by which two beings are attracted towards each other."

Conchita did not seem to be quite satisfied with that reply, for after a pause, during which Pancho reflected about the nature of that thing called the mind, she suddenly asked:

"Do the stars love each other?"

"What a question," answered Pancho. "Stars are inanimate bodies like our earth. They are composed of chemical substances, the same as we find upon our globe. How can they love each other if they have no consciousness?"

"It seems to me," she went on, "that they must be conscious, for they are attracted towards each other, and if they were unconscious of

everything, how could they respond to an attraction from afar? How could that which they are incapable of feeling have any effect upon them?"

"Some German philosophers say that there is no such thing as attraction, but that it is all due to some etheric force which propels from behind, while repulsion is said to be a wedging in of ether particles between two objects. At all events, the interaction seems to be due to some universal substance, and some philosophers say that this substance, or spirit, is an indivisible Unity, but I cannot see how that could be."

A new idea seemed to have been intuitively grasped by Conchita; for she clapped her hands, and joyfully exclaimed: "Ah! I know. This spirit is a unity, and it is the same in me as in you. I always feel as if we both were really only one. When I am going away from you it seems to me as if I were going away from myself, and I often imagine that in loving you, I am only loving myself. Yes, I am sure we are one. You are Conchita, and I am Pancho!"

Highly rejoicing over her discovery, Conchita broke out into joyous laughter.

"It may be so," seriously answered Pancho, "but in this case all human beings would be one, and you would have to love everybody just as much as you love me, we could then have no individual preferences. But there is something in your individuality which causes me to love you more than any other being. Will that individuality be for ever preserved, or will it, as the Buddhists say, be dissolved in the universal ocean of spirit? This is the great problem which I would wish to have solved."

"Why should you worry about such a problem?" asked his wife. "I believe that, when the time comes that we should know it, the mystery will be solved."

Pancho remained silent.

While carrying on this conversation, the lovers had left the verandah and descended to the beach. The sun had disappeared below the horizon. Dark clouds had gathered, threatening a storm, but the last rays of the sinking orb were fringing the dark masses with silver and gold, with yellow and purple and countless hues, which gradually faded away before the shadows of night.

"How beautiful is the sunset!" exclaimed Conchita, "and how sorry we should be to see its close, did we not know that the sun will rise again to-morrow."

"Thus it is with life," was the answer. "When the day dream of life comes to an end, then follows the night. It is said that there will be another sun rise for us, when we return to the earth in a new incarnation, but what will be our condition during the night? What shall we do between sunset and sunrise?"

"Why, sleep, of course," retorted Conchita. "Sleep, and dream happy dreams."

"This idea of sleeping and dreaming does not at all please me," he said. "A man who sleeps and dreams is not his own master; he neither reasons nor thinks. He is like a boat on the water without a helm, helplessly driven hither and thither by the winds and the waves; they may land him in a beautiful harbour, or dash him against a rock. Who knows where his dreams will take him? They may raise him up to heaven or throw him down into the abyss of hell. What I desire is not to dream, but to retain my own reasoning power, and the mastery over my imagination. I have read of Adepts who have accomplished this; if I knew where to find such men, I would go to them and ask them to teach me their secret. I would discover them, even if I had to go to the end of the world!

"There can be no doubt that such Adepts have once lived, and that they were in the possession of the secret of the Philosopher's Stone and the true Elixir of Life; I believe that such men exist even to-day. I have read about the Rosicrucians, who were in the possession of such powers. They had a temple called the *Universal Temple of the Holy Ghost* where they used to meet, and it it said to have stood in some part of Southern Germany. I have hunted all over that country, but I could not find it. They had an ever-burning lamp that must have been constructed according to principles entirely unknown to modern chemistry, and they could call up the Elemental Spirits of nature."

"There are undoubtedly people who can do very wonderful things," interrupted Conchita. "There is, for instance, Juana, who can make spirits appear, but she is a very bad girl."

"Who is Juana?" asked Pancho.

"A girl from my own country, a very strange girl. She is an Indian, and was captured, when a child, from a tribe of savages in the forests of Guatemala during an attack which the soldiers made upon the Indian camp. She was given into the charge of a sea captain, who afterwards gave her to me because I understood a little of her language. I have attempted to give her an education, but while she is full of tricks she does not seem capable of learning anything useful. She can foretell events by looking into a glass of water, and her prophecies usually come true; but she can also do a great deal of mischief. The neighbours are afraid of her and believe her to be a witch. I once caught her sticking needles into an image of wax representing a person who was then very sick. That person died, and people said that Juana had killed her by her malefice. However, this could not be proved. She caused so much trouble that I had to send her away, and she is now with a woman that used to be a servant in our family."

"I have read a great deal about witches," said Pancho, "and I have

always wished to find an opportunity to investigate such phenomena. I hope you will introduce me without delay to your precious Juana."

"Take my advice," answered his wife, "and do not seek to become acquainted with her. I am sure that nothing good will result from such experiments."

"I am not afraid of her spells," he proudly replied. "I am strong enough to resist them. I dare even the devil, and why should I fear Juana's powers if I can, thereby, learn something new? Let us go to her!"

"Your wish is a command to me," answered Conchita. "The place where she lives is not far out of our way; we will visit her as we return."

To this proposal Pancho readily consented. They returned to the city by carriage, and neither spoke much during the trip, for Pancho's thoughts were occupied with the stories which he had read of the Rosicrucians, and Conchita felt that she had committed an imprudence in speaking about Juana. It seemed as if, already, a foreboding cloud had settled upon the two lovers.

It was already dark when they entered the city. Alighting, they dismissed the carriage and walked the rest of the way, which led up one of the steep hills upon which San Francisco is built. Turning a corner, they saw an old Catholic cathedral, whose door stood ajar, and whose interior was dimly illuminated. Conchita asked her husband to enter with her the church.

For a moment Pancho hesitated. He was no friend of churches, priestcraft or pious mummeries. He had not visited a church for years, and did not desire to enter one now. Nevertheless, he followed Conchita as she went into the building. Was it, perhaps, that he did not wish to displease his young wife by refusing to submit to her whim, or was it because even our most fanatical rationalists prefer to see their wives pious than over sceptical? For an arguing and incredulous woman loses much of the charm that characterizes her sex, and a wife who knows too much to believe in religion is likely also to be alert enough to mistrust her husband.

Thus he consented at last to enter the church, which at that hour was deserted. Arm in arm they walked down the aisle towards the altar, and it seemed to Pancho as if the wooden images of the saints posted along the walls were scowling at him reproachfully, as if surprised to see a heretic in their midst. Having arrived at the foot of the altar, Conchita sank down upon her knees and prayed silently, while Pancho stood in the background contemplating the picture.

It was a grand old cathedral, built in magnificent style. If Pancho had understood the symbolical meaning contained in stones, the architecture of that church might have told him more truths than all the sermons that had ever been preached in its pulpit; for the high pillars, massive and solid at their base, spoke of firmness and solidity of

character, while the soft lines in which the arches curved upwards to the roof spoke of the aspiration of the soul towards the Unattainable and the Infinite.

The church was nearly dark, but through the stained glass of the high-arched window to the right, a ray of light from a lamp in the vicinity of the building crept in, and falling upon Conchita's veil surrounded her head with a halo like that of a saint.

As the husband watched his wife, she appeared to him a glorified being, and her presence seemed to fill the whole of the building with some invisible but living and substantial power, perhaps of the same kind as that which must have existed in the Rosicrucian temple in the South of Germany. It seemed to him as if a supernatural golden and rosy light radiated from her form, and entering his being sought to kindle within his heart an inextinguishable flame of a nature unknown to modern chemistry. He felt the ennobling influence of Conchita's soul, which seemed to lift him up on the wings of her own aspirations, and he wondered that such a spiritual being should have united her fate to his own. Perhaps it was the exalted state of Conchita's imagination that caused him to feel a corresponding vibration within himself, and he began to think that love was more than a mere emotion; that it was a real power. He felt some inexplicable influence penetrating him, and it took the whole strength of his rationalistic reasoning to resist the impulse to kneel down by the side of his wife and worship with her: a thing which would evidently have been very preposterous, an unpardonable weakness of which he certainly would have been very much ashamed hereafter.

Conchita arose, and smiled sweetly as she looked into the eyes of her husband.

A heavenly peace seemed to rest upon her soul, while Pancho's mind was a battle-ground of contradictory thoughts and opposite emotions, whose nature and origin he could not well explain.

FRANZ HARTMANN.

(To be continued.)

"*Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own.*"

—SWIFT.

"*If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it.*"

—EPICTETUS.

THE DIRGE FOR THE DEAD IN LIFE.

THE fragments that we publish below form one of the most remarkable instances of so-called automatic writing when the medium, without any previous knowledge of the subject, is impelled to set down upon the paper that which is not in the brain. The medium here is a young lady who knows nothing about this dirge, but we know that it is a portion of the chant which was sung over the entranced body of the neophyte who was about to become an initiate. The original was found in Egypt among the wrappings of a mummy by the grandfather of a gentleman, a Mason, from whom we got it. Although Egyptologists may have seen the fragment, we are certain that the young lady who wrote down the verses had never heard of it before and was much puzzled by the verses, if not by the signature of "Sepher" given to her. Spiritualists may say it is something from the "spirits," but we hold the view that it is a reminiscence from past incarnations of the one who wrote. These recollections are not so rare as is supposed, and while frequently they are not recognised as such, they nevertheless account for many strange things heard at séances with mediums and psychographic writers, as we were told it was only in the days of Ptolemy that this dirge began to be chanted over the really dead or the mummy.—[Ed.]

KHIOS XXI.

Bind up thy head and numb thy limbs, for hence cometh wondrous tidings for him who hath the ear open in the sepulchre.

Drink in of the honied words, and mix them with precision to mingle the bitter with the sweet.

Turn thine heart from all outer knowledge and hold thyself open for the knowledge of the spheres.

Now take quickly the pegs from the tents and let them fall in, for the mighty simoom is nigh at hand.

Art thou ready, pale mortal? Is thy head bandaged and thy blood inert, and hast thou parted with thy blood?

Art thou laid down eastward, and is thy inner ear listening for the music of the voice of the spheres?

Listen, pale mortal.

The voice is commencing to emit sound, and the turn of the tide is swiftly ebbing away.

Pale mortal, lying so like an image of Phineus,* wherefore art thou disquieted? The glitter of chariots will not reach those dazed eyes.

The sound of the battle-axe will not penetrate thy skull.

* Phineus the King of Thrace, who became blind for attempting to see into futurity *without being duly initiated*, and who was killed by Hercules. An allusion to the closed eyes of the entranced seer, or the mummy.—[Ed.]

Now listen to the voice; thou art gone from hence, pale mortal, and the earth knows thee no more.

Thy bandaged head lies on the death stretcher and thy bloodless body is full of sweet-smelling myrrh.

Thou art a shade, blessed soul!

Thou art a shadowy vapour, pale face!

Thou art a bird of paradise, free soul!

Listen! dost thou hear the freedom of the wind? Thou art no longer on thine earth.

Those groans, pale face, they proceed from the land thou hast quitted.

That burning heat, poor wanderer, that is the desert thou hast passed through.

Now quickly proceed. No more time, poor dove, mayst thou linger, the burning ring is thy resting step.

See thou the circle, it burns with the seared light of a captive fire god!

Quickly step, pale face, and place thyself in the ring of fire.

KHIOS XXII.

Now in the ring, does not the past stand out like a sheeted fury?

Dost thou behold the list of evil committed?

Listen! those echoes are the battle shouts, and those shrieking, harsh voices are thine own saved against thee.

Writhe now, poor soul; alas! thou must suffer.

See now the time has passed, and thou art lifted from thy ring of suffering.

Whence comes this change? Thy shadow has gained intensity, and thy form person.

Now take this key, terror stricken dove, and unlock that vast chest.

Why tremble? Those bodies are but the victims which thou hast sacrificed to thy evil lusts.

Those ghastly white, staring skulls thou hast slain with thine own hand.

Oh! those terrible bruised hearts are only those upon whom thou hast trodden.

Blench not, those maimed bodies are thy handiwork.

Oh! pale face, take brave hold. Thou hast gloried over these deeds —why shudder now? Life taken is life left.

Slain souls wait in Paradise. (In the *field of Aarzoo* in the original.)

Long lost hearts burn in the oil of the lamp of the king.

Hopeless maimed ones rest in the water queen's bosom.

Remember not to forget, but forget to remember.

There now, poor tired one, one more ordeal, one more flame-searching trial.

Jump quickly into the water, mark you its cool, delicate waving; why dost thou shrink? Art thou not hot and weary? It will refresh thee.

Now the time is past. Thou must jump. Days are passing, moments fleeting; jump thou, believe, jump.

There, come up now, and rest in this green grass.

Was it very terrible? Did the water burn thy very life?

Ah! so burned thou the life of others.

Pass, pass, pass!

KHIOS XXIII.

Thou art free, see thou how beautiful are thy limbs.

Feel now how perfect is thy health.

Come away to the fire king, thy sufferings are passed.

Thou hast been tormented for a thousand and one years.

Hasten thou, no longer sorrowful wanderer, but bird of Paradise.

Fight no more, thou hast won Elysia.

Weep! Ah! thou canst not, thou hast no fount of tears.

Still thee now, still thee!

See, I bring thee onwards.

Seest thou not that thou art glorified!

See far, far agone, behind time, thy poor body.

See the bandaged head and the bloodless body, see the stuffed carcase. Oh, laugh, laugh, laugh.

That was once thy dwelling-place.

Now come quickly, for we pass to the absorption; wait not, tarry not, linger not.

Oh! beautiful, moon-faced angel!

Oh! brilliant and happy soul!

Hark thou to the tinkle of those silver bells, they are the fire king's thoughts.

Listen to the convulsions of the atoms; the demons tremble.

Listen to the beautiful songs; they are the Gunlas.

Oh, happy soul, soon must we part, for I must return to the ferry, for I must ferry souls across.

I cannot enter where thou canst enter, beautiful Bird of Paradise; tell the Fire King when thou see'st him in his beauty that I languish to join him.

Now, good-bye, Brilliant-Bird, soar above, thou art free as air.

Thou art as a snowflake carried on the rosy pinions of the morn.

Thou art as the lovely wind that cooleth the hot earth.

Fare thee well, free dove, fare thee well; enter that golden glory and pass for ever into the Fire King.

Gu nla, Gunla, Gunla. . . .

SEPHER.

ACCURSED!

III.

THE sun was slowly but visibly going down on the horizon, and the lower it descended toward the sea, the more transparent became the far-off scenery. The waters looked of a sombre blue, and the golden ripples that moved over the azure surface were becoming with every moment of a more glowing crimson. Everything around us was gradually tinted with purple hues; the town, the cottages, the bowers and the white terrace of our hotel. All was in a blaze. The sunbeams shot like straight arrows heavenward from beyond a cluster of red and golden clouds which had slightly veiled the face of the dazzling disc. And now they have melted away and disappeared. . . . The enormous red, fiery globe is almost touching the sea, which it has set all ablaze. And now it has touched it. . . . sinking with its lower edge into the billowy depths. The purple hues are gradually fading out to assume an orange tint. But suddenly, as though breaking off, and as the gigantic globe of light sinks and falls into the watery abyss and disappears in the liquid bed, the whole surrounding scenery, the air, and the sea itself are entirely transformed in colour—the heavens and the earth become of a transparent lilac hue. No twilight, but the dark mantle of night suddenly descends upon us. . . . The deep sounds of the convent bell, tolling the *Angelus* and calling the believers to their evening prayer, reach us across the gulf in solemn and measured rhythm, while high over our heads, on the dark blue ethereal canopy, one twinkling silvery star after the other is lit in sidereal space, and beams its tremulous reflection on the hardly rippled surface of the somnolent waters.

"Here's an evening for you, and here's a night!" merrily exclaimed Korzanof, thus putting to flight my thoughts. "No match to this, our colourless northern twilights. There—we have pigmy prose; here, a gorgeous, gigantic poetry, as my wife and daughter Sashoorka say. . ."

"Begging your pardon—even your wife and daughter may err in their enthusiasm . . ." I remarked smilingly. "Poems and dramas and all sorts of majestic events, as well as very practical episodes, occur just as often in our cold fatherland. This has been just demonstrated by yourself. What can be more romantic than the mysterious horrors in Rujano-Lyass, that you have just been narrating?"

"That's so. You are right, but there is no need to chuckle in your sleeve while speaking of them. . . ."

"I, chuckle? I can assure you I do not. On the contrary, for I am highly interested. . . . But you must tell me, old chum, whether all

this . . . well, this Satanic obsession, suddenly ceased after your aunt's death?"

Michael Petrovitch, who was then slowly walking up and down the terrace, stopped and stood before me, trying to scrutinize my face, as I spoke. Then, putting his hands in his pockets, he balanced himself on his heels and toes for a few seconds, and gazed very hard at me for a little while. At last, though it was getting quite dark, he seemed to come to the conclusion that my question was offered in dead earnest.

"My dear friend," he began slowly and even hesitatingly, "I can tell you only one thing, whether you understand me or not. This obsession, as you call it, has, and has not ceased! It has become better, and . . . it has become worse. . . . It depends, you see. . . ."

"Depends on what? I understand you still less now. . . . I was never famous for unriddling rebuses. Do speak plainly for once! . . ."

"I will try to, though . . . it is more difficult than you may think. I had told you that poor Acsenia Cuprianovna Sedminska had a long and terrible agony. Terrible, because of physical sufferings, but chiefly on account of the moral tortures to which she was ceaselessly subjected by her chronic visions: the horror they inspired her with, and, most of all, her great terror of death. I have never witnessed in my life such a fear and such an agony! She was conscious to her last moment; she knew she was dying and that no one could save her life; and, nevertheless, she struggled with death, fighting most desperately, to her last breath; she screamed, implored everyone to save her, to prolong her life if it were for one more day, or even an hour! . . . I have never known a more dreadful feeling than during the last moments of her life. I had, of course, sent away my wife; but the poor wretch clung desperately to me and would not let me go, nor would she let Father Wassiliy leave her. She held our hands, she fastened to our clothes, adjuring us to save her, to '*pray her off, and not to give her up to torture.*' To give her up—to whom? We put her no questions, but we understood her well; she feared the *post-mortem* tortures, the reprisals from those whom she had tortured to death during her own sinful life. It was horrible! . . . My nerves were so unstrung that I was fairly knocked off my feet, and feared a brain fever myself. Father Wassiliy, accustomed as he was to death-scenes of agony, cannot, to this day, think of this particular case without a shudder. He becomes pale at the slightest mention of it. . . . It seems to me that at her last confession, she must have revealed something too dreadful, as, while reading over her the absolution, and the last prayer, he looked more like a ghost than a living man himself! And after she had died he used to groan loudly when mentioning her name, declaring more than once in my presence that although he prayed daily for her soul, he could not . . . he felt it impossible . . . to preserve his usual calm or feel at peace during those prayers for her rest. 'It is awe and dread I feel, not the reverential

and hopeful feeling I ought to!' he often complained to me. Methinks, the late widow of Count Sędminska must have sinned too terribly during her life. . . . may God forgive her and rest her soul!"

My friend Korzanof suddenly interrupted his narrative, and making a reverential sign of the cross, relapsed into silence, picking up the thread of his narrative once more a few minutes later.

"Well!" he sighed, "however it may be, finally and at last she died, the poor, miserable woman. We buried her, at her express and solemn bidding, not in the family vault in the cemetery—she dreaded the latter so terribly that she could not even bear to hear its name mentioned—but in the park, not far from the great alley, near the largest flower-bed. . . . The deceased had chosen the spot herself. 'Here,' she used to say, 'it looks more inhabited. I do not want to remain alone; I want living people to be always with me . . . on the spot where on great festivals I used to distribute bread to poor people. . . . Perchance, some one of them may remember, and say a prayer for me!'

"Thus was her last will carried out. However, although the uncanny noises and the rest ceased in the castle after her death, still, when a few months later I returned again to Rujano-Lyass on business, I found once more that all was not as right in the house as it should be. . . . So much so, indeed, that when I was obliged to bring my wife there with me to be legally recognized as the heir thereof, I was but too glad to have Father Wassiliy offer us his house for a few days."

"Indeed! . . . But what was it that happened?" I enquired, unable to restrain an exclamation of sincere surprise. "What have you seen then or heard during your first visit to the . . . disturbed castle?"

"What have I seen, or heard?" almost howled Korzanof, stopping suddenly and bending his face to mine. And then, bringing himself so near me that I could discern his frowning brow and eyes glaring with wild excitement at the recollection, he whispered hoarsely into my ear: "I saw her, herself . . . yes! Herself, Acsenia Cuprianovna. I saw her and heard her! . . ."

"Heard her? . . . What did you hear? . . . What did she tell you?"

"Not much . . . only these words: 'No rest for me! . . . No rest, no pardon, no salvation!' Yes!" shouted once more Korzanof, as though the bare recollection of it made him furious, "I heard that voice again at night . . . and it awoke me. . . . 'No salvation!' it shrieked, 'no rest! . . . No annihilation! . . . I want it, I demand annihilation!' . . . And with this last word the voice died away in the distance and the silence of the night. When I am on my death-bed I will confess it to the priest as I confess it now to you. I saw her! . . . I heard her screaming: 'Annihilation! oh, for annihilation!' the scream passing into a most despairing wail which sounded over the whole house, and then . . ."

Becoming calmer, Korzanof lowered his voice and said:

"And then, just about dawn, I saw her herself, just as she was on that day. . . ."

"Herself? . . . impossible! . . . When or how?"

"No, no, this will do my good fellow! *Basta!* . . ." and Michael Petrovitch sank into his armchair breathing hard and quickly as if after a long run. "Enough," said he, "I must end here, lest I should pass another sleepless night. It is no nursery tale, my dear friend, which you may repeat over and over again, and no harm done, but a devilish queer reality. . . . May heaven send rest to her sinful soul, but I shall talk no more of her. . . . It is only for your sake that I have made an exception during these long years . . . and I begin to repent of it. But here are my wife and daughter back, I believe. . . . So much the better . . . Let us go to meet them."

Korzanof descended the marble steps of the terrace into the garden, and hastened toward the little landing place, where a boat had just arrived. He had sensed the presence of his idolized child in the darkness of that moonless night, before even her merry laugh and sweet childish voice had reached his ear. Then I heard her crying out:

"Oh papa, the lovely things we have bought for you! a whole basket full of curiosities . . . . Come, come, quick, follow me!"

And the tall graceful figure of the young girl, jumping out of the boat, appeared among the flowers and shrubs. Dragging her father by the hand, she ran up the marble steps, and thence into the lighted hall. She almost upset me in her haste to get into the house.

"Ah! . . . . is it you? . . . . Beg your pardon!" . . . . she exclaimed laughing. "Well, has papa entertained you? has he been edifying you on the progress of our oats and future harvests?" . . . .

And the "papa" feeling quite happy, laughed merrily with her at his own expense. He seemed to have entirely forgotten the heavy feeling that had just agitated him. . . .

On the next day we parted, and since that day fate has brought us no more together. On the other hand, my destiny led me back quite unexpectedly to Rujano-Lyass. I had some regimental business to settle in the same borough where we had been quartered in 1854. Very naturally my first visit was for Father Wassiliy. I found him as active and as energetic as he had been in his younger days. He looked far younger than his little delicate and shrivelled-up wife, who no sooner had she recognised in me her old acquaintance than she began to fuss about tea and refreshments. While she was going about with her keys, Father Wassiliy kept me company in the little porch near the entrance door. Very naturally, almost from the first words, I led our conversation upon the topics that interested me the most. The priest remained silent, thoughtfully stroking his picturesque beard while listening to questions and the narrative of my meeting with the Korzanofs. But, though he

denied nothing, he evidently declined to talk about that matter. Thus, to my direct question :

"And how about now? Is it all quiet on the domain, or is it still subject to *visitations?*"

"No; one hears nothing more, nowadays, thank God. Besides, it is so full of people; there are such crowds of Jews and workmen that there can be no time, nor opportunity for manifestation of power, there, good or evil—except perhaps the power of steam and wheels." . . . .

He smiled while speaking, but there was no merry twinkle in his serious and thoughtful eye. His reserve goaded my curiosity the more, and I openly showed my surprise at his unwillingness to satisfy it. Why was he so reticent?

"I am not reticent, Ivan Nikolaevitch," he at last answered, forced into this subject by my persistency, "and why should I be reticent, or try to conceal that which is known to the whole district, nay to the entire province? We had hard and uncanny things happening there, this no one can deny! Every kind of evil doings took place. . . . But is it necessary or becoming to be always talking of them? . . Thanks be to God Almighty that they have now ceased. Human life is a heavy burden and full of dangers and suffering anyhow; but when to its natural course be added such like . . . . evil and unnatural occurrences, then it really becomes too heavy and quite unbearable. Such visitations are more dreadful than any human evil can ever be, because man is so absolutely helpless in the face of them. . . . I cannot recall without a shudder those terrible days. Then why talk of them? . . . . Vain words are things of little use, and sinful, according to my humble understanding."

"But why should you regard them as *vain* words, Father Wassiliy? In my opinion such phenomena out of the ordinary run are, on the contrary, very useful, as they can only serve as a corroboration and an affirmation of a life to come and of a retributive law, as . . ."

I did not finish my sentence, for at that moment I caught the priest fixing his eyes on me with an expression in them which quite puzzled me. There was such surprise and irony in his serious gaze, that for several instants I felt very uncomfortable.

"I cannot agree with you," he calmly remarked. "In Scripture, as in the very lives of men, proofs far more effective in convincing us of our soul's immortality and an unavoidable punishment for our sins may be found than any such abnormal occurrences can ever afford. On the contrary; the latter so-called supernatural manifestations have a very maleficent effect. To begin with, of whatever religion or views, and however trustworthy the person may be who gives an account of them as an eye-witness, the majority of those who have not put their fingers into the print of the nails and thrust their hand into the side will never believe him. And those who, perchance, may believe are . . . as likely

as not to attribute these manifestations to quite another power than that of God. . . ."

"You think, then, that such phenomena do not occur by the will of God?"

"Not at all; I believe that nothing can happen without the permission of the Almighty; but I still bear in mind that which the wisdom of our common people has very suggestively termed 'allowances.'* I feel convinced that the Supreme Will allows such things to happen because it chooses to remain passive; but I am as sure, that there is not in them what we would call the finger of God, or the direct participation of holy Providence. Of course I may be mistaken in this," modestly added Father Wassiliy, "but such is my conviction, and this is why I try to obliterate from my memory those terrible days! . . ."

"One word more, Father! Do not enter into the details if you will not, but only answer me *yes* or *no*. Have you ever seen or heard anything yourself?"

The priest did not immediately answer, but after a moment of hesitation, clearly denoting his unwillingness to speak on the subject, said very slowly:

"That to which Mr. Korzanof was an eye and an ear-witness, that have I seen and heard too. Did he not inform you that that he and I were the only living persons who remained with the dying Countess to her last moment? Well, I do not deny it; terrible, weird and utterly incomprehensible were the manifestations going on around us. . . . We did not see all that she saw, of course—God be thanked for this—but we sensed very strongly the presence of something quite abnormal and extraordinary. That which appeared the most terrible of all, however, was that state of ceaseless and never-changing horror in which the dying old woman remained during her last days. . . ."

"Could not the hallucinations of a death-bed account for them? Delirium, perhaps? . . ."

The priest remained silent once more, and then answered with still greater hesitation:

"Perhaps; though with respect to everything else she remained certainly fully conscious. . . . In any case such a delirium is worse than the most terrible reality. And now let me ask you not to return any more to this subject . . . indeed, indeed, I can hardly bear to speak of it . . . it is too horrible! . . ."

Of course I had to give it up. But, notwithstanding the impropriety of going against a desire so firmly stated, I could not help exclaiming:

"Unhappy woman! Could her previsions be indeed verified beyond the grave? Michael Petrovitch assured me that he saw, and heard her voice after her death. . . . Did he tell you that? . . ."

* This is an untranslatable term, *popooshtyenïyé* meaning something allowed to occur passively and without either opposing or permitting it.

"He did; and according to his desire, I said the mass and the prayers for the dead on her tomb on the very next morning, and sprinkled her grave with holy water. . . ."

"Let us hope that after that she . . . . or her spirit, has found the needed rest," I remarked. "Admitting all her cruelty and selfishness, she was not, after all, a predetermined sinner or criminal! There must be people worse than she was, most undeniably . . . . why then, should she alone be so chastised, and made to suffer so terribly and so exclusively? . . . . Why?"

In the uncertain twilight of the evening it seemed to me that Father Wassiliy had become very pale; at any rate, he was strangely agitated, as he answered in low and impressive tones:

"It is not for us to judge . . . . to mete the retribution and the measure . . . . no, it is not for us!"

"Would you doubt?" I again exclaimed. "We must hope that she is forgiven. Don't you think so?"

"Let us hope so," he repeated, with still more pronounced hesitation. "The mercy of God is greater than any transgression."

But there was no ring of conviction in his voice. I felt sure that he knew more about the deceased than any of us did, and I would have given much to draw him out. But under such circumstances, all I could do was to remain silent or to change the subject of our conversation. I preferred the latter, and began talking about the business which had brought me to Rujano-Lyass, or rather to its new foundry. This necessitated my going to the factory that had replaced the rich old mansion, and I would have gone there even on that same day, had not our discussion and the late tea made me forget the time; and so I had to postpone the visit until the next morning, the more so as threatening clouds had appeared over our heads, and a storm was brewing. The spring was sultry that year, and rainless. The population was expecting and praying for rain, and in consequence I had to show pleasure at the coming storm, and welcome the black and threatening thunder-cloud which was rapidly spreading like a funeral pall over the whole sky.

We had hardly finished our first glasses of tea, when a dazzling flash of lightning cut through the blackness of the sky, and a rolling peal of thunder, such as we hardly expected, vibrated through hill and vale. I had prepared to return to the post-house, where I had stopped, but my hospitable hosts would not hear of it. They would not allow me to leave them during such a tempest. Besides, what should I do there alone the whole evening? they said. "Remain with us," they begged, "have a bit of supper, sleep in the room you occupied years ago, and then go about your business in the morning." . . . .

"I will send my man at once for your luggage," said the priest resolutely. "You shall have it here in less than half-an-hour, and to-morrow morning I will go with you to the Park Foundry. I will

say a mass for the dead on the grave of . . . . the Countess; this will be more useful than to pry into her past. In truth, it is a long while since I have visited her tomb myself, for I pray for her generally in the church, during the early mass, and . . ."

A terrific clap of thunder drowned the last sentence. The priest hastened to give orders to his messenger, with regard to my luggage. Meanwhile, his kind little wife accompained me into my old room, "the guest's chamber" of their small cottage. I had entirely forgotten that the Countess Sedminska was buried near her family mansion, in the park, and said so to the "Mother."

"Oh yes," confirmed the talkative old lady, handing me another glass of tea. "Of course she lies there. Oh dear, yes. She could not bear, you see, to be laid in the neighbourhood of her friend and assistant in all her good works, Pan Matzevitch! . . . . Oh no, certainly not. And then, there was also that other fellow. . . . the *Ksiondz*, with whom, people say, her ladyship had little differences after his death. As rumour has it, all her nocturnal squabbles, her disputes and battles, were mostly due to the visits of these two worthies. Of course, you must have heard of the uncanny performances which took place in her castle? Heaven preserve us from more such. . . . . Every night there were battles fought in the family palazzo, between the dead and the living one!"

"Is the *Ksiondz* dead also?" I asked, much pleased, and hoping that in the absence of the husband the talkative spouse of Father Wassiliy would have time to give me some more information.

"Oh, yes, indeed. He is dead and buried long ago. . . . It was very soon after your regiment left our place that he was taken ill with cholera. Oh, yes. And so amazingly quick too . . . . it left him no time even to repent, I fear. He overfed himself we hear; for the Father' was dainty-mouthed and rather gluttonous; no mistake about it, may Heaven forgive him. . . . And very few mourners he had indeed, as there never was much love lost between his parish and himself. Quite so; yes. He lies buried in his own *Kostiol* (R. C. Church), and the land agent—or what people could collect together of the body, which was chopped into the smallest pieces—is buried under the wall of the *Kostiol*. . . . . Just so! . . . . and thus you see; milady, Acsenia Cuprianovna declined to rest in the company of these two. Her remains lie at the very entrance of her park; under a magnificent monument sent here by Mr. Korzanof from Italy."

"And how about the mansion when it was burnt down? Did not the fire damage the tomb?"

"No; for it was not placed yet. . . . Only the wooden railing and the cross that were provisionally put there were both, of course, reduced to ashes! . . . entirely pulverized through the heat. . . . The marble monument was brought quite recently, only about two years ago . . . But

no . . . not even so much ! . . . It will be two years next autumn only, on the day of the 'Intercession of the Holy Virgin.' . . . Just so."

"Two years for what?" interrupted Father Wassiliy, who, to my great disappointment, had finished business with his messenger a great deal sooner than was desirable for me, and had re-entered the room. When told to what the sentence referred,

"Still about the Countess!" he mildly remarked, while shaking his head at us reproachfully. "She does seem to interest you. Better dismiss her from your thoughts, sir, believe me ; and the sooner she is forgotten by men, the better it will be for all parties concerned. May God forgive her her heavy sins, and send rest to her wearied soul . . . Oh, God! . . ." added the priest, attempting a fervent sign of the cross, "Almighty . . ."

"God help us . . . what's this! . . ." exclaimed his wife, rapidly crossing herself. "How dreadful!"

The exclamation was wrung from her by the loudest and the most terrific thunderclap I had ever heard in my life, and which blinded and deafened us for a few seconds. In one instant all became incandescent around. Gates and doors were flung open, every window and glass in the house vibrated and cracked, and the very building itself was shaken to its foundations by that fearful commotion of the air.

"The thunderbolt must have fallen somewhere in the neighbourhood," I remarked. "Let us hope no one was hit, nor any building set on fire by it? . . . And with all this no rain. How unfortunate! . . ."

"Yes, it's just beginning though, thank goodness," declared my hostess. who was peeping out into the yard through the violently-opened door, which she now carefully closed and fastened. "But what a rain, the drops so large and so few! . . . Heaven help us, for we are threatened with a most violent storm! . . ."

And so it turned out to be. One deafening peal of thunder followed almost without interruption the other. Dazzling lightning rent asunder, every few seconds, the heavy, ink-black clouds which were slowly drawing nearer and nearer the hushed and silent earth. Every leaf on the trees and shrubs shook without a breath in the air, and wide sheets of ominous, greenish light kept on, almost without an interval, lighting up the Egyptian darkness that had fallen upon the country. Suddenly the clouds burst and a torrential rain—great sheets of water rather—poured upon the parched earth, flooding instantaneously the streets of the village and the surrounding fields as though preparing for a second deluge.

And so it raged, and it was only toward midnight that the thunder ceased, and that the sound of the roaring waters weakened by degrees ; when a most terrible hurricane arose, with a wind such as I hardly remember. The violence of the tempest prevented our closing our eyes till after dawn. What with the howling wind, the noise of the creaking doors, gates and windows, and the crash of shutters torn off their hinges, I could

not go to sleep on that memorable night. My hosts were likewise up till dawn, preparing for possible emergencies, and lamenting loudly and beforehand the too probable damages and mischief which such an unusual hurricane was sure to cause.

Towards early morning, when quite exhausted, I at last fell asleep.

I was awakened by the kind and merry voice of my host, who was trying to arouse me. With an effort I opened my eyes, still much confused and unable to fix my thoughts or remember where I was.

"Get up, Ivan Nikolaevitch; it is high time! . . Noon will be striking very soon. There are people who came to see you on business. I have directed them to the Castle park to wait for you, telling them you would be there in a few minutes. So you have to get up."

I collected my thoughts in a moment, and jumped out of bed. "And last night's storm?" I asked. "Has it done you any harm?"

"Thanks to the Lord, it has not; and everything is right so far. Just a few trifles here and there . . . two or three hedges and railings broken, and some straw thatching blown and carried off from the roofs. But this is nothing. We are in summer, and there's plenty of time to get fresh straw to repair the damage done. No great mischief done anywhere . . . I have been driving across the whole village and found no one to complain, thanks to the Almighty God. I felt quite astounded, to tell you the truth. . . ."

He looked surprised, but quite happy, did the good Father Wassiliy.

I was soon ready, and we started out. The wind had dried the traces of the rain, and dry footpaths already crossed the muddy roads in every direction. The morning was glorious. The fields and meadows looked emerald green, the forests were refreshed, and the whole of nature seemed brighter, merrier, and more blooming. All was full of new life and new hopes and new songs. We could hardly hear each other speak while crossing along the outskirts of the forest, in our short cut to the park and the site of the old castle. Such a merry ring and ding in the bright green bowers and grass as made by the birds, such a buzzing of insect life, of songs, of clicking, whistling and joyous chirruping, I have rarely heard in my life.

"What a splendid country, yours," I said to the priest. "I feel twenty years younger, here, as though I had never left the place."

"Verily so, it is a fine country. Occasional droughts, however, and loss of crops sometimes on account of the sandy soil. Otherwise the scenery is very beautiful. The forests are splendid here."

"It is fortunate no one cuts them down."

"No one can do so, we have too many foresters. All this, you know, belongs to the park, and is the Korzanof property now. That which was actually sold was only the land under the buildings, the out-houses, and what remained of the burned domain: iron work and walls.

Almost the whole of the factory has been built out of its bricks and stones and broken plaster."

"What's this?" I interrupted him. "Is this the tomb of the Countess Sedminska?" We were approaching the park enclosures. Behind an opened gate appeared a white wall, and beyond, surrounded by a wealth of green shrubbery and foliage, arose a tall crucifix.

"Oh, no," said the priest. "Did you forget the wretched woman who was picked up here with a knife?"

"The wet nurse? . . . . Oh, yes; of course, I remember her well. May heaven have her soul, the poor wretch! . . . . How well her tomb is kept up." . . . .

Still conversing, we crossed the park to the factory office, where I soon settled my very simple business. Leaving the building, we found ourselves in a spacious court from where, standing in the warm summer sun, we watched the animation and activity that went on inside. From the main building of a heavy, ugly edifice which had replaced the mediæval architecture of the palace of Rujano Lyass, we were greeted by the usual factory noises, the rumbling of the wheels and the whistling of steam engines. Clouds of black smoke issued from tall chimneys, ascending toward the pure blue sky, and disappearing in the atmosphere. I was invited to inspect the works, but declined with thanks.

"Let us hurry on, Father Wassiliy," I said. "Kindly show me the tomb of the late proprietress, and thence—home, to you, and then for my return journey."

"Come on. But . . . . do you know, I believe I had better not have the regular prayers said over . . . . her. Every time I have done so, there was something uncanny going on, very unpleasant things. . . . The last time there was such whistling and hissing going on in the trees! . . . . Somebody laughed, in the park, loud peals of laughter . . . . very, very bad and disagreeable it was . . quite blasphemous. I really think it better to simply mention her name in the Church . . . ."

"So, so," I muttered, pretending to mistake his meaning. "Your population seems to forgive and forget with difficulty . . . ."

"Father!" called a voice behind us.

We turned back, and saw a workman running. The priest stopped,

"What do you want, Ivan?" he asked.

"I . . . . Do you mean to say mass . . . . there?" asked the peasant hesitatingly, in his queer local dialect.

"No; but why do you ask?"

"Too great a crowd of people there, now. They are all coming to see . . . . I warn you, father, lest something again should happen this time, something wrong . . . ."

The priest heaved a sigh, and shook his head reproachfully. . . .

"Just so; 'something wrong,'" he repeated . . . . "People have no shame nowadays. And yet they ought to. Oh, Ivan, Ivan! Only

think of it ; that owing to your revengeful feelings, even a simple prayer for the rest of a soul should have become impossible!. . . ."

"But surely it is not we, father?" was the astonished reply. "Surely it is not . . . ."

The workman looked terribly embarrassed, and perhaps frightened. He stood silent and irresolute. His face seemed familiar to me.

"Ivan, the brother of Marianka?" I asked, as a sudden recollection struck me. "And your mother—is she alive?"

The peasant gave me one quick glance, and turned aside immediately answering but three short words:

"Alive, but sickly."

"Do you really remember her?" asked the priest, quite surprised. "Yes, she is still alive, and now gets a living for herself. . . . bakes the unleavened breads for communion in our church. Her son works at the factory. He is a good and honest fellow . . . . Takes care of his old mother . . . . But what does this gathering mean?" he suddenly exclaimed, as he noticed the thick crowds of people emerging from the opposite side. "They seem to be coming from *the tomb?*" . . . .

I looked and saw a great multitude pressing from behind the trees, where something white and gold shone in the sun.

"Just what I was saying to you," spoke Ivan, fixing the priest; "all the village is there, on account of the tombstone struck and broken during the hurricane last night."

"What are you talking about? Struck! How and where?"

And without waiting for an answer, the priest almost ran toward the tomb of the Countess.

"The monument broken?" I asked Ivan. "Is it lightning?"

I remembered last night's terrible thunder clap, and my conviction that the lightning had fallen somewhere in the neighbourhood.

"It is," answered Ivan, with his brows sternly knit together. "The thunderbolt fell on it and broke it into chips. . . . *Pan Boog* (the Lord God) knows that *such* a tomb is no fit place for a cross on it. It is the second time that the cross is destroyed by God's fire on *that* grave!"

He turned away and went back toward the factory, and I hastened to follow Father Wassiliy, while reflecting on this popular survival of bad feelings toward the Countess Sedminska, and the strange coincidence which had brought me back to this village just on the day when the storm had finally destroyed the Christian symbol over that poor grave. "It does seem strange," I thought, "that the lightning should precisely choose *her* tomb? It is very, very *strange!*"

I hurried on. Behind the tender green foliage of early summer, I perceived a bronze enclosure with golden ornamentation, and a majestic white marble monument—a column. A massive bronze cross had crowned the upper pillar, but the thunderbolt, in striking, had melted and twisted it into one formless mass. It was dislodged and hanging down

one side of the column, along a wide gaping crack. . . . Yes, Ivan had spoken the truth: the heavenly fire had burnt and annihilated the cross on this hapless tomb. This fact *was still stranger!*

Greatly perplexed, I approached the railing, near which stood the priest in ghastly amazement. But when I looked at him, I felt still more surprised. Father Wassiliy was as pale as death, and his dark eyes, so calm and serious at all times, were positively staring with a look of the wildest terror in them. . . .

Slowly, without turning his head, as though his gaze was nailed for ever to the tombstone, he put down heavily his left hand upon mine, while indicating with the forefinger of the right the tumular inscription on the tombstone column.

It was almost destroyed by the zigzag progress of the electric fluid. The larger bronze-cast letters were nearly all knocked off their places and melted. A very few had remained uninjured.

"Look attentively, read, spell . . ." whispered the priest, his lips white with horror.

I followed his advice, and spelt out the remaining letters. . . Suddenly a terrible light dawned upon me.

"The shadow of the Holy Cross be upon us!" I exclaimed, as my hand raised itself to make the saving symbol.

The tumular inscription had consisted of the following words:—

THE COUNTESS
ACSENIA CUPRIANOVNA
SEDMINSKA.

The first two words, the title, had melted into one unrecognisable mass of bronze; but out of the three names, the baptismal and the family name, eight letters had remained. This is how they now stood:—

AC . . . . . CU . R . . . . . .
SED . . . . . .

This *coincidence* was STRANGER than all!

And now, ladies and gentlemen, was I right in prefacing my narrative by saying that *strange* events *do* happen in one's life?

VERA JELIHOVSKY.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—This story is based upon an absolutely true fact, and the biography of a once living person. It was repeatedly narrated by the late Princess W * * * an eye-witness, to the family of the writer. Only the names and locality have been changed.]

The Seven Geometrical Vowels.

A CIRCLE simply represents a limit. There is no point within its circumference.

Rotate the sphere ; then looking at it from above, along the line of its axis, and it exhibits a point in the centre.

This is the point around which the whole sphere revolves, and the quicker the revolutions the more defined the point.

Looking at this same sphere from the plane of its equator ; its axis, which before was a dot, shows itself as a line.

The straight line is, therefore, the same as the point, only upon a given plane of observation.

If the dot be the point of consciousness of the globe, then the vertical line shows the *direction* of that same consciousness.

The extent of a line can only be defined from a plane at right ——— angles to the point. That plane is, therefore, represented by the horizontal line.

For these two lines to have an actual manifested existence the sphere must rotate in two opposite directions at the same time, upon poles at right angles to each other.

In such a case the line of consciousness, or the line of manifestation, according to which axis remains stationary, will appear to contract and expand.

Supposing the line of consciousness to extend as a force beyond the circle, and set up a rotation from itself, and being without any attraction, or retarding influence along the line of its existence, its vibration would gradually assume a circular form.

Therefore the soul or consciousness in order to create or surround itself by a perfect circle, must have no attractions along its line of existence.

An attraction or weight upon the plane of its manifestation would cause it to assume the form of two Triangles. The quicker the revolutions and the more powerful the plane of manifestation would become, until the line of consciousness were almost absorbed in the plane of its manifestation.

Therefore the Triangle must imply a *base* of attraction, or plane of existence, upon which the manifestation is exhibited,

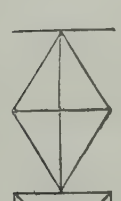
And must be the opposite of the circle which implies no plane of existence or attraction.

The Triangle defines the two extremes of consciousness upon the plane of manifestation.

As the plane of manifestation is at right angles to the point, the attraction of that plane must be midway between the extremes of consciousness, therefore the existence of implies the existence of also.

We have therefore the incomprehensible

manifesting consciousness

 upon the plane of existence producing nature

or in concrete form

These forms correspond to the Elements in nature. And to the Vowels in our Language, which are the Soul of the words, as the elements are the soul of Nature. Thus :—

Akas—the vowel O.

Air—the vowel I

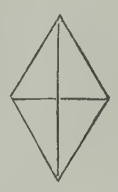
This line divides the circle into two parts ; the upper hemisphere representing Light—thus *Space*, the plane of Divine consciousness

corresponding to the vowel

Darkness—Void =

Fire to the vowel A.

Water „ „ Y.

 Earth to the vowel

As these several forms are evolved from the activity of the central consciousness ;

it is manifest that from Akas are evolved Air, Fire and Water, which, in combined and concrete form, produce Earth ; that Heat and Moisture are but *reversed* conditions of the same cause.

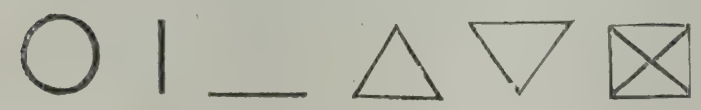
The vowels are the soul of language, without them a word cannot be spoken. The consonants simply indicate the manner in which the vowel is to be expelled from the mouth, which by correspondence, is equivalent to saying that the consonants indicate the form in which the elements are

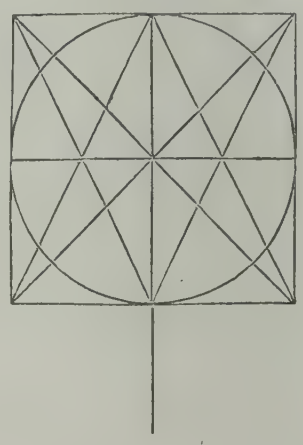
set in motion and combined to produce a natural manifestion. The correspondence might be carried to an extent not wise to write down.

If these forms correspond to our vowels they ought to contain all the letters of the alphabet to which they belong, just as the Elements, of which all manifestations in nature are composed, are expressed by the same forms.

And so we find to be the case, thus :—

This monogram contains all the forms



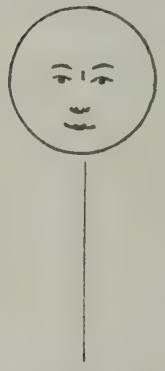


also the vowels *a, e, i, o, u, w, y.*

This is the true Masonic Gavel, the symbol of power, combining in the signification of its lines and form, all the forces of Creation, *within* nature.

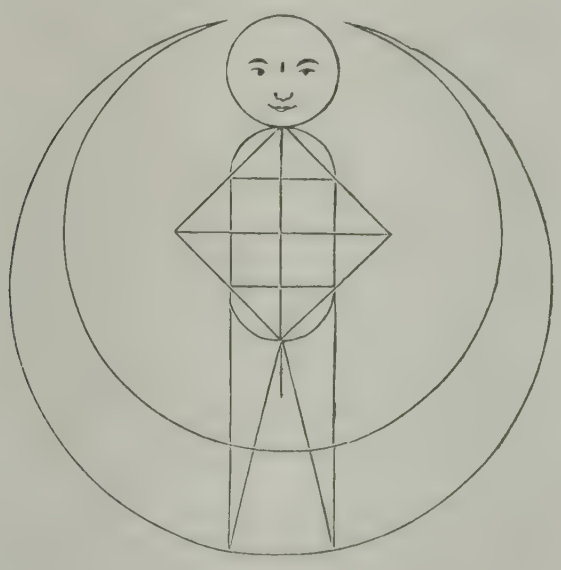
The handle is formed of the tail of the vowel Y, which is a continuation of Divine intelligence, extending, from from above, through fire and water, and earth and even beyond manifested nature. He who can wield this gavel by the handle of *conscious* intelligence has a right to sit in the Chair of King Solomon.

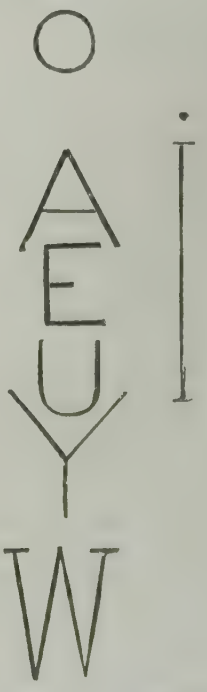
Man is a combination of all the elements of creation. Therefore his form ought to be an outline of the elements of Form.



Akas *, the centre of consciousness being on the place of Individuality, the point can only be seen from the highest position of observation ; so Individuality is the point of consciousness from the highest or *mental* aspect. This consciousness extends down the backbone, and evolves by its development the circle of the body, having its material plane, or horizontal line, across the stomach.

The lower half including the viscera or " Void " (U). The upper half the light or vital power Ω takes in above the diaphragm.





* Ether would express better the idea than Akasa. The latter has but one characteristic : it is the cause and creator of Sound, *i.e.* the LOGOS.—[ED.]

E or earth, the stomach, &c., to the navel, and U or void, the bowels below the navel, and including the hinder parts.

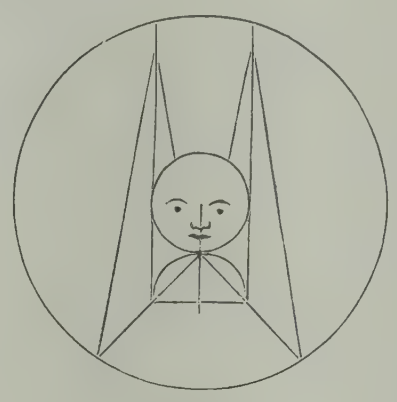
It will be observed that the womb and other organs are in the Void. The Void is the Light *reversed.*

The handle of the Mallet, or Extended Consciousness, shows the direction which the Intelligence, evolved by the revolution of Akas, may take, and going downward through Void may be lost to the intelligent Consciousness of the Circle at the top of the figure (the head) by which it is created.

We have the legs evolved from "*Void,*" and yet we place the vowel W to "*Space*" or light?

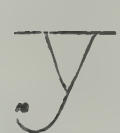
The opposite to "*Space*" is certainly the legs by which we are, as it were, bound to the plane upon which we live, so long as the "Void" exists to which we are attached.

But suppose we double up the figure from the central line which divides it in two, the line of natural manifestation; the result would be



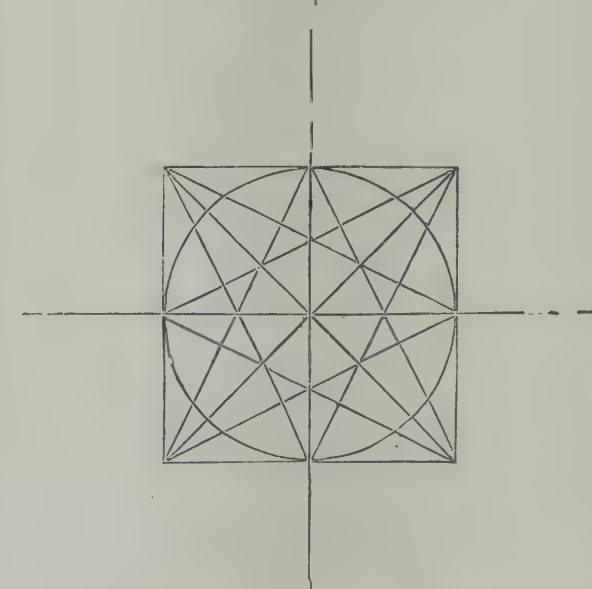
The body has disappeared. There is not any of it left but the vital functions above the diaphragm—Fire and Air. Wings have replaced the legs, enabling the Intelligent Consciousness to go where it pleases, W "*Space*" alone being the plane by which it is limited, Individuality being the centre of the circle of Existence.

It is to be noted that Venus is the planet giving great refinement to the mind ("Light" W), Love of Art and Science, Music and Poetry, but at the same time delight in Venus pleasures and waste of Vril.

Prominent in the seal of the planet Venus is the sign or the vowel  which is vital force or consciousness in fluid form (, water).

We have implied that consciousness expressed by symbol *upon a plane*, may extend not only from above to below, but also along the horizontal line of manifestation.

The Masonic gavel has, therefore, four positions, which represented complete would be this sign——



A CHELA.

The Elixir of the Devil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann by William Ashton Ellis.)

PREFACE.

WILLINGLY would I lead thee, gentle reader, under the shadow of the plane-trees beneath whose leafage I read for the first time the marvellous story of Brother Medardus. Thou wouldst then sit with me upon the same bench of stone half-buried in the wealth of sweet-smelling shrubs and many-coloured flowers; thou wouldst, like me, look forth in longing to the blue mountains in the distance, as they tower up in wondrous forms beyond the sunny vale, spread out where ends our leafy avenue. But turn thy face and thou shouldst see, scarce twenty steps behind us, a Gothic building whose porch is richly decked with marble statues. Through the dark mass of the plantains' boughs pictures of saints look down upon us, with life within their eyes; these are the frescoes with which the broad expanse of wall is mantled. The sun rests blood-red on the mountain-tops, the evening breeze is stirring, and everywhere is life and motion. In rushing whispers, mysterious voices sound among the shrubs and trees, re-echoing everywhere like the ever rising sound of chant and organ. Solemn men, in broadly-flowing garments, their pious gaze directed towards an unknown world, pace in silence through the boscage of the garden. Have the saintly pictures stepped down to life from their lofty settings? Thou art entwined in the mystic web of the legendary stories there portrayed; it seems to thee as though each incident were passing before thy very eyes, and thou lendest gladly thy belief.

In these surroundings read thou the story of Medardus, and thou wilt hold the wondrous visions of the monk for more than the unruly antics of an over-heated fantasy.

Since thou now hast seen, my gentle reader, the holy pictures, the cloister and the monks, I need scarcely tell thee that it is the princely garden of the Capucins at B—— into which I have led thee.

It was after I had spent a few days in this cloister that the reverend Prior showed to me, after much importunacy on my part, the papers which Brother Medardus had left as a legacy to the monastery. Indeed, the old man said that the papers rightly should have been destroyed. It is not without some fear that thou shouldst share in his opinion that I now give to thee, my gentle reader, these papers in the following volume. Yet if thou shouldst decide to journey with Medardus, as his trusty companion, through the hidden by-ways of the party-coloured world, and with him to bear the awe and terror, the madness and the mockery of his life, then shalt thou find, perchance, among the varied pictures of this *camera obscura*, somewhat for thine own entertainment. It may even be that what seems at first to thee as void of form shall take on clearness and a rounded shape when once the penetration of thine eye grows sharper. Thou seest now the hidden seed, born once of darkest destiny, shoot up to a luxuriant plant, spreading its rank tendrils around in thousands, until *one*

bloom, ripening to fruit, draws to itself the life-sap of the plant and kills the seed itself.

After I had diligently perused the papers of the Capucin Medardus—no light task, mark thou, for the holy brother's characters were small and monkish, scarcely legible—it seemed to me as though that which we commonly call dream and fancy might well be the symbolism of the secret thread that runs throughout our lives, knitting each incident in intimate relation, yet that he must be accounted as one lost who should think that the knowledge of this symbolism can win for him the might to break with violent hand that thread, and try conclusions with the mysterious power that rules our footsteps.

Perchance, my reader, thou art of like mind with me; and this, for many a cogent reason, I wish right heartily!

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE never heard from my mother what was the station in life of my father; but when I call to mind all that she has told me of him, even from my earliest childhood, I am forced to believe that he was a man well versed both in the science of life and more recondite knowledge. From these narrations, and from occasional utterances of my mother, bearing upon former circumstances that have only at this distance of time become comprehensible to me, I recognize that my parents fell from a condition of comfort, and even luxury, to the direst stress of poverty, and that my father, once tempted by Satan to most heinous crime, had committed a mortal sin, the which, when in later years the grace of God had illuminated his soul, he endeavoured to expiate by a pilgrimage to the holy Linden-Tree that rears its boughs in cold and distant Prussia.

It was on this tedious journey that, after many years of marriage, my mother felt for the first time that it would not, as my father feared, prove barren. Despite his penury, my father's heart was filled with joy, for now he saw the approaching fulfilment of a vision in which St. Bernard had promised him atonement of his sin through the birth of a son. In the precincts of the holy Linden my father fell sick, and the less he would consent to diminish the severity of his penance for reason of his weakness, the more his malady gained the upper hand, so that at last he died, absolved and comforted, at the same moment in which myself was born.

The very earliest of my conscious recollections group themselves around the well-loved cloisters and the church of the holy Linden. I hear e'en now the whispers of the shady forest—still lingers around me the scent of the luxuriant grasses and many-coloured flowers that formed my cradle. No savage beasts, no poisonous insects find their home within the sanctuary of the saintly men; no buzz of fly or chirp of cricket breaks the sacred hush in which alone the pious hymns of the priests resound, as the long procession winds its way,

accompanied by pilgrims swinging golden thuribles from which mounts up the scent of consecrated incense. I can see still in the midst of the church the silver-encrusted stem of the Linden on which the angels set the wonder-working image of the Holy Virgin. Still smile on me the brilliant forms of angels and of saints, looking down from wall and roof of the church!

The tales my mother told me of the wonderful cloister, where her piercing agony found grace and consolation, have sunk so deep into my soul that I seem, myself, to have seen and passed through it all, although it is impossible that my memory should reach so far back, seeing that my mother left the holy place when but one year and a half had elapsed. Thus, too, I fancy that I myself once saw in the deserted church the wondrous figure of a man of solemn mien, the stranger painter who, countless years ago, appeared when first the church was built, whose speech no man could understand, whose practised hand it was that decked it with its noble pictures in the briefest span of time, and who vanished out of sight when once his work was done. I remember also an old pilgrim clad in foreign garb, with long grey beard, who often bore me in his arms to the woods, and sought for me many a delicate moss and bright-hued stone; yet again I am convinced that it is only by my mother's description that his living picture was stamped upon my inner vision.

Once he brought with him a strange and lovely child, of like age with myself. Clasping and kissing one another we sat among the grass; I gave him all my pretty stones and he cunningly arranged them on the ground in countless figures, yet ever did they frame at last—the cross. My mother sat beside us on a bench of stone, the old man, standing beside her, watched our childish play with a look of earnest mildness.

Some young men broke in upon our quiet, their appearance and their clothing indicating that curiosity alone had brought them to the holy Linden. One of them, on seeing us, cried out in sport: "See! a Holy Family. A subject for my sketch-book!" He brought forth paper and pencil and set to work to draw the picture, when the old pilgrim raised his head and said in bitter scorn:

"Wretched scoffer! Thou wouldst fain be an artist, and yet hast never felt within thee the flame of Faith and Love. Thy works shall remain dead and feelingless as thyself, and thou shalt despair in lonely solitude, and perish in thine own mind-waste!"

The youths rushed in terror from the spot.

The old pilgrim then addressed my mother: "I have brought you to-day a wondrous child, that he might kindle in your son the spark of Love; yet must I take him once more from you, and you will see neither him nor me again. Your son is richly gifted, but the sin of his father festers and ferments within his blood. He may, however, raise himself

to the rank of a mighty champion of Belief; therefore let him enter the service of God!"

My mother could never find words sufficient to express the deep and lasting impression which this address of the pilgrim produced upon her. However, she determined to put no violence upon my inclination and to await in silent expectation the destiny that might direct my path; for she could not hope for any higher education for me than that which she herself could give me.

My recollections of clearer, personal experience date from the time when my mother, on her homeward journey, had reached the Cistercian Nunnery, whose Princess-Abbess received her with all friendliness, having known my father. The space of time from the encounter with the old pilgrim—which indeed I remember from my own eye-witness, saving only the *words* of the painter and the pilgrim with which my mother rounded off the incident—until the moment when my mother took me for the first time to the Abbess, is a complete void; not the slightest glimmering of it remains to me. I only recall myself from the time when my mother prepared my clothing, as best she could, for the purpose of this visit. She bought new ribands in the town and trimmed my unruly locks; she decked me out with loving care, and cautioned me to be on my best behaviour with the Lady Abbess.

At last, my hand within my mother's, I mounted the broad stone steps and entered the lofty, domed apartment, adorned with saintly pictures, in which we found the Princess, a fine, majestic, lovely woman. to whom the garment of her order lent a dignity that inspired respect. She gazed on me with a look that pierced my inmost mind, and asked: "Is this your son?"

Her voice, her whole appearance—even the novelty of the surroundings, the lofty chamber and the pictures—all worked so much upon my feelings that, seized with an inner awe, I commenced to weep bitterly, Looking kindly upon me, the Princess said: "What is it, child? Art thou afraid of me? How call you your son, dear Madam?" "Franz," answered my mother. In deep distress the Princess cried, "Franciscus!" and took me up and clasped me to her breast; but at the same moment a sharp pain that I felt in my neck forced from me a cry of anguish, so that the Princess, shuddering, set me free, and my mother, completely disconcerted by my behaviour, rushed to me to bear me forthwith from the room. This the Princess would not allow; it appeared that the diamond cross which she bore upon her breast had pressed so sharply on my neck, in her embrace, that the spot was stained with red from suffusion of blood. "Poor Franz," said the Princess, "I have pained thee; yet will we still be best of friends."

A Sister brought in cakes and sweet wine, and, soon recovering from my shyness, I forgot my smart and fell to valiantly upon the dainties which the Princess herself placed in my mouth, taking me upon her lap.

As soon as I had tasted a few drops of the sweet drink, to me an unknown luxury, my courage returned, and with it the liveliness which my mother always told me was my peculiar characteristic from earliest childhood. I laughed and prattled, to the delight of the Abbess and of the Sister who had remained in the chamber. For some inexplicable reason, my mother bade me tell the Princess of the marvels of my birth-place. As though inspired by a higher Power, I described the pictures, painted by the unknown artist as vividly as if their impress had sunk into my deepest soul. I then related the glorious legends of the Saints, as though I were already well versed in all the archives of the church.

The Princess and my mother gazed on me in astonishment, but the longer I talked the higher rose my inspiration, and when, at last, the Princess asked: "Tell me, dear child, how dost thou know all this?" without a moment's thought I answered that the miraculous child whom once a strange pilgrim had brought to me had explained to me all the pictures in the church, and had itself set forth many a picture in coloured stones, not only telling me its meaning, but relating countless other legends of the Saints.

The vesper-bell rang forth, and the Sister pressed on me a packet of sweet cakes, which I received with delight. The Abbess rose and said to my mother: "I look upon your son as my own pupil, dear Madam, and will from henceforth see to his welfare." My mother, deeply moved, could not reply, and covered the Princess's hands with tears and kisses. We were almost at the door when the Princess followed us, lifted me once more and, carefully thrusting on one side the cross, pressed me to her bosom, weeping hot tears that fell upon my forehead. "Franciscus!" she cried, "Be good and pious." I was filled with inward emotion and compelled to weep, though knowing not for why.

Through the assistance of the Abbess my mother's frugal household a little farm lying close to the monastery, soon gained a better appearance of comfort. Our need was at an end; I was better clothed, and enjoyed the instruction of the parish priest, at the same time serving him as chorister whenever he performed the offices of the cloister-church.

The memory of that happy time of childhood surrounds me now as with a dream of bliss! Like a far distant land, the abode of joy and unsullied childish mirth, my home lies far behind me now, and when I look back there yawns beneath my feet the gulf which separates me from it for ever. Seized with a fierce longing, I strive to gaze once more upon the loved ones there beyond, moving in the purple heaven of spring-tide dawn, while I fancy yet I hear their cherished voices. Ah! is there indeed a gulf whose chasm Love's strong wings cannot overpass? What deems Love of Time and Space! Does it not live in fancy, and knows *that* any bounds? But darksome forms rise up and crowd thick and thicker around me, drawing ever closer their hideous confine; they shut

out the prospect and fetter my senses with the handcuffs of the present, so that e'en desire itself—which had filled me with a nameless joy, half grief—is turned to helpless, mortal anguish!

The parish priest was goodness itself; he knew how to fascinate my restless spirit, and understood so to mould his teachings to my comprehension that I found delight in study, and made quick progress.

My mother I loved above all else; but I revered the Princess as a Saint, and the day when I might see her was, to me, a feast-day. Each time I strove to shine in her estimation with my last-won piece of knowledge; yet when she came and questioned me in friendly tones, I scarcely found a word to utter and could but gaze upon and listen to her. Each word of hers remained deep in my soul; the whole day, after I had spoken with her, I experienced a wonderful exaltation of spirit, and her figure it was that accompanied me on my lonely excursions.

What an inexpressible emotion filled me when, swinging the incense burner, I stood beside the High Altar, and, while the sound of the organ streamed down from the choir, swelling to a rushing river that bore me with it, I recognised her voice in the hymn, beating down upon me like a ray of light and filling my inmost soul with foretastes of the Highest and the Holiest.

But the happiest day, looked forward to by me for weeks, and remembered always with the keenest delight, was the festival of St. Bernard, the patron saint of the Cistercians, and therefore celebrated with the greatest ceremony. Even the day before, a vast multitude streamed from the neighbouring city and the whole surrounding neighbourhood, and encamped on the wide, flowering meadows that girt the cloister round, so that the joyous hubbub ceased not day nor night. I cannot recollect that in this favourable season of the year (St. Bernard's feast falling in August) the weather was ever unpropitious to the festival.

In picturesque confusion one saw, here devout pilgrims, singing hymns upon their march, there peasant lads sporting with their gaily-dressed lasses, monks gazing into the clouds, their hands devoutly folded in religious meditation, burgher families seated on the sward, unpacking their well-filled baskets and partaking of their meal. Joyful songs, pious hymns, the fervent sighs of penitents, the laughter of the mirthful, cries, shouts, joke and prayer filled the air with their well-nigh deafening concert.

But as soon as the bell of the cloister rings, the tumult suddenly ceases—as far as the eye can reach, all have thronged in thickset rows and sunk upon their knees, while the low murmur of prayer alone is heard amid the sacred hush.

The last stroke of the bell dies away, and once more resounds the gleeful noise, but a moment interrupted.

The Bishop from the neighbouring city, assisted by the minor spiritual members of the chapter, officiated in the cloister-church on St. Bernard's day, and it was his own choir that led the music, marshalled on a tribune which was erected by the side of the High Altar and decked with costly hangings.

The impressions that surged within my breast at that time are even now not dead; they come back to the fresh life of youth, whenever I turn my thoughts to those happy days too quickly passed away. I vividly remember a *Gloria*, which was many times repeated, since the Princess loved this composition above all others. When the Bishop had intoned the *Gloria* and the mighty chant of the choir burst forth: *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!* was it not as though the glory of Heaven opened above the altar; as though, by a divine miracle, the painted Cherubim and Seraphim came to glowing life, raised and swayed their strong wings and floated in the air, praising God with song and play of wonderful stringed instruments?

I sank into the rapt awe of the ecstasy of devotion, which bore me through the brilliant clouds into the far-off land of my birth-place, and in the scented forest there sounded the soft voices of angels, while the marvellous child came to me from the midst of high lily bushes and asked me, smiling, "Where wast thou then so long, Franciscus? Many lovely flowers have I, which I will give to thee if thou wilt stay with me and love me evermore."

After the ceremony the nuns, preceded by the Abbess, who was ornamented with the *Insula* and bore the silver shepherd's staff, made solemn procession throughout the whole compass of the cloister and the church. What holiness, what dignity, what superhuman grandeur shone from every glance of the noble lady and guided her every movement! It was the very Church triumphant, promising grace and blessing to the believing people. I could have cast myself to the dust before her whene'er by chance her glance fell on me.

When the service of God was finished, the ecclesiastics and the musicians of the Bishop were entertained in a great hall forming part of the cloister. Many friends of the cloister, official folk and merchants of the city, took part in the repast, and I also was permitted to be present, by favour of the Bishop's Concert-meister, who was much attached to me. While, lit up by pious devotion, my whole soul had been turned to the super-terrestrial, so now this joyous life o'ermastered me and surrounded me with its varied pictures. All kinds of entertaining tales and jests were interchanged, amid the loud laughter of the guests, while the glasses were diligently emptied, until eve broke upon us and the wagons stood ready for the homeward journey.

(To be continued.)

Dialogues Between the Two Editors.

I.

ON ASTRAL BODIES, OR DOPPELGANGERS.

M. C. Great confusion exists in the minds of people about the various kinds of apparitions, wraiths, ghosts or spirits. Ought we not to explain once for all the meaning of these terms? You say there are various kinds of "doubles"—what are they?

H. P. B. Our occult philosophy teaches us that there are three kinds of "doubles," to use the word in its widest sense. (1) Man has his "double" or *shadow*, properly so called, around which the physical body of the *fœtus*—the future man—is built. The imagination of the mother, or an accident which affects the child, will affect also the astral body. The astral and the physical both exist before the mind is developed into action, and before the Atma awakes. This occurs when the child is seven years old, and with it comes the responsibility attaching to a conscious sentient being. This "double" is born with man, dies with him and can never separate itself far from the body during life, and though surviving him, it disintegrates, *pari passu*, with the corpse. It is this, which is sometimes seen over the graves like a luminous figure of the man that was, during certain atmospheric conditions. From its physical aspect it is, during life, *man's vital* double, and after death, only the gases given off from the decaying body. But, as regards its origin and essence, it is something more. This "double" is what we have agreed to call *lingasarira*, but which I would propose to call, for greater convenience, "Protean" or "Plastic Body."

M. C. Why Protean or Plastic?

H. P. B. Protean, because it can assume all forms; *e.g.* the "shepherd magicians" whom popular rumour accuses, perhaps not without some reason, of being "were-wolves," and "mediums in cabinets," whose own "Plastic Bodies" play the part of materialized grandmothers and "John Kings." Otherwise, why the invariable custom of the "dear departed angels" to come out but little further than arm's length from the medium, whether entranced or not? Mind, I do not at all deny foreign influences in this kind of phenomena. But I do affirm that foreign interference is rare, and that the materialised form is always that of the medium's "*Astral*" or Protean body.

M. C. But how is this astral body created?

H. P. B. It is not created; it grows, as I told you, with the man and exists in the rudimentary condition even before the child is born.

M. C. And what about the second?

H. P. B. The second is the "Thought" body, or Dream body, rather; known among Occultists as the *Mayavi-rupa*, or "Illusion-body." During life this image is the vehicle both of thought and of the animal passions

and desires, drawing at one and the same time from the lowest terrestrial *manas* (mind) and *Kama*, the element of desire. It is *dual* in its potentiality, and after death forms, what is called in the East *Bhoot*, or *Kama-rupa*, but which is better known to theosophists as the "Spook."

M. C. And the third?

H. P. B. The third is the true *Ego*, called in the East, by a name meaning "causal body" but which in the *trans*-Himalayan schools is always called the "Karmic body," which is the same. For *Karma* or action is the cause which produces incessant rebirths or "reincarnations." It is *not* the *Monad*, nor is it *Manas* proper; but is, in a way, indissolubly connected with, and a compound of the Monad and Manas in Devachan.

M. C. Then there are three doubles?

H. P. B. If you can call the Christian and other Trinities "three Gods," then there are three doubles. But in truth there is only one under three aspects or phases: the most material portion disappearing with the body; the middle one, surviving both as an independent, but temporary entity in the land of shadows; the third, immortal, throughout the manvantara unless Nirvana puts an end to it before.

M. C. But shall not we be asked what difference there is between the *Mayavi* and *Kama rupa*, or as you propose to call them the "Dream body" and the "Spook"?

H. P. B. Most likely, and we shall answer, in addition to what has been said, that the "thought power" or aspect of the *Mayavi* or "Illusion body," merges after death entirely into the causal body or the conscious, *thinking* EGO. The animal elements, or power of desire of the "Dream body," absorbing after death that which it has collected (through its insatiable desire *to live*) during life; *i.e.* all the astral vitality as well as all the impressions of its *material* acts and thoughts while it lived in possession of the body, forms the "Spook" or *Kama rupa*. Our Theosophists know well enough that after death the *higher* Manas unites with the *Monad* and passes into Devachan, while the dregs of the *lower manas* or animal mind go to form this Spook. This has life in it, but hardly any consciousness, except, as it were by proxy; when it is drawn into the current of a medium.

M. C. Is it all that can be said upon the subject?

H. P. B. For the present this is enough metaphysics, I guess. Let us hold to the "Double" in its earthly phase. What would you know?

M. C. Every country in the world believes more or less in the "double" or doppelganger. The simplest form of this is the appearance of a man's phantom, the moment after his death, or at the instant of death, to his dearest friend. Is this appearance the *mayavi rupa?*

H. P. B. It is; because produced by the thought of the dying man.

M. C. Is it unconscious?

H. P. B. It is unconscious to the extent that the dying man does not

generally do it knowingly ; nor is he aware that he so appears. What happens is this. If he thinks very intently at the moment of death of the person he either is very anxious to see, or loves best, he may appear to that person. The thought becomes objective ; the double, or shadow of a man, being nothing but the faithful reproduction of him, like a reflection in a mirror, that which the man does, even in thought, that the double repeats. This is why the phantoms are often seen in such cases in the clothes they wear at the particular moment, and the *image* reproduces even the expression on the dying man's face. If the double of a man bathing were seen it would seem to be immersed in water ; so when a man who has been drowned appears to his friend, the image will be seen to be dripping with water. The cause for the apparition may be also reversed ; *i.e.*, the dying man may or may not be thinking at all of the particular person his image appears to, but it is that person who is sensitive. Or perhaps his sympathy or his hatred for the individual whose wraith is thus evoked is very intense physically or psychically ; and in this case the apparition is created by, and depends upon, the intensity of the thought. What then happens is this. Let us call the dying man A, and him who sees the double B. The latter, owing to love, hate, or fear, has the image of A so deeply impressed on his psychic memory, that actual magnetic attraction and repulsion are established between the two, whether one knows of it and feels it, or not. When A dies, the sixth sense or psychic spiritual intelligence of the *inner man* in B becomes cognisant of the change in A, and forthwith apprizes the physical senses of the man, by projecting before his eye the form of A, as it is at the instant of the great change. The same when the dying man longs to see some one ; *his* thought telegraphs to his friend, consciously or unconsciously along the wire of sympathy, and becomes objective. This is what the "Spookical" Research Society would pompously, but none the less muddily, call *telepathic impact.*

M. C. This applies to the simplest form of the appearance of the double. What about cases in which the double does that which is contrary to the feeling and wish of the man ?

H. P. B. This is impossible. The "Double" cannot act, unless the key-note of this action was struck in the brain of the man to whom the "Double" belongs, be that man just dead, or alive, in good or in bad health. If he paused on the thought a second, long enough to give it form, before he passed on to other mental pictures, this one second is as sufficient for the *objectivizations* of his personality on the astral waves, as for your face to impress itself on the sensitized plate of a photographic apparatus. Nothing prevents your form then, being seized upon by the surrounding Forces—as a dry leaf fallen from a tree is taken up and carried away by the wind—be made to caricature or distort your thought.

M. C. Supposing the double expresses in actual words a thought uncongenial to the man, and expresses it—let us say to a friend far away, perhaps on another continent ? I have known instances of this occurring.

H. P. B. Because it then so happens that the created image is taken up and used by a "Shell." Just as in séance-rooms when "images" of the dead—which may perhaps be lingering unconsciously in the memory or even the auras of those present—are seized upon by the Elementals or Elementary Shadows and made objective to the audience, and even caused to act at the bidding of the strongest of the many different wills in the room. In your case, moreover, there must exist a connecting link—a telegraph wire—between the two persons, a point of psychic sympathy, and on this the thought travels instantly. Of course there must be, in every case, some strong reason why that particular thought takes that direction; it must be connected in some way with the other person. Otherwise such apparitions would be of common and daily occurrence.

M. C. This seems very simple; why then does it only occur with exceptional persons?

H. P. B. Because the plastic power of the imagination is much stronger in some persons than in others. The mind is dual in its potentiality: it is physical and metaphysical. The higher part of the mind is connected with the spiritual soul or Buddhi, the lower with the animal soul, the Kama principle. There are persons who never think with the higher faculties of their mind at all; those who do so are the minority and are thus, in a way, *beyond*, if not above, the average of human kind. These will think even upon ordinary matters on that *higher* plane. The idiosyncracy of the person determines in which "principle" of the mind the thinking is done, as also the faculties of a preceding life, and sometimes the heredity of the physical. This is why it is so very difficult for a materialist—the metaphysical portion of whose brain is almost atrophied—to raise himself, or for one who is naturally spiritually minded, to descend to the level of the matter-of-fact vulgar thought. Optimism and pessimism depend on it also in a large measure.

M. C. But the habit of thinking in the higher mind can be developed—else there would be no hope for persons who wish to alter their lives and raise themselves? And that this is possible must be true, or there would be no hope for the world.

H. P. B. Certainly it can be developed, but only with great difficulty, a firm determination, and through much self-sacrifice. But it is comparatively easy for those who are born with the gift. Why is it that one person sees poetry in a cabbage or a pig with her little ones, while another will perceive in the loftiest things only their lowest and most material aspect, will laugh at the "music of the spheres," and ridicule the most sublime conceptions and philosophies? This difference depends simply on the innate power of the mind to think on the higher or on the lower plane, with the *astral* (in the sense given to the word by St. Martin), or with the physical brain. Great intellectual powers are often no proof of, but are impediments to spiritual and right conceptions; witness most of the great men of science. We must rather pity than blame them.

M. C. But how is it that the person who thinks on the higher plane produces more perfect and more potential images and objective forms by his thought?

H. P. B. Not necessarily that "person" alone, but all those who are generally sensitives. The person who is endowed with this faculty of thinking about even the most trifling things from the higher plane of thought has, by virtue of that gift which he possesses, a plastic power of formation, so to say, in his very imagination. Whatever such a person may think about, his thought will be so far more intense than the thought of an ordinary person, that by this very intensity it obtains the power of creation. Science has established the fact that thought is an energy. This energy in its action disturbs the atoms of the astral atmosphere around us. I already told you; the rays of thought have the same potentiality for producing forms in the astral atmosphere as the sunrays have with regard to a lens. Every thought so evolved with energy from the brain, creates *nolens volens* a shape.

M. C. Is that shape absolutely unconscious?

H. P. B. Perfectly unconscious unless it is the creation of an adept, who has a pre-conceived object in giving it consciousness, or rather in sending along with it enough of his will and intelligence to cause it to appear conscious. This ought to make us more cautious about our thoughts.

But the wide distinction that obtains between the adept in this matter and the ordinary man must be borne in mind. The adept may at his will use his *Mayavi rupa*, but the ordinary man does not, except in very rare cases. It is called *Mayavi rupa* because it is a form of illusion created for use in the particular instance, and it has quite enough of the adept's mind in it to accomplish its purpose. The ordinary man merely creates a thought-image, whose properties and powers are at the time wholly unknown to him.

M. C. Then one may say that the form of an adept appearing at a distance from his body, as for instance Ram Lal in *Mr. Isaacs*, is simply an image?

H. P. B. Exactly. It is a walking thought.

M. C. In which case an adept can appear in several places almost simultaneously.

H. P. B. He can. Just as Apolonnius of Tyana, who was seen in two places at once, while his body was at Rome. But it must be understood that not *all* of even the *astral* adept is present in each appearance.

M. C. Then it is very necessary for a person of any amount of imagination and psychic powers to attend to their thoughts?

H. P. B. Certainly, for each thought has a shape which borrows the appearance of the man engaged in the action of which he thought. Otherwise how can clairvoyants see in your *aura* your past and present? What they see is a passing panorama of yourself represented in successive actions by your thoughts. You asked me if we are punished for our thoughts. Not for all, for some are still-born; but for the others, those

which we call "silent" but potential thoughts—yes. Take an extreme case, such as that of a person who is so wicked as to wish the death of another. Unless the evil-wisher is a *Dugpa*, a high adept in black magic, in which case Karma is delayed, such a wish only comes back to roost.

M. C. But supposing the evil-wisher to have a very strong will, without being a *dugpa*, could the death of the other be accomplished?

H. P. B. Only if the malicious person has the evil eye, which simply means possessing enormous plastic power of imagination working involuntarily, and thus turned unconsciously to bad uses. For what is the power of the "evil eye"? Simply a great plastic power of thought, so great as to produce a current impregnated with the potentiality of every kind of misfortune and accident, which inoculates, or attaches itself to any person who comes within it. A *jettatore* (one with the evil eye) need not be even imaginative, or have evil intentions or wishes. He may be simply a person who is naturally fond of witnessing or reading about sensational scenes, such as murder, executions, accidents, etc., etc. He may be not even thinking of any of these at the moment his eye meets his future victim. But the currents have been produced and exist in his visual ray ready to spring into activity the instant they find suitable soil, like a seed fallen by the way and ready to sprout at the first opportunity.

M.C. But how about the thoughts you call "silent"? Do such wishes or thoughts come home to roost?

H. P. B. They do; just as a ball which fails to penetrate an object rebounds upon the thrower. This happens even to some *dugpas* or sorcerers who are not strong enough, or do not comply with the rules—for even they have *rules* they have to abide by—but not with those who are regular, fully developed "black magicians;" for such have the power to accomplish what they wish.

M. C. When you speak of rules it makes me want to wind up this talk by asking you what everybody wants to know who takes any interest in occultism. What is a principal or important suggestion for those who have these powers and wish to control them rightly—in fact to enter occultism?

H. P. B. The first and most important step in occultism is to learn how to adapt your thoughts and ideas to your plastic potency.

M. C. Why is this so important?

H. P. B. Because otherwise you are creating things by which you may be making bad Karma. No one should go into occultism or even touch it before he is perfectly acquainted with his own powers, and that he knows how to commensurate it with his actions. And this he can do only by deeply studying the philosophy of Occultism before entering upon the *practical* training. Otherwise, as sure as fate—HE WILL FALL INTO BLACK MAGIC.

(To be continued.)

HOSEA'S PROPHECY ABOUT ROTTEN RAILS.

SOMETIME ago in an article, the "Tetragrammaton" (*Theosophist*), we remarked that by the *Notarikon* method of Kabalistic reading one could make Biblical sentences read almost anything. Here is an instance. A Kabalist, of the Abracadabric name of Katzenellenbogen, sent to the St. Petersburg *Svyet* a Kabalistic calculation made subservient by him for the occasion. It is verse 14 in chapter XIII. of *Hosea*, read by the Notarikon, and thus shown to foretell the catastrophe which happened to the Imperial train on October 17th (29th) and the miraculous escape of the Czar of Russia and his family. The Kabalistic combination struck the profane herds with amazement, and the ancient "prophecy" ran the round of all the Russian papers. We quote from the author's article.

"If you add together the figures of every letter of the said Hebrew verse to the sum of the figures yielded by the words "Emperor Alexander, Empress Maria, their son, Heir to the Throne, Nicolas, etc., etc., the sum total will make 5649, *i.e.*, the present year from the world's creation—according to Hebrew chronology, of course—* or, in other words, St. (?) Hosea is proved to have prophesied the salvation of Russia in the present year 1888. For those acquainted with the original text, I (Katzenellenbogen) transliterate the ancient Hebrew characters into Russian (and we, into English.—ED.) letters, with their Kabalistic numerals added:—*Gameleh*=95, *Alexander*=365, *Vehamalka*=106, *Maria*=252, *Ubnom*=98, *Toresch*=516, *Etzer*=360, *Nicolas*=211, *Vek-hol*=56, *Scheol*=337, *Efdom*=125, *Mimovijess*=486, *Æg-Olem*=75, *Ægi*=16, *Dvorekha*=236, *Movess*=446, *Ægi*=16, *Kotovho*=131, *Scheol*=337, *Nokham*=98, *Tisokher*=670, *Meynoy*=180;‡ in all 5694, when translated it means:—

"The Emperor Alexander, the Empress Maria and their Son Nicolas, heir to the throne, and all the august family, I will ransom from the jaws of hell ("death" in the Christian Bible)†, in the year 1888 or 5649, and I will redeem them from death; "O, death, where is thy sting? Oh Hell, where is thy victory?" (*Novoyé Vremya.*)

The reader is reminded that the above sentence reads only in the Russian language and would hardly yield the same in any other. On the other hand, if tried by an English Kabalist, it might perhaps be discovered that Hosea prophesied for Whitechapel in 1888 "Jack Ripper," as an atonement for the sins of Scotland Yard; and if resorted to by a French Kabalist, it is not at all unlikely that the said verse should be found threatening Zola with the stings of *Scheol* (hell) for plagiarizing in such flagrant manner Hosea's epistolary style (*vide* Ch. i., ii., iii., *et seq.*), and thus illegally appropriating the Biblical monopoly of free and unparliamentary speech. Great are the possibilities of Kabala!

* Which chronology? The latter differs in every Hebrew scroll almost and the Masters of Israel agree but to disagree. So according to the *Septuagint* 7240 years have passed since the world's creation; the Samaritan text gives 6065; the Asiatic Jews count 6000; Josephus gives 7508 years; and the received chronolcgy shows 5892.—[ED.]

† We have in the Hebrew text "the jaws of Hell" instead of the words "the power of death" as translated in the English Protestant Bible. ‡ The Hebrew is Katzenellenbogen's.—[ED.]

Reviews.

DREAMS AND DREAM STORIES.

DREAMS and ghost-stories have always, for some unexplained reason, been considered appropriate to the holy Christmas season. At that "witching time," the most sober amongst us are wont to sit around the fire, in an enchanted circle, and to beguile the evening hours outvying one another with tales of wonder and dread until "each particular hair doth stand on end," and we dare scarcely look behind us into the distant gloom of the apartment, still less mount unaccompanied to the attic chamber.

We may then hail as specially opportune this volume of *Dreams and Dream Stories*, by the late gifted and lamented seeress and writer, Mrs. Anna Kingsford. And just as truth is stranger than fiction, and real life more pathetic than that imagined by the novelist or playwright, so are these *real* dreams (for such are those in Part I. of the book, as we learn from Mrs. Kingsford's own preface) more strange and weird, and more striking to the imagination than any with which sensational writers try to "freeze the young blood and harrow up the soul." More than this, these dreams are coherent, significant, poetical in their often beauteous imagery, challenging study and reflection as to their genesis and interpretation. For they are not to be attributed to states artificially induced, as in the case of Coleridge's Kubla Khan; the writer tells us that she had "never taken opium, hashish, or other dream-producing agent." Nevertheless, she had observed that climate, altitude and atmospheric conditions were not without their influence; that in Paris and Switzerland the dreams were frequent, and on the low-lying banks of the Severn they ceased altogether. Also the greater number occurred towards dawn, sometimes after sunrise, during a second sleep, at a time when, according to the ancient dream-interpreters, the soul is free from the clouds or fumes of undigested food or drink, and when its nobler part is united to a higher nature, and fitted to receive the "wisdom of the Gods." And so it is that some of these dreams convey, through an allegory, some special lesson, the interpretation of which is obvious, as in *The City of Blood* and *The Banquet of the Gods*. Others contain a well-sustained tragedy, such as *The Doomed Train* and *The Square in the Hand*.

The Dream Stories which constitute the second part of the book are merely based, we are told, upon dreams which serve as their framework, and it is here that the remarkable literary power of the authoress is chiefly manifested. Two of these were published some years ago in a London magazine, but the greater number are now presented for the first time.

To my own thinking their style is somewhat akin to that of the shorter tales of Nathaniel Hawthorne. They have his peculiar weirdness and force of expression, together with his marvellous insight into the soul of things. They thrill us by their realism, while they leave us in doubt as to the exact line

between fact and fiction, and a certain delicacy of touch, indicative rather than descriptive of character, recalls at times the hand of that inimitable master. But the sentiments are strikingly Mrs. Kingsford's own. *A Village of Seers* relates a marvellous adventure which befel a father who went to seek for his boy, lost some months previously among the Swiss mountains. He had heard that in a certain village lived a family of seers, gifted on one night in the year only with second sight, by means of which they were permitted to see whatever they most desired. The gift was originally bestowed on a blind ancestor of the family, who had, at great risk and peril, guided a priest, struggling with the storm and carrying the viaticum, to the death-bed of a reputed sorcerer. In the words of the tale. "to the blind man, deprived in early childhood of physical sight, this miraculous power was an inestimable consolation, and Christmas Eve became to him a festival of illumination, whose annual reminiscences and anticipations brightened the whole round of the year. And when, at length, he died the faculty remained a family heritage, of which all his descendants partook in some degree, his two grandsons, as his nearest kin, possessing the gift in its completest development. And, most strange of all, the two hounds which lay couched before us by the hearth appeared to enjoy a share of the sorcerer's benison."

The part played by the two dogs, Fritz and Bruna, may be the embroidery—the *Story*—on the garment of fact woven by the *Dream*; at all events it is thoroughly characteristic of Mrs. Kingsford's well-known love of animals.

In the dawn of Christmas morning the younger guide comes to rouse the father and his companion, that they may all start on their expedition.

"We have seen him!" he cried, throwing up his hands triumphantly above his head. "Both of us have seen your son, monsieur! Not half-an-hour ago we saw him in a vision, alive and well, in a mountain cave, separated from the valley by a broad torrent. An angel of the good Lord has ministered to him; it is a miracle! Courage; he will be restored to you. Dress quickly and come down to breakfast. Everything is ready for the expedition, and there is no time to lose!"

How, after some hours of mountain climbing over snow and ice, the guides find themselves at fault, and becoming entranced, declare that they can see no more, that the vision has passed from them; how the faithful dogs suddenly discover the clue, and lead the party along a narrow track till the father recognises the spot where the accident had taken place; how the peasants bade him shout for his child, though he had told them the boy was both deaf and dumb, and how the one word "*Father*" came up from a great depth, tremulous, uncertain, yet intensely earnest; all this, with the description of the final issue of the expedition I leave to those who may see this notice to read and enjoy for themselves. I can at least promise that they shall not be disappointed in their search after the marvellous, the beautiful, and the—VRAISEMBLABLE.

To the initiated, the interest lies outside and beyond the stories.

Correspondence.

WAS ST. PAUL AN INITIATE?

A LIGHT is thrown on the question by the Alexandrian manuscript of the New Testament in the British Museum. The well-known passage I. Timothy iii., 16, has exercised the attention of students for a few hundred years. The importance of the extrinsic interpretation of the text has led many to permit their sight of the words written to be obscured by their predilections. It is necessary, however, for the student to look at the subject with the "drylight" of Goethe, and to see how far Theosophy will help us in the investigation. Those who say "it is not true, and it does not matter," may leave the question to those who care to work it out.

A. Θεὸς, *i.e.* ΘC *Deus*, is advocated by the vast majority of the Fathers, who accepted what was said, though it may not have been written. *θεὸς* was directly implied, and the whole passage, to the eyes of an Initiate, means to ascribe Divinity. The context throws light on the subject. This reading is directly supported by Chrysostom, Theodorus, Euthalius, Macedonius (who was charged with introducing the reading), and others.

The Vulgate has always stood on *θεὸς*. The authorised version adopted it. It is the traditional reading, and the oldest and commonest version. Another reading may have been the original, but if so, evidence for it has been effectually destroyed. Now, at least, *Θεὸς* must be read, however the manuscript has been blurred.

B. Many versions give ὅς, written OC. This has been justified by the Alexandrian manuscript, and it was the theory of Dean Alford, whose pretentious, though not always accurate, Greek Testament has helped one to understand the words—

> "So commentators each dark passage shun,
> And hold their farthing candle to the sun,"—

that the black line at present visible in the *θ* is a modern retouching of an older, but not original fainter one, due apparently to the darkening of the stroke of an *ϵ*, seen through from the other side. The Ephrem Codex, edited by Tischendorf, is in favour of this reading, and for a number of years, until the Revised Bible—

Ein neues Stück, das letzte Stück von sieben—

shall have become stale, the probability is strong in favour of its

popularity, as its employment will be in favour with those who, with "sweetness, light, and culture," expound the translations of the Bible.

ὃ (*quod* which) is given in the Codex of Beza. This reading finds no support from the Alexandrian manuscript, inasmuch as the sigma before "manifested," is perfectly conspicuous therein.

The revised version accepts ὃς, and considers that the version "God" in place of "He who" rests on no sufficient evidence.

Mr. Basil Cowper (Codex Alexandrinus, 8vo., London, 1860, p. xvii), sensibly enough says, "probably no human eye will ever be able to de- "termine whether the transverse line was originally there, that is, "whether the scribe wrote omicron or theta. It can never be suffici- "ently regretted that some comparatively modern pen has been rashly "employed upon the manuscript, and that modern fingers have been "applied to it here with equal discredit to the owner, and the almost "entire obliteration of the letters. We hope that henceforth there will "be no more endeavours to *demonstrare digito* the true rendering of the "passage, and indeed that the Museum authorities will studiously resist "all who wish to have the clause at their fingers'-ends." As the Alexandrian MSS. stand, the word is verily θεὸς.

Unfortunately the Codex Vaticanus does not contain the epistles to Timothy. This is to be regretted, as the argument of Canon Cook and others, especially of an able writer in the Dublin Review (Vol. II. page 194) brings forward a strong case to prove that these MSS. were among the fifty copies which Eusebius of Cæsarea procured for the Emperor Constantine the Great. There exist reasons which infer that the Codex Vaticanus (on which too much has probably been said) is of posterior date to the Alexandrian Codex. It is true that Alford, resting on the authority of Tischendorf, places it in the fourth century, whilst he relegates the Alexandrian manuscript to the fifth. But perhaps it was necessary for Dean Alford to say something occasionally which someone else had not said before him.

The value of Eusebius' testimony to the authority of the Vatican MS. may be estimated in the words of Cardinal Newman. "His acts are "his confession. He openly sides with those whose blasphemies a true "Christian would have abhorred, and he sanctioned and shared their "deeds of violence and injustice perpetrated on the Catholics." Rohrbacher has described him as "a man of equivocal reputation, more "erudite than profound, more a rhetorician than a theologian, more courtier "than bishop, more Arian than orthodox." What can we say of the literary sincerity of the man who was a party to suborning false witness against St. Eustathius at Antioch, and against St. Athanasius at Tyre? These spurious codices were written at the very time when Arianism was in the ascendant, and thought to keep there. I will not attempt to wade through the miserable history of Eusebius, as you have bestowed, perhaps, sufficiently, *poudre insecticide* on him in the "Secret Doctrine." I must,

however, remind your readers that, as if Josephus was not bad enough, Eusebius has made him worse. The owl which Josephus says that Herod Agrippa saw before his death, Eusebius, by dexterous textual manipulation, turns into an angel. Even his defenders have been forced to admit *a sinceritatis via deflexit noster.* Men like St. Chrysostom, however, show that Eusebius' renderings were not always regarded with respect.

When, however, a Theosophist looks over the MS., a new light is thrown on the subject. Whether the writer used the word θc or 0c does not matter, and if he is distinctly shown to have used a symbol, the fixed point in the centre of unity is equivalent to the idea of God. For several reasons, I content myself at this moment with asking the Editors of LUCIFER to inform an ignorant outsider like myself. What is the occult meaning of the ⊙; and in what sense did St. Paul and his copyists, a few centuries later, use the symbol as an equivalent to the Ineffable God? * "Great is the mystery of Godliness."

A BOOK-WORM.

In the Occult meaning it is the primordial Ideation, the plane for the double-sexed *logos*, the first differentiation of the ever unknowable PRINCIPLE or abstract nature, sexless and infinite. The *point* represents the first formation of the root of *all things* growing out of the *rootless* ROOT, or what the Vedantins call "Parabrahm." It is the periodical and ever-recurring primordial manifestation after every "Night of Brahmâ," or of potential space within abstract space: not Jehovah, assuredly not; but the "*Unknown* God" of the Athenians, the IT which St. Paul the *master Mason* and the INITIATE declared unto them. It is the *unmanifested* LOGOS.—[ED.]

LODGES OF MAGIC.

NOTHING that has yet appeared in your magazine has been so much in concord with my own humble views as your Editorial in the October Number on "Lodges of Magic."

"I am not a *proclaimed* Theosophist. I do not belong to the Society. For some reasons I am sorry; for many reasons I am glad. And one of the most cogent of the latter is the almost certain degeneracy of any Society or Sect formed by mortal hands. I mean no disrespect to the founders of the T. S. They were animated by the purest motives; inspired by the noblest resolves.

But, being human, they cannot control the admission of members. They cannot read the heart, nor know the mind. And, consequently, the T. S. is not representative of Theosophy, but only of itself—a gathering of many earnest seekers after truth, many powerful intellects, many saints, and many sinners and lovers of curiosity.

If I have learned aright the lesson you have endeavoured to teach, it is this. That development must be harmonious, and must be unconscious.

The danger which attends the *desire to know* is that the knowledge to be gained too often becomes the goal of our endeavours, instead of being the

means whereby to become perfect. And by "perfect" I mean Union with the Absolute.

A young man, whose intellect is of the keenest, and with great power of assimilating and applying knowledge, is devoured by a desired to attain a lofty ideal. He feels there may be something beyond the facts of material science, beyond the anthropomorphic religions of the day.

Drifting into that mysterious current which is now flowing through the Century, he becomes attracted by Theosophy. For awhile he studies it with avidity, strives to live "the life," to permeate himself with its teaching.

His intellect is satisfied for the time.

But, alas! he commits the fatal fault of forgetting that he has a soul. He does not, indeed, forget that *he* is immortal, but he neglects to feed his soul on spiritual things.

His science becomes wider, he grasps the idea of universality—and generally becomes a rank pessimist.

But, through the above-mentioned fault, Mystic Union with the Higher Self becomes more and more phantasmal. He recognises its necessity, but postpones the ordeal.

"First let me prove the lower realms of Nature," he cries, and plunges into the phenomena of spiritualism, table rapping, and the evocation of spooks. He declares that Knowledge is Power, and carries his assertion to no further issue. He is remonstrated with. He replies that it is necessary to test all experience, and construes that axiom into a law that Karma is to be moulded and shaped by the conscious Ego. Carried to a logical conclusion, his rendering of the axiom would lead him into the lowest depths of vice to the hurt of his higher nature. He would seek in this transient incarnation to gratify every lust, passion and ideal of his personality. Whereas, surely the true meaning of the *Law* is that the Ego *must* of necessity taste of every experience in its progression up the Scale; *must* pass through every grade, ascend every step of the ladder.

It does not mean that when we know the good we must follow evil, nor that our higher must sometimes be actively degraded to the level of our lower self.

And so, step by step, it seems to me our neophyte wanders towards the broad path that leadeth to destruction. Confident that he is able to use the little knowledge he has gained, assured of his own powers, and disdainful of the terrors that lie in lurk for him, he goes on his way. His weapon is Self-Confidence and his armour Ignorance.

There is no turning back when once the path is trod, and the only hope is in his being vanquished in the *first* trial. Should he conquer his earliest foe, he will only meet a direr fate.

Now, is this Theosophy? If so, I will have none of it. I own I should like to see phenomena, to "call spirits from the vasty deep" with success.* But I do not flatter myself that this longing is of a pure nature. If I did not sometimes wish to take a short cut to knowledge, I should not be a man *as we know him.* But I believe this desire after manifestation to be of the earth, earthy.

* It is not in the Theosophical Society that our correspondent can ever hope to evoke spooks or see any *physical* phenomena.—[ED.]

With faith we can do all things, yet we should not desire *to do* all things, but simply to have the faith.

I recognise the essentiality of establishing the scientific basis of Theosophy, of studying it from all sides. I do not wish to be merely a metaphysical mystic. I am sadly afraid, however, that most of us followers of Theosophy are but just out of our swaddling clothes. We must have our toys and picture books.

My ideal is to worship the One God in spirit and in truth. Is that the aim of the T. S.? . . . . .*

I have expressed myself to you, not with any wish to see my feeble endeavour in print, nor from any presumptuous thought that I have written anything new or authoritative. Much less have I written in any carping or judging spirit. I have no right or desire to criticise people better than myself, but I feel it on me to ask for an assurance that the T. S. as a whole is doing the work it is meant to do—not merely expanding the Intellect of the World, but also drawing the Soul of Humanity towards its Higher Self.

A. E.

P.S.—Is not the "Esoteric Section" of the T. S. likely to run counter to the views of your Editorial on Lodges of Magic? Who is to ensure that the Esoteric Members are not only willing to, but *will* "abide by its rules"?

6th November, 1888. A. E.

NOTE.

Our correspondent's question is a natural one—coming from a European. No, it does not run counter, because it *is not* a lodge of *magic*, but of *training*. For however often the true nature of the occult training has been stated and explained, few Western students seem to realize how searching and inexorable are the tests which a candidate must pass before *power* is entrusted to his hands. Esoteric philosophy, the occult hygiene of mind and body, the unlearning of false beliefs and the acquisition of true habits of thought, are more than sufficient for a student during his period of probation, and those who rashly pledge themselves in the expectation of acquiring forthwith "magic powers" will meet only with disappointment and certain failure.—[ED.]

CHILDREN ALLOWED TO TRAIN THEMSELVES FOR MURDER.

"ARIADNA" writes:—

English folk are fond of maintaining the superiority of their national morals as contrasted with those of our Continental neighbours across the seas. Yet had one of the latter been strolling down a thoroughfare of one of our large seaside resorts but a few days ago, he might have been inclined to doubt it. In a large shop an alluring tray of boys' knives was exhibited, ticketed "Jack Ripper's knives!" In an adjacent street, a merry gang of children, aged respectively from six to eleven years, were playing at "Ripper," jumping one over the other and knocking them down—a true *rehearsal* of the felonious act.

Of course the natural question would be, "Why did not their parents stop them and prohibit the ghastly play?" . . . .

But they did not, it is evident; and the fond parents, children themselves of the present age, must have merrily laughed and felt amused at the "original

* "There is no Religion higher than Truth" is the motto of our Society.—[ED.]

idea." Good Christian people! They do not even think of uprooting the evil by lodging a complaint against the infamous speculators who are permitted to bring out *such* a toy! The translators and publishers of Zola's outlandish "immorality," which shows vice in all its hideous nakedness and ugliness, are condemned to heavy fines. "Jack Ripper's" knives are permitted to be freely sold to children: for what can be more innocent than a card-board or a wooden knife, gaudily painted, for boys and girls to play with, on its very face! Has any of the lookers on while witnessing those children, bright things "fresh from the hand of God," the merry, playing babe, put himself the question:

"What wilt thou be hereafter?"

Yet, how many of these little boys and girls now openly sporting with knives and playing at "Jack Ripper" shall, directly in consequence of such "play" become candidates for gallows and *swing* in that "hereafter." Yea, LAW in all her majesty may claim, through her righteous judges, ten or twenty years hence, any of these light-hearted "little ones" as her lawful prey. "May God have mercy on your soul!" will be the pompous but awful verdict of a black-capped Judge as the logical result of such play for one of those now innocent, then guilty, "Jack Rippers." Will any of the future judges or jurymen, we wonder, remember during such a possible trial that, when himself a boy, he may have longed to take the part, nay, perhaps actually has had a hand in the *fun* during a vacation in one of those fashionable sea-side resorts?

The child is father to the man. It is the first impressions, visual or mental, which the young senses take in the quickest, to store them indelibly in the virgin memory. It is the imagery and scenes which happen to us during our childhood, and the spirit in which they are viewed by our elders and received by us, that determine the manner in which we accept such like scenes or look upon good or evil in subsequent years. For, it is most of that early intellectual capital so accumulated day by day during our boyhood and girlhood that we trade with and speculate upon throughout later life.

The capacity of children for the storing away of early impressions is great indeed. And, if an innocent child playing at "Jack Ripper," remarks that his *sport* produces merriment and amusement instead of horror in the lookers on, why should a child be expected to connect the same act with sin and crime later on? It is by riding wooden horses in childhood that a boy loses all fear of a living horse in subsequent years. Hence, the urchin who now *pretends* to murder will look on murder and kill *de facto*, with as much unconcern when he becomes a man as he does now. There is much sophistry in Mrs. Stowe's remark that "children will grow up substantially what they *are* by nature," for this can only apply to those exceptional children who are left to take care of themselves; and these do not buy toys at fashionable shops. A child brought up by parents, and having a home instead of a gutter to live and sleep in, if left to *self*-education will draw from his own observations and conclusions for evil as for good, and these conclusions are sure to colour all his after life. Playing at "Jack Ripper," he will think unconsciously of Jack Ripper, and what he may have heard of that now fashionable Mr. Hyde, of Whitechapel. And—

". . . . he who but conceives a crime in thought
Contracts the danger of an actual fault."

THE DEVIL, WHO IS HE?

SIR,

As I consider the criticism upon my letter in your issue of October altogether unjustified, I trust you will allow me space for a few lines in reply thereto.

There is one thing absolutely necessary to be observed in discussion in order for it to be of any profit, either to the parties themselves or to any one else who may either hear or read of it. And the one thing necessary in discussion is that the parties to the discussion should first understand and accept the premises upon which the argument is intended to be built, or the conclusion is intended to be drawn.

For if, in a written discussion, the critic assumes the writer to have taken certain dogmas or premises as the basis of his argument which he never dreamt of taking, and upon this erroneous assumption the critic then proceeds to ridicule the argument of the writer as though the writer's argument had been based on the critic's erroneous conception of his premises, such discussion and criticism is profitable to no one, and amuses no one but the superficial reader who is unable to see the delusion.

And that there may, at least, be no excuse in future for misapprehending my views, I may say that I know of, and believe in, no such person as the Devil, in the commonly reputed Orthodox sense.

But surely those who speak evil of God or their neighbours would be justly entitled to the name.

And, with respect to Jesus, I know nothing of Jesus, excepting that as a Man (whether historical or allegorical) he is the most Christ-like I can conceive, and therefore to me he is the Christ, and likewise therefore "the Son of God according to the spirit of holiness," whom to know and love is to know and love God, and whom, therefore, to revile and reject, is to reject and hate God. And as I understood that Theosophists (in December No. of LUCIFER) accepted this view of Jesus being the Christ, and his practical religion; therefore I am surprised that things should be thrown in my face as accepted by me which I have nowhere in any wise professed to accept. And I should think it as foolish to be offended with what is good in the Scriptures because of there being something hard to accept, as it would be to be offended with the nut and milk of the cocoa-nut only because the shell and the husk could not be eaten also. And if Theosophists are obliged to admit that philosophical postulates are absolutely necessary to be accepted as a basis of argument, I only ask the same; but I cannot see the need of taking offence at my having spoken of the Son of Man having been crucified as a devil. Surely, if he was condemned to be a deceiver, a blasphemer and a devil, and to be therefore slain, it cannot be incorrect to say he was crucified as a blasphemer, or a devil, just as we speak of the martyrs having been burnt *as heretics*. I have been a friend to LUCIFER, both in word and deed, but with such hostile criticism as there is in the October number, one would suppose I had fallen into the midst of enemies.

REV. T. G. HEADLEY.

Petersham, S. W.

THE EDITOR'S REPLY.

WE feel sorry for having unintentionally given offence to our reverend friend and contributor; but we would have been still more sorry to publish in our magazine an unjust fling at another contributor's ideas and to have *facts* denied—without entering a protest. Our magazine is essentially controversial, and was founded for the purpose of throwing light upon "the hidden things of darkness"—of religious superstition pre-eminently. And what superstition can be compared to that which accepts a "personal" God, or, a "personal" devil? He who objects to have his views controverted and criticized must not write for LUCIFER. Neither Mr. May's nor the editor's remarks were personal, and were concerned with the peculiar views about God and Devil made *by* Mr. Headley, and not at all with the reverend gentleman himself.

Moreover, we have given good proofs of our impartiality. We published articles and letters criticizing not alone our personal theosophical and philosophical views, but discussing upon subjects directly concerned with *our personal honour and reputation;* reviving the *infamous calumnies* in which not simple doubts, but distinctly formulated charges of dishonesty were cast into our teeth and our private character was torn to shreds (*Vide* "A Glance at Theosophy from the Outside," LUCIFER for October, 1888). And if the editor will never shrink from what she considers her duty to her readers, and that she is prepared to throw every possible light upon mooted questions in order that truth should shine bright and hideous lies and superstitions be shown under their true colours—why should our contributors prove themselves so thin-skinned? *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.* Every hitherto far-hidden truth, whether concealed out of sight by Nature's secretiveness or human craft, must and shall be unveiled some day or other. Meanwhile, we do our best to help poor, shivering, naked Truth in her arduous progress, by cutting paths for her through the inextricable jungle of theological and social shams and lies. The best means of doing it is to open the pages of our magazine to free controversy and discussion, regardless of personalities or prejudices—though some of our friends may object to such modes of excavating far hidden truths. They are wrong, evidently. It is by this means alone that he who holds correct views has a chance of proving them, hence of seeing them accepted and firmly established; and he who is mistaken of being benefited by having his better senses awakened and directed to the other side of the question he sees but in one of its aspects. Logic, Milton says to us, teaches us "that contraries laid together more evidently appear; it follows, then, that all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true; which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of an implicit truth." Again, "if it (controversy) be profitable for one man to read, why should it not at least be tolerable and free for his adversary to write?"

Why then should Mr. Headley address his opponent, while saying: "it is not true, *as Mr. May asserts*, that good and evil, or Jesus and the Devil, are one and the same," instead of taking to task for it Lactantius, the Church father, who was the first to say so more than a millennium ago, by stating that the Logos or Christ was "the *first-born brother of Satan*"? Or why, again, should

not our reverend friend explain to us the real meaning of that verse in *Revelation* (xxii. 15) which makes Jesus say: "I, *Jesus*, am the bright and morning Star," *i.e.*, *Phosphoros* and *Lucifer* respectively in the Greek and Latin texts—and thus give the lie to the editor of "Revelation," instead of giving it to Mr. May? Nor does this gentleman say anywhere, as Mr. Headley accuses him of saying, that he regards God |"the Supreme Being or *Person*"—as *a person.* Finally, to our humble mind, there is more truth and philosophy in Mr. May's closing sentence, namely: "the divine Esse or God is but One Supreme and All, even as the seven colours of the Sun's rays appear but as one"—than in all the ecclesiastical theology put together, modern reformations included.

To close: we deny that our criticism of Mr. Headley's letter was in any way "hostile," and we can but regret that the reverend gentleman should labour under the very erroneous impression that he has "fallen in the midst of enemies." We repeat again: Lucifer has a settled and plainly outlined policy of its own, and those who write for it have either to accept it, or—turn their backs on our magazine. No discourteous epithets or vulgar abuse of personalities shall ever be allowed in our Monthly. We should be very *sorry* to follow in the usual track of the English dailies, which—even those claiming to be considered as leading organs of the press, high-principled and high-toned—are ever indulging in *personal* attacks, not only on their political opponents, but, pandering to the public, even upon unpopular characters. No individual — friend or foe—risks being called in our journal "adventurer," "hallucinated lunatic," "impostor and free lover," "charlatan" or "credulous fool," as the leading theosophists of England and America are repeatedly referred to by the highly-cultured and learned editors of not only political, but even drawing-room, "Society" papers on both sides of the Atlantic—save a few honourable exceptions.

But, on the other hand, no one—of whatever rank or influence—as nothing however "time-honoured," shall ever be pandered to or propitiated in our magazine. Never shall any error, sham or superstition be daubed with the whitewash of propriety, or passed over in prudent silence. As our journal was not established for a money-making enterprise, but verily as a champion for every *fact and truth*, however tabooed and unpopular—it need pander to no lie or absurd superstition. For this policy the Theosophical Publishing Co. is, already, several hundred pounds out of pocket. The editor invites free criticism upon everything that is said in Lucifer; and while protecting every contributor from direct personalities is quite willing to accept any amount of such against herself, and promises to answer each and all to the best of her ability. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.*

"Fais que dois, advienne que pourra."

H. P. B.

LITERARY JOTTINGS

ECHOES OF THEOSOPHY.

THE following paragraph in a Boston weekly, *Wade's Fibre and Fabric*, October 27, 1888, No. 191, speaks for itself:

"As the farmer winnows his wheat when threshed, to separate the grain from the chaff, so should we examine all things and hold fast to that which is good. In this way only can the individual elevate his mental and improve his physical condition, and perhaps retain, or secure and hold positions he would otherwise be incapable of filling. The tendency of most people is to slight or shun what we least understand. The editor of FIBRE AND FABRIC some time ago, in 'Facts Whittled Down,' in a very brief item mentioned theosophy in a way that he will always be ashamed to see when turning to that particular page; and this shows the necessity of all using the greatest care in what we say, as well as what we do. For an unkind act or an unjust word, once spoken, can *never* be recalled. For some time we have been looking into theosophy, and we find there is nothing bad or incomprehensible about it. The following being a fair explanation of what it is: 'The word theosophy is derived from two Greek words, Theos, meaning God, and Sophia meaning wisdom. Theosophia, or theosophy, is the wisdom of God, or divine wisdom. Theosophy is at once a science and a religion.' The science of truth and the religion of justice. Self-reliance, self-control, self-respect, willingness to draw knowledge from all sources, and a firm and heartfelt desire to be just and kind and forbearing towards others, are believed by theosophists to be essential to any progress in theosophy. Those who support free inquiry and free discussion are their natural allies. Those who are in possession of authority unjustly acquired, or unworthily employed, are their natural enemies. 'No person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor is interference with them permitted; but every one is required, before admission, to promise to show towards his fellow-members the same toleration in this respect as he claims for himself.' The idea is to form a nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex or colour. Theosophy is, in fact, the natural religion of the human race, and has existed since the creation of the planetary system, waiting the advent of man to grasp and comprehend it."

If only every second editor of the papers and magazines which for years went on steadily abusing theosophy and slandering theosophists, were to show himself half as gentlemanly and fair as Jas. M. Wade, Theosophy and its society would very soon occupy their rightful place in the world.

As Pope said: "A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong." But, oh! for fair-minded and just editors in this century of fierce selfishness, competition and sensational, if even slanderous, news! Where are they, such paragons of virtue, ready to give even the devil his due at the risk of treading on the corns of their subscribers? All honour, long life and 10,000 more subscriptions to this Boston *rara avis* among editors.

The London *Star*, from which sundry other papers copied *verbatim* the remark wrote some time ago:

"The first edition of Madame Blavatsky's 'Secret Doctrine' has been already bought up, and a second edition is being printed as fast as possible to meet the continued demand. This is curious considering that the book is of a more occult and difficult character than any that has preceded it."

Though "curious," indeed, the fact has nevertheless an easy explanation. "The twenty millions of Englishmen so rudely ticketed by Carlyle as being "mostly fools," have become a wee bit wiser. There is time enough in twenty odd years to show an increase—even of brains.

As a correspondent remarks with regard to the archaic teachings given in Volume I. of the SECRET DOCTRINE, each of them infuses "a *raison d'être* and intelligibility into a universe whose drift has been utterly unperceived by Western Thought," and he adds very suggestively:

"The essence of the greatness of Western thought seems to me to lie in the

splendid mastery of detail and method in dealing with the physical aspects of Nature. Eastern Occultism, on the contrary, supplies us with "generals" and troubles little about partiulars; *e.g.*, it would, I gather, be absurd to look for any detailed physical sciences in India or elsewhere, with their accurate classifications and punctilious researches. Even in the realm of psychology, the volumes of Spencer, Bain, Dewey and others seem to be so complete in detail as to render much of Eastern teaching *superficial* in the extreme *at first sight.* But after all is said and done, one has to face the fact that the psychology favoured in Europe deals *simply with brain-correlated states of consciousness*, *i.e.*, with a reflection of a ray of the *Manas* (mind) conditioned by organism. It blunders even in this little domain so far as its general theory of the relations of mind and body go, but its *data* are superb. Eastern psychology is *more sketchy*, but its generalisations are certain, and cover an area in comparison with which that of Mills & Co. sinks into insignificance. It seems to cover Goëthe's notion that the real value of the Sciences may be condensed on to a sheet of note-paper. It loves *results* more than the minute detail which props up the varying inductions of the West."

Thus, Europe is slowly returning to an appreciation of old wisdom, and as it gradually casts off the dead letter that killeth, of the Jewish Bible and Churchianism, it turns back, by a natural *reversion* of the evolution of the human brain—to the spirit through which all liveth of the old philosophies. Thus the same paper says:—

"Miss Mabel Collins' 'Light on the Path' has been translated into Sanskrit, and will be placed by the Hindoo Pundits as one of the Sanskrit classics. Translation into Sanskrit is a thing which has not been done for at least 100 years past; but the book is sufficiently Buddhistic and occult to satisfy even the learned Hindoos."

This little book—a true jewel—belongs to, and emanates from the same school of Indo-Aryan and Buddhist thought and learning as the teachings in the SECRET DOCTRINE.

How deep indeed, real theosophy has impressed itself even on our matter-of-fact journalism, is evidenced in this other bit of appreciative reference to it in the "Lady's Pictorial," in which, on October 13th last, it is so pointedly remarked:—

"LUCIFER. (Office, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi.) Let me recommend those who take their ideas of LUCIFER from 'Milton' to read the article in the September number, called 'The Meaning of a Pledge.' Let them substitute the name of their own particular sect for the name 'Theosophy'; let them take a pledge and live up to it, and all 'sects' will soon be merged in a universal brotherhood of love and service."

"LUCIFER," the "offspring of Heaven, first-born, and of the eternal co-eternal beam," divine light, mistaken for and and stubbornly maintained *by the majority* of the so-called cultured Christians to represent SATAN, the *devil!* Oh, Milton, poor, great man. What harm hast thou done to weak human brains! . .

"CULTURE, which renders man less like an ape, has also licked the devil into shape," seem to be prophetic words in Goëthe's FAUST.

HELADIW RUWANA or "*the Ceylon Gem*" is a new periodical brought out by the Buddhist Publication Society of Ceylon; and, as it states under its sub-title, the paper is established in the year of our Lord Buddha, 2432."

This is also one of the direct boughs which have grown out of the tree of Theosophy. In the Department of "Correspondence" (art. "*The Rise and Progress of Buddhism in Ceylon*") are some curious passages very interesting to the Theosophists of Europe and America, for whose benefit we cull a few of its rhetorical flowers:—

"Since European scholars have begun to study Buddhism, there is a great deal spoken of it, and its secret doctrine, as prevailing among the Lamas of Tibet. There are, it seems, two schools of Buddhist Philosophy there: one devoted to esoteric doctrine, and the other to the exoteric phase of Gautama Buddha's Philosophy. Among the first sect, there are said to exist Mahatmas of wonderful psychical powers, similar to those possessed by the Dyanis and Arahats of old. In Ceylon these adepts counted over thousands in the reign of Dutugamunu. They have gradually ceased to exist, as the keys of those mysteries were lost by the degeneracy of the Buddhist monks of subsequent times, who sought more after worldly renown and glory, than the higher spiritual developments. Any one carefully reading . . . the Mahawansa, will not, I trust, fail to observe that distinct and particular reference is made to the Arahats of the different periods. And I may, by way of attestation to the truth of the facts stated in the Mahawansa, draw the kind attention of our readers to the travels of 'Fa Hian,' the Chinese pilgrim. . . ."

. . . . . .

"Since the discovery of the true Law by the most enlightened Gautama, men have become wild and wretched by the awful lusts of the flesh, and have consequently lost the secrets of that Law. But those immortal and divine gems of truth, were not destined to disappear altogether from the habitation of man, as it was decreed by the departing Arahats to be safely and sacredly kept by the Adepts of the trans-Hymalayan depths, until man's condition be adapted to receive it. That time is now drawing nigh; and the custodians of the secret doctrine have thought it fit to send Missionaries among mankind to divulge it to them. One of those, is Madame Biavatsky, who travelled over to America and converted Colonel Olcott who was then earnestly searching for the truth and investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism . . . . To institute a happy comparison between this conversion . . . . and the planting of a branch of the sacred Bo-tree by Sangamitta, who came over into Ceylon in the reign of Dewanam Piya Tissa, I take the liberty to say that Madame Blavatsky like the princess Sangamitta carried the secret doctrine to America, and there she implanted it in the mind of Col. Olcott, who received it with as great readiness as the virgin soil of Anuradhapura received the shoot of the Bo-tree. As the sacred Bo-tree was the incentive to the yearly visits of Buddhist pilgrims from the most remote corners of Ceylon, so was the true law when disclosed to Col. Olcott by Madame Blavatsky the stimulus for him to leave bright prospects and friends behind him in America, and to launch out in a mission round the world to promulgate the true Law to all mankind.

In the year 1880, Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott paid their first visit to Ceylon, and honestly and publicly declared themselves Buddhists, and in furtherance of the dear wish of their heart they established branches of the Theosophical Society in various parts of the Island. By their united endeavours, I must admit that a new impulse has been given to Buddhism; so much so, that the many thousands of natives of the Island, who had hitherto remaind ignorant of Buddhism in its pure form, and those who were ashamed to declare themselves Buddhists in public, have all begun to learn, teach and profess Buddhism most openly and vigorously. The most enthusiastic and lavish manner in which the Buddhists of Ceylon celebrated the Wesak days of the past two years, cannot but fail to testify to their honest belief in Buddhism, and to the substantial work done by Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott in the cause of Buddhism. . . . ."

This is all correct, and the two above-named personages feel proud to see their feeble services so well appreciated and remembered. But they would certainly feel still happier were the actual state of the moral standard in Ceylon—once the pearl of the Indian Ocean—been such as not to have necessitated the letter published in the same paper by a "Chela." This shows the reverse of the medal and mars somewhat the delight of those who have devoted their life to the noble work of spreading the philosophy of the great "Light of Asia." For, it is not the modern *temple*-Buddhism, with all the excrescences that have crept into it, but verily the esoteric *Budhism*,* of the Lord Gautama, the BUDDHA, that the Founders had in view, when working for the REVIVAL OF BUDDHISM.

Such seems to be also the inner thought of "Chela," who, while greeting the appearance of *Heladiw Ruwana* and informing the editor that many Buddhists have looked forward to it, "as a banner of light, destined to throw much light on the hidden and true meanings of the Buddhist Scriptures and the ceremonials observed in the Buddhist temples in Ceylon," adds the following ominous words: "Since the introduction of Buddhism by Mahinda Thero in the reign of the blessed Monarch Dewanan Piatissa, the errors that have crept into the pure and admirable doctrines of Buddha have led to many misapprehensions on the part of those who study Buddhism for the sake of spiritual development or curiosity. Very few indeed amongst those who profess Buddhism have been able to understand, and much less to explain, the noble precepts and spiritual truths which Buddha discovered and taught his disciples. Time, the most irreconcilable enemy of things of antiquity has, as its wonted custom, laid mighty empires and cities in ruins, and the greatest and noblest thoughts and doctrines in hopeless confusion. Buddhism whose pure form is a mere byword now, has not been able to avoid the scathing hand of Time, any more than were the admirable teachings of many a noble mind of antiquity. As the gold is found mixed up with much dross and rust, so have the superstitions and the frauds of the ignorant and designing priesthood, enveloped and corrupted the sterling and pure teachings of the enlightened Gautama. It will, at present, therefore, be an Augean task to sift His notable doctrines from the superstitions of the Hindus

* *Vide Introduction* to the 1st Volume of the *Secret Doctrine* (pp. 1 and 2).

and other nations, who from time to time attempted to trample them down and establish their own, instead. That influence has been such as to saturate our priesthood with those grovelling superstitions and forget and forego the secret keys to the blissful and mysterious state of Sowan, Sakrdagami, Anagami and Arahat. The methods and the discipline to be observed by the chelas in those high Spiritual developments, have been the life long study, and the fundamental truths which our Blessed Lord Buddha discovered from the mysterious volumes of nature. Those discoveries are, to speak analogically with things of comparatively a lesser value and difficulty, like the Binomial Theorem and the law of gravitation, discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, eternal and inviolable laws of nature. We may, therefore, justly and pertinently say, that our Lord Buddha, unlike the supposed uncreated and formless creator of the universe . . . . discovering the laws of animal existence, and the cause of such existence, taught the certain and the only way to escape the curse of painful and unhappy rebirths. This way is the only one to attain that inexplicable and blissful state, the Nirvana.

"Having briefly summarized the meaning and scope of Buddhism proper and pure, I express my sincerest congratulations to the promoters of the Buddhist Publication Society; and promising them all help and endeavour which lay in my power in the cause of truth. Hoping that by the benign influence of your society, erring Buddhists and reviling Christians will find all their errors righted, and their hatred of Buddhism turned into admiration and adoration of the Lord Buddha, the only true Teacher of the Law,

I am, yours truly,

CHELA.

AMEN, we say, if Buddhism will make Christians more tolerant and charitable, less slanderous, or "reviling," as "Chela" characterizes them—and as full of love and compassion for the animal and for the human kind, instead of slaughtering both for sport and war.

But—we are almost afraid to enquire whether this bravely expressed hope of "Chela," has not had some dire results in Colombo? Was not that truly good man and deep-water *Baptist*, the editor of the "Ceylon Observer," found drowned in a sea of his own home-made gall? Let us trust no such calamity befell the pearl of the Ocean! Ceylon can as ill-afford to lose her Fergusson, as the Kingdom of God its shadow and *pillar* —the DEVIL.

A THEOSOPHICAL SCULPTOR.

Our friend, Mr. Gerald Massey, the poet and Egyptologist, sends to us from New York the photograph of a medallion, made by Mrs. Josepha North (F.T.S., Aryan Branch of New York). — The woman's head on it, called "Futurity," is very beautiful and suggestive in its symbolism and idea. To our mind, the crescent moon which encircles the neck of the head, and the six-pointed star in front of its brow, point to the coming sixth Roe which, as the Secret Doctrine teaches us, will originate in America. (*Vide* II. Volume of the SECRET DOCTRINE, the closing pages of part I.) Mr. G. Massey refers to Mrs. J. North as a "beginner." If so, she may turn out the finest sculptor of her country, for, as far as one can judge from the photograph of that "beginner's" work it is very promising. We also hear that Mrs. North is engaged upon a bust of Gautama Buddha, showing him as the young Prince Siddartha. This, when finished, is to be placed in the Aryan T.S. Headquarters in New York, and will form an interesting addition to the many Eastern objects and pictures already there. We welcome Mrs. North, our sister in Theosophy, and wish her every success in life, as much as in her art. As beautifully expressed by some writer, the chiselled marble can be made as eloquent in its beauty as spoken poetry. The genius of the artist may force it to become as easily the infallible prophet of "Futurity" as the faithful echo of the Past. But of course, those who see in the sculptured block only the forms of material beauty, are unable to follow in the path of soul tuition, trodden only by those who are truly awakened to theosophical life.

ADVERSARY.

THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS

"THE THEOSOPHIST" (Madras).

AMONG the regular theosophical magazines, the first place naturally belongs to the one bearing the name which serves as the standard around which are slowly but surely gathering all those of the present and rising generations, who feel that man is more than a thinking animal, and has a destiny greater and more noble than to eat and drink, to breed and die. The THEOSOPHIST was the first among the four magazines now existing, although not now under the direction of its original editor, yet her place is ably filled by her colleague Col. H. S. Olcott. Since his assumption of the direct responsibility, the magazine has steadily increased in interest and is gradually regaining the reputation which it enjoyed down to 1884, when ill-health deprived it of the services of its original editor.

The September number, besides the continuations of several articles already noticed in a past number of LUCIFER, notably *The Angel Peacock* and *Travestied Teachings*, contains much varied and interesting matter. An admirable translation is given of the first sermon preached by Gautama after his attainment of Buddhahood, or enlightenment, which should receive much careful study and meditation.

A short but very telling article on *Personality and Principle* repeats a warning often given but too readily and easily overlooked and forgotten against the dependence on or worship of any one particular person. The warning is salutary and cannot too often be repeated; but the opposite error is equally misleading. For when a man fancies himself infallible, and refuses to yield his own opinion and judgment to that of those wiser than himself, he needs to be much on his guard lest, instead of worshipping "Personality" in others, he should become a slave to his own.

An article by Dewan Bahadoor Ragoonath Rao, however, is calculated to cause a good deal of astonishment among old readers of the *Theosophist*. The *Dewan* is a *Dwaita*, a believer in a *personal* God, who like the Jewish Jehovah appears amid thunder under the form of a man-lion. Every Theosophist is entitled to his own belief, and no member has the right to criticize it, but the article in the papes of the magazine must cause surprise. The editorial note wisely hints that it is inserted as being of interest to Western readers in showing that the same influences have operated in India as produced the exotericChristian systems.

Olla Podrida and *Facts Stranger than Fiction* are both of great interest, and contain quite as much food for serious thought as other more apparently serious articles.

The October *Theosophist* is remarkable for several exceptionally good articles. We begin with Professor Dvivedi's able article on the *Advaita Philosophy of Sankara*. It will be of great value to all who are interested in metaphysical and philosophical studies, while the article on *Nature's Finer Forces* is of great practical value. Besides these more than one of the lighter articles deserves careful attention, notably *The Experiences of a Student of Occultism*. These speak for themselves, but two other papers call for special mention. Of these *The Influence of the Moon on Vegetation* is not only a most suggestive study, but it contains data and hints of much value to the practical mystic, as is also that of the Jaina Ramayana.

The November number opens with the Proem and Stanzas of Vol. I. of the *Secret Doctrine*, a work which we trust is by this time in the hands of all regular readers of LUCIFER who aim at obtaining true knowledge of themselves and of the world around them. Rama Prasad continues his valuable series on *Nature's Finer Forces*, to which reference has already been made, and there is an ex-

cellent paper on the *Dhammapada Jataha*. The account of the *Jaina amayana* is continued, as also *The Experiences of a Student of Occultism*.

An article on *Pranava*, also calls for special mention, while the article on the Gipsies is a very interesting contribution to our knowledge of this curious and little understood people.

"THE PATH" (New York).

The second in point of seniority among the Theosophical Magazines is THE PATH, of New York. In glancing back over the two and a half years of its issue, one cannot fail to be struck by the great value of its contents, both for students and for beginners. It certainly contains more hints and instructions for practical development and self-evolution than one would have thought possible; but these hints, though sufficiently emphasised, are given with such an entire absence of self-assertion and with such absolute frankness that they may have passed unperceived by many. One hears a great deal in the T. S. about the need of "practical" instruction, and not a few complaints that enough is not given; but one has only to read with care the back numbers of the PATH to see how little foundation there is for this complaint. But this brings into prominence another point, the carelessness and apathy of those who thus complain. The fact is that of such, the vast majority are too indifferent even to read the magazines published for their special use, or at least seem to imagine that they have done their duty when they take in one only out of the four which now exist.

They forget that each of the four has its own speciality, and that each completes and supplements the others.

This is well illustrated in the three numbers of the PATH before us.

The September number opens with a continuation of Mr. Brehon's series of articles on the *Bhagavatgita*, which are an invaluable contribution to our understanding of that most instructive of all the Sanskrit books. Mr. Subba Row in his *Lectures* dealt with the philosophical aspect of the poem; Mr. Brehon considers and explains its bearing upon practical life and conduct.

Following the Bhagavatgita comes fittingly the conclusion of the account of the *Teachings of a German Mystic*. The accounts given of the various phases through which the medium passes who is being trained to self-conquest, and taught to recover her own inner equilibrium are most instructive, so much so that we sincerely hope to read in the next or at any rate an early number, a further article on this series from the pen of the Editor, Mr. Judge, in addition to the all too brief comment given in the October number. The papers are well worth it, and such an article would add enormously to their value to students.

The *Conversations on Occultism* in this and the October number are most suggestive, and call for careful study and the use of the principle of meditation, so well explained by Julius in the *Tea-Table Talk* of the September number.

Dr. Buck's article *Who are Theosophists?* also deserves special mention, as also does the paper on the Theosophical aspect of current literature.

In the October number, in addition to a further instalment of the Bhagavatgita series, which has already been mentioned Mr. Fullerton's excellent article on *Karma and Providence* claims special notice, as does Mr. Waldersee's *Plea for the Children*, which opens up a topic to which sufficient attention has hitherto not been paid.

The *Conversation on Occultism* and *Tea Table Talk* are both very instructive, and the Editor is to be congratulated on the sustained interest which they excite.

Mr. Fullerton's article on Analogies in the November number is suggestive, and Harij's article on the *Practical Side of Theosophy* is both well timed and has the ring of true devotion to altruistic work, the need of which in the society is now so great. *Answers to Questioners* are of much value to Theosophists, while the paper on *Heredity* which follows touches on a question which will be interesting to all.

Tea Table Talk is as interesting as usual, the subject this month being symbolic dreams, some very curious instances of which are cited and interpreted.

"LE LOTUS" (Paris).

This is the third of the Theosophical magazines, but we have only the September number before us. The publication of the October and November numbers has been delayed or prevented by a variety of circumstances, among others the fact that the whole burden and work of its publication falls on the shoulders of its Editor M. Gaboriau. Hence, however great his devotion, it is a physical impossiblity for him to cope with all that is demanded of him. Thus even a small hitch produces great delay and loss of time, because there are only one or two pair of hands to do everything; but we note that the November

number though not yet to hand will be a double number of 128 pages.

In the September number we note especially the article on Buddhism in the extreme East and the first instalment of a most valuable article by Amaravella on *The Three Emanations.*

The remainder of this number, a most interesting one for French Theosophists, consists of various able translations from Theosophical publications hitherto inaccessible to our colleagues across the channel. These transactions form no small part of the value of *Le Lotus* to all students unacquainted with English.

The October-November Number of the LOTUS just received. We are sorry to find in it an *apotheosis* of drunkenness, and *hashish.* The French were the first to establish regular *Sociétés Spirites*, on the model of Chinese "ancestor worship." Will they also try to emulate the Celestials by putting "an enemy in their mouth to steal away their brains"? If "a drunkard is not profitable for any kind of good service," as Plato said, the hashish and opium-eater will soon find that this fiendish plant "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Is it under the influence of this reason-stealing gum that the uncalled-for and untheosophical attack upon, and criticism of, one of whom even many an enemy speaks with respect was made in the "Petit Bulletin Théosophique"? The latter has now become a misnomer; *Bulletin Sarcastique* would be more to the point.

"L'INITIATION" (Paris).

A new monthly, described as "*Revue Philosophique independante des Hautes Etudes*, HYPNOTISME, THEOSOPHIE, FRANC-MACONNERIE, SCIENCES OCCULTES." Directeur, Papus. Office, 14, Rue de Strasbourg. This magazine, edited by the Secretary (M. Encausse) of the Theosophical Society of Paris, "Hermes," (President A. Arnould), promises well. Its staff of theosophical writers and list of lay contributors, whose names are all more less known to the Parisian world, is long and well-chosen. In our next Review we shall have more to say of it. Its Second Number is just out. (Price 8s.)

"THE MEISTER" (London).

We congratulate our brother theosophist, the editor of THE MEISTER, on the completion of the first year of that journal. No. IV. (the issue is quarterly) is well up to the standard of its predecessors, and contains the conclusion of a careful analysis of the deeper meaning of "Parsifal," in which, though unsigned, we detect the hand of the Editor, Mr. W. Ashton Ellis. In some respects the lines of Mr. Ellis' contribution to the Transactions of the London Lodge of the T. S. have been followed, but the author has evidently pondered the subject more deeply in his mind with the lapse of time, and has matured his treatment of the mystic philosophy of this greatest of modern dramas.

This number also contains the conclusion of an extremely readable translation of Richard Wagner's early treatise, "Art and Revolution," a work most daring in its conception of the relation of art to social life, and one which shows how great was the genius of the musician-poet who could prove himself as much at home, and as original, in literature as in art. We may select from the translation the following powerful passage, remarkable for its epigrammatic force:—

> Only the strong know Love; Love alone can grasp the ideal of Beauty; only Beauty can give birth to Art. The love of weaklings can only express itself as the incitement to lust; the love of the weak for the strong is abasement and fear; the love of the strong for the weak is compassion and forbearance; but the love of the strong for the strong is Love, for it is the free surrender to one who cannot conquer us. Under every fold of heaven's canopy, in every race, shall men, by absolute freedom, grow up in equal strength, by strength to truest love, and by true love to beauty; but *Art is Beauty in action.*

An interesting account of the Bayrenth *Festspiel*, and two studies of the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," make up the complement of this issue.

The annual subscription, payable to Mr. J. Cyriax, 33, Douglas Road, London, N., is 4s. post-free, and the journal is well worth this price and more, for as our contemporary, *The Musical World*, says, "the paper and type alone should secure it a home on the shelves of every book-lover."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. SUSIE E. H. (2nd deg.), 941, Penn. Ave.—Thanks, sincerely. Will answer at the first moment of leisure. An article from your pen would be most welcome.

J. S.—P. N. to hand. LUCIFER renders thanks.

"DISSATISFIED CLERGYMAN."—Your article is too violent for our columns. We have nothing to do with politics. Cannot be published.

LUCIFER

VOL. III. LONDON, JANUARY 15TH, 1889. No. 17.

THE YEAR IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE YEAR!

DECEMBER, 1888, AND JANUARY, 1889.

LUCIFER sends the best compliments of the season to his friends and subscribers, and wishes them a happy New Year and many returns of the same. In the January issue of 1888, LUCIFER said: "Let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The astral life of the earth is young and strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now, will have added strength to fulfill them consistently." He now repeats what was said and adds: Let no one mistake the importance and potency of numbers—*as symbols*. Everything in the Universe was framed according to the eternal proportions and combinations of numbers. "God geometrizes," and numbers and numerals are the fundamental basis of all systems of mysticism, philosophy, and religion. The respective festivals of the year and their dates were all fixed according to the Sun—the "father of all calendars" and of the Zodiac, or the Sun-god and the twelve great, but still minor gods; and they became subsequently sacred in the cycle of national and tribal religions.

A year ago, it was stated by the editors that 1888 was a dark combination of numbers: it has proved so since. Earthquakes and terrible volcanic irruptions, tidal waves and landslips, cyclones and fires, railway and maritime disasters followed each other in quick succession. Even in point of weather the whole of the past year was an insane year, an unhealthy and uncanny year, which shifted its seasons, played ducks and drakes with the calendar and laughed at the wiseacres who preside over the meteorological stations of the globe. Almost every nation was visited by some dire calamity. Prominent among other countries was Germany. It was in 1888 that the Empire reached, virtually, the 18th year of its unification. It was during the fatal combination of the four numbers 8 that it lost two of its Emperors, and planted the seeds of many dire Karmic results.

What has the year 1889 in store for nations, men and theosophy, and what for LUCIFER? But it may be wiser to forbear looking into Futurity; still better to pray to the now ruling Hosts of *Numbers* on high, asking them to be lenient to us, poor terrene ciphers. Which shall we choose? With the Jews and the Christian Kabalists, the number of their deity—the God of Abraham and Jacob—is 10, the number of perfection, the ONE in space, or the Sun, astronomically, and the ten Sephiroth, Kabalistically. But the Gods are many; and every December, according to the Japanese, is the month of the *arrival*, or *descent of the Gods*; therefore there must be a considerable number of deities lurking around us mortals in astral space. The 3rd of January, a day which was, before the time of Clovis, consecrated to the worship of *Isis*—the goddess-patroness of Paris who has now changed her name and become *St. Geneviève*, "she who generates life"—was also set apart as the day on which the deities of Olympus visited their worshippers. The third day of every month was sacred to *Pallas Athene*, the goddess of Wisdom; and January the 4th is the day of Mercury (Hermes, Budha), who is credited with adding brains to the heads of those who are civil to him. December and January are the two months most connected with gods and numbers. Which shall we choose?—we ask again. "This is the question."

We are in the Winter Solstice, the period at which the Sun entering the sign of Capricornus has already, since December 21st, ceased to advance in the Southern Hemisphere, and, cancer or crab-like, begins to move back. It is at this particular time that, every year, he is born, and December 25th was the *day of the birth of the Sun* for those who inhabited the Northern Hemisphere. It is also on December the 25th, Christmas, the day with the Christians on which the "Saviour of the World" was born, that were born, ages before him, the Persian Mithra, the Egyptian Osiris, the Greek Bacchus, the Phœnician Adonis, the Phrygian Athis. And, while at Memphis the people were shown the image of the god *Day*, taken out of his cradle, the Romans marked December 25th in their calendar as the day *natalis solis invicti.*

Sad derision of human destiny. So many Saviours of the world born unto it, so much and so often propitiated, and yet the world is as miserable—nay, far more wretched now than ever before—as though none of these had ever been born!

January—the *Januarius* dedicated to Janus the God of Time, the ever revolving cycle, the double-faced God—has one face turned to the East, the other to the West; the *Past* and the *Future!* Shall we propitiate and pray to him? Why not? His statue had 12 altars at its feet, symbolising the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the twelve great gods, the twelve months of the solar year and—the twelve Apostles of the Sun-Christ. *Dominus* was the title given to the Sun by the ancients; whence *dies domini*, *dies solis*, the "Sun-days." *Puer nobis nascitur*

dominus dominorum, sing the Roman Catholics on Christmas day. The statue of Janus-January carried engraved on his right hand the number 300, and on his left, 65, the number of the days in the Solar year; in one hand a sceptre, in the other a key, whence his name *Janitor*, the door-keeper of the Heavens, who opened the gates of the year at its beginning. Old Roman coins represent Janus *bifrons* on one side, and *a ship* on the other.

Have we not the right to see in him the prototype of Peter, the fisherman of the celestial ship, the Janitor of Paradise, to the gates of which he alone holds the keys? Janus presided over the four seasons. Peter presides over the four Evangelists. In Occultism the potency and significance of Numbers and Numerals lie in their right application and permutation. If we have to propitiate any mysterious number at all, we have most decidedly to address Janus-Peter, in his relation to the ONE—the Sun. Now what would be the best thing for LUCIFER and his staff to ask from the latter for 1889? Our joint wishes are many, for our course as that of true love, does not run altogether smooth.

Thus addressing the bright luminary in perpetual *abscondito* beyond the eternal fogs of the great city, we might ask him for a little more light and warmth in the coming year than he gave us in the year 1888. We might entreat him at the same time to pour a little light into the no less befogged heads of those who insist on boycotting LUCIFER under the extraordinary notion that he and Satan are one. Shine more on us, O, Helios Son of Hyperion! Those on whom thou beamest thy greatest radiance must be, as in the legend of Apollo, good and kind men. Alas, for us. The British isle will never be transformed, in this our cycle, into the isle of Æa, the habitat of Helios, as of the children of that god and the Oceanide Perseis. Is this the occult reason why our hearts become, with every year, colder and more indifferent to the woes of mankind, and that the very souls of the multitudes seem turning into icicles? We ask thee to shed thy radiance on these poor shivering souls.

Such is LUCIFER'S, our Light-bearer's fervently expressed desire. What may be that of the Theosophical Society in general, and its working members in particular? We would suggest a supplication. Let us ask, Brethren, the Lord on High, the *One* and the SOLE (or *Sol*), that he should save us from the impudent distortion of our theosophical teachings. That he should deliver us in 1889 from his pretended priests, the "Solar Adepts" as they dub themselves, and their sun-struck followers, as he delivered us once before; for verily "man is born unto trouble," and our patience is well-nigh exhausted!

But, "wrath killeth the foolish man;" and as we know that "envy slayeth the silly one," for years no attention was paid to our ever increasing parodists. They plagiarized from our books, set up sham schools of magic, waylaid seekers after truth by deceiving them with

holy names, misused and desecrated the sacred science by using it to get money by various means, such as selling as "magic mirrors" for £15, articles made by common cabinet makers for £1 at most. With them, as with all charlatans, fortune-tellers, and *self-styled* "Adepts," the sacred science of *Theosophia* had become when kabalistically read—Dollar-Sophia. To crown all, they ended by offering, in a most generous manner, to furnish all those "awakened" who were "disappointed in Theosophical Mahatmas," with the *genuine* article in the matter of adeptship. Unfortunately the said article was traced in its turn to a poor, irresponsible medium, and something worse; and so that branch of the brood finally disappeared. It vanished one fine morning into thin air leaving its disconsolate disciples thoroughly "awakened" this time, and fully alive to the sad fact, that if they had acquired less than no occult wisdom, their pockets, on the other hand, had been considerably relieved of their weight in pounds and shillings. After their Exodus came a short lull. But now the same is repeated elsewhere.

The long metaphysical articles *borrowed* from "Isis Unveiled," and the *Theosophist* ceased suddenly to appear in certain Scotch papers. But if they disappeared from Europe, they reappeared in America. In August 1887 the New York PATH laid its hand heavily on "The Hidden Way Across the Threshold" printed in Boston, and proceeded to speedily squelch it, as "stolen goods." As that Journal expresses itself about this pretentious volume, *copied* not written by its authors—"whatever in it is new is not true, and whatever true, is not new; scattered through its 600 pages, are wholesale thefts from 'Paracelsus,' 'Isis Unveiled,' the *Path* etc. etc." This unceremonious appropriation of long paragraphs and entire pages "either verbatim or with unimportant changes,"—from various, mostly theosophical authors—a list of which is given in the PATH (*Vide* August 1887, p. 159-160), might be left to its fate, but for the usual trick of our wretched imitators. In the words of the same editor, of the PATH: "the claim is made that it (the book) is inspired by great adepts both living and dead, who have condescended to relent and give out these 600 pages, with certain restrictions *which prevent their going into any detail or explanation beyond those given by the unfortunate or unprogressed* (theosophical) *authors from whose writings they* (the adepts) *have either allowed or directed their humble disciple . . . . to steal.*"

Before the appearance of modern Theosophical literature it was "Spirits" and "Controls" that were ever in the mouths of these folk; now the living "adepts" are served up with every sauce. It is ever and always Adepts here, Hierophants there. And this only since the revival of Theosophy and its spread in America in 1884, note well; after the great soap-bubble conspiracy between Madras and Cambridge against the Theosophical Society, had given a new impetus to the movement. Up to that year, Spiritualists, and professional mediums especially, with their "controls" and "guides," could hardly find words

of vituperation strong enough to brand the "adepts" and deride their "supposed powers." But since the Herodic "slaughter of the Innocents," when the S. P. R. turned from the Theosophical to the Spiritualistic phenomena, most of the "dear departed" ones took to their heels. The angels from the "Summer Land" are going out of fashion just now, for Spiritualists begin to know better and to discriminate. But because the "adept" idea, or rather their philosophy, begins to gain ground, this is no reason why pretenders of every description should travesty in their ungrammatical productions the teachings, phraseology, and Sanskrit terms out of theosophical books; or why, again, they should turn round and make people believe that these were given them by other "Hierophants," in their opinion, far higher, nobler and grander than our teachers.

The great evil of the whole thing is, not that the truths of Theosophy are adopted by these blind teachers, for we should gladly welcome any spread, by whatever means, of ideals so powerful to wean the world from its dire materialism—but that they are so interwoven with misstatements and absurdities that the wheat cannot be winnowed from the chaff, and ridicule, if not worse, is brought to bear upon a movement which is beginning to exercise an influence, incalculable in its promise of good, upon the tendency of modern thought. How shall men discern good from evil, when they find it in its close embrace? The very words, "Arhat," "Karma," "Maya," "Nirvana," must turn enquirers from our threshold when they have been taught to associate them with such a teeming mass of ignorance and presumption. But a few years ago, all these Sanskrit terms were unknown to them, and even now they repeat them phonetically, parrot-like, and without any understanding. And yet they will cram them into their silly books and pamphlets, and fill these with denunciations against great men, the soles of whose feet they are unworthy to gaze upon!

Though false coin is the best proof of the existence of genuine gold, yet, the false deceives the unwary. Were the "pretensions" of the T. S. in this direction founded on mere hypothesis and sentimental gush, like the identification of many a materialized spirit, the theosophical "Mahatmas" and their society would have dissolved long ago like smoke in space under the desperate attacks of the holy alliance of Missionaries and *pseudo*-Scientists, helped by the half-hearted and misinformed public. That the Society has not only survived but become thrice stronger in numbers and power, is a good proof again of its own intrinsic merit. Moreover, it has gained also in wisdom; that practical, matter-of-fact wisdom which teaches, through the mouth of the great Christian "Mahatma," not to scatter pearls before swine, nor to attempt to put new wine into old bottles.

Therefore, let us, in our turn, recite a heartfelt conjuration (the ancient name for prayer), and invoke the help of the powers that be, to deliver

us from the painful necessity of exposing these sorry "make-believes" in LUCIFER once again. Let us ring the theosophical *Angelus* thrice for the convocation of our theosophical friends and readers. If we would draw on us the attention of *Sol* on High, we must repeat that which the ancients did and which was the origin of the R. C. *Angelus*. The first stroke of the bell announced the *coming of Day;* the appearance of *Gabriel*, the morning messenger with the early Christians, of *Lucifer*, the morning star, with their predecessors. The second bell, at noon, saluted the glory and exalted position of the *Sun*, King of Heavens; and the third bell announced the approach of *Night*, the Mother of Day the Virgin, Isis-Mary, or the Moon. Having accomplished the prescribed duty, we pour our complaint and say :—

Turn thy flaming eye, O SOL, thou, golden-haired God, on certain trans-atlantic mediums, who play at being thine Hierophants! Behold, they whose brain is not fit to drink of the cup of wisdom, but who, mounting the quack's platform, and offering for sale bottled-up wisdom, and the *homunculi* of Paracelsus, assure those of the gaping mouths that it is the true Elixir of *Amrita*, the water of immortal life! Oh, bright Lord, is not thine eye upon those barefaced robbers and iconoclasts of the systems of the land whence thou risest? Hear their proud boasting: "We teach men the science to *make man*" (!). The lucrative trade of vendors of Japanese amulets and *Taro* cards, with indecent double bottoms, having been cut off in its full blossom in Europe, the Eastern Wisdom of the Ages is now abandoned. According to their declarations, China, Japan, old India and even the Swedenborgian "land of the Lost Word" have suddenly become barren; they yield no more their crop of true adepts; it is America, they say, the land of the Almighty Dollar, which has suddenly opened her bowels and given birth to full-blown Hierophants, who now beckon to the "Awakened." *Mirabile dictu!* But if so, why should thy self-styled priests, O great SUN, still offer as a bait a mysterious *Dwija*, a "twice born," who can only be the product of the land of Manu? And why should those pretended and bumptious servants of thine, oh Sûrya-Vikarthana, whose rich crop of national adepts, *if* "home-made," must rejoice as a natural rule in purely Anglo-Saxon and Celto-German names, still change their Irish patronymics for those of a country which, they say, is effete and sterile, and whose nations are "dying out"? Has another Hindu name and names been discovered in the Great Hub, as a peg and pegs whereon to hang the modest pretensions of the Solar Magi? Yea, they belie truth, O Lord, and they bend their tongues like quill pens for lies. But—"the false prophets shall become wind, for the word *is not* in them."

TO DARE, TO WILL, TO ACHIEVE AND KEEP SILENT is the motto of the true Occultist, from the first adept of our fifth Race down to the last Rosecroix. True Occultism *i.e.*, genuine *Raj-Yoga* powers, are not pompously boasted of, and advertised in "Dailies" and monthlies, like

Beecham's pills or Pears' soap. "Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes; for the wise man feareth *and keeps silent*, but the fool layeth open his folly."

Let us close by expressing a hope that our Theosophists brothers and sisters in America will pause and think before they risk going into a "Solar" fire. Above all, let them bear in mind that true occult knowledge can never be bought. He who has anything to teach, unless like Peter to Simon he says to him who offers him money for his knowledge —"Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of (*our inner*) God may be purchased with money"—is either a black magician or an IMPOSTOR. Such is the first lesson taught by LUCIFER to his readers in 1889.

KINDLY condescending to notice, and even to review (! !) our December number of LUCIFER, the *Saturday Review*, in its issue of December 22nd, 1888, writes as follows in reference to a story called "Accursed," translated from the Russian:—". . . . there came a thunderstorm and the cross was knocked off by lightning. . . . . That same flash knocked off all the letters (of the deceased woman's name) except the first two of Acsenia, the first two and the fourth of Cuprianovna, and the first three of Sedminska, which spell 'Accursed.' 'This coincidence,' observes Vera Jelihovsky, the author, 'was stranger than all!'" "But it was stranger still," remarks the sagacious critic in the *Saturday Review* . . . . 'that the lightning should have spoken English when the defunct sinner was some kind of Pole."

And this remark, we may say, in our turn, is stranger still. Had the story been originally written in English, it might have necessitated some explanation with regard to such linguistic capacity on the part of the lightning. As the story, however, first appeared in Russian, in the St. Petersburg "Grajdanine," whence it was translated by us with the author's permission, it does not require an excessive amount of very ordinary penetration to *guess* that the name had to be changed in order to be adapted to the English word "accursed." Had we written the word "*proklyata*," the Russian for "accursed," the "coincidence" would have had no meaning. The story is half fiction, both in the original and in the translation; but it is based on a true and *historical* fact, as explained at its close. But since the real names had to be withheld, any names would do in order to set forth the strange and to this day inexplicable fact, which has become since its occurrence one of the prominent legends of the country where it happened.

The Slain Dove.

TALL was she as the aspen, tall and slender,
With small sweet head set flower-wise above
A white throat carved divinely, firm yet tender ;
The very eyes, the very mouth of love

Had she—the very hair with its gold dimness—
Oh, God ! were it to-day before mine eyes,
To veil the bold light with its scathing grimness
That sears my soul, like fiend in angel's guise !

Her voice that fell so softly, clarion-fashion
Rang out resistless were there wrong to fight ;
Yea, her sweet eyes grew dark with mighty passion,
And like a goddess gleamed she from that height

Some God had given for her human dower,
That she might shame all lesser souls that be,
And bloom above her sisters a sunflower
That smiles down to the daisies radiantly.

Alas ! ye cannot see, my words but hide her,
The fairest soul, the sweetest heart, sweet Love
E'er fashioned for his glory ! All beside her
Seemed merely phantoms ; yea, as some lost glove

Recalls the hand that wore it, so each maiden
Ye hold the fairest shadows her. Alas !
Ye clasp that glove no answering hand hath laden ;
Heart-pierced I gaze ; the shadows coldly pass.

I can but weep . . . . my weak words break and falter ;
One bitter cry is all my wan lips know.
Yet is fate strong—death anguish shall not alter
What fate hath willed ; gods blindly come and go

Beneath her cold eyes that unshrinking scan them,
Note passing worship and swift following scorn ;
And tho' men wildly love, or fiercely ban them
Fate recketh not, she may not joy or mourn :

Serene, while stars flame high in sudden madness,
Or comets blaze to scatter pestilence;
Serene, tho' worlds laugh loud, or sob for sadness,
Unmoved, all-moving, freezing soul and sense—

So seems she to our wild hearts brimmed with passion;
Her fierce invisible eye hath maniac might,
Yet could we gaze in antique Vedic fashion,
Fate is that crowned one who upholds the right,

And yields sour fruitage for an evil seeding,
And boughs all barren, bare and blossomless,
To lips that lacked not wine for others' needing,
To mouths that cursed whom they were bid to bless!

Too late I know it . . . . all too late have learned it,
When naught it helpeth, naught availeth me . . . .
Would that fate's hand in my young soul had burned it,
Then had I known . . . . then were I dead . . . . and she

Were lying on my heart, and we together
Slept in that darkness that shall know no morn,
Nor any rain, or sun, or wind, or weather,
Nor any loveless love false lips have sworn. . . . .

* * * * * * *

We twain were children in that small sea-village,
And happy as the daisies that upspring
Sweet-hearted with no care or toil of tillage,
Life seemed a song we two were born to sing.

I clomb tall trees and reft bird's eggs enwroughten
With quaint fair runes to hang about her neck,
And she would crown me with fair flowers soughten
In unknown woods, and little did we reck

Aught save ourselves, when she would tell me smiling
(Strange smile that reached the borderland of tears)
Sweet tales of bird or insect, thus beguiling
My life to thoughts beyond its span of years:

And she would mark the pine trees laughing lightly
What time the west wind shook their shadowy hair
Across the flower faces turned up brightly
To catch the fragrant gold-dust raining there.

She loved th' unnoticed splendour, wondrous, golden,
  Of dandelions rayed innumerous,
And often bore one on her bosom folden
  With flame of grass ; nor would her light foot crush

The wee hepatica that redly flushes
  For love of Balder when the spring hath come.
She learned rare legends from the cool green rushes
  Where the moon's laughing river had its home. . . .

So every bird, yea, every tiniest creature
  Grew dear and precious for her precious sake ;
She knew them all and loved them, my girl teacher,
  And love was all the lore her soft voice spake.

And love was all the lore her spirit heeded
  Till one dark day . . . ah ! how the memory clings !
Perchance the bitter rede to sweetness seeded
  In coming years, as from the woven strings

Of major and of minor closelier clinging
  In passion and in yearning nigh despair ;
Above the sobs a triumph march seems springing,
  When life, the master, sets his strong hand there.

The doves in the green woodland loved my Mary
  (Where dwelt the life that loved her not ?), and oft
A little fluttering thing, so shy and wary,
  Would perch on her gold hair, and cooing soft

Would nestle in her bosom with caresses
  Of downy head and small persistent beak,
That plucked her rose-sweet hand for tendernesses,
  Or sought the flower of her peach-soft cheek.

And she, with glimpses of life's possible glory,
  Perchance with prophecy of life's sharp pain
Within her soul, whose yet unwritten story
  The wild wings shadowed, felt her sweet heart fain

Of love and longing, and a rapture threaded
  With swift flame-feet her slumbrous lilied dream,
And present peace and future strife grew wedded,
  Till to death's ocean danced life's singing stream.

Not that, indeed, her childish mind knew clearly
  What I, in these dark days, can scarce express ;
She only felt she loved the grey bird dearly,
  She only recked she longed to save and bless :

And so she clasped the tender cooing creature
  Close to her breast, closer and closer still,
With mighty hunger . . . did the bird-heart reach her,
  And melt into her own by stress of will ?

Its voice grew silent, but she marked not, holden
  By that strange rapture, while the west wind ran
From out the wood, across the winged broom golden,
  And back into the lindens whence it sprang,

And wooed their leaves to pictures, whose weird sweetness
  (Laid on that amethyst men call the sky)
Words may not say, nor song, in full completeness . . .
  She loved it with a poet's ecstacy !

And "Oh, my dove, fly thou with twilight pinion
  Sun-kist to snow and silver, fly thou fast,
Speed thro' the blueness, thine own fair dominion . . ."
  Soft shade the lindens o'er her rapt face cast

As up she gazed, and sea and sky were meeting
  In that deep smile her grey eyes held serene ;
And "Oh, my dove," with red lips still repeating,
  "Fly fast," she sang, "fly fast 'twixt blue and green !"

Unclasped she swift her fingers that had holden
  Heart-close the dove . . . It fluttered to her feet . . .
Alas ! beyond green earth, beyond the golden
  Barred gate of sunset, heart may stilled heart meet,

But never 'neath the lindens : death had stridden
  Between the dove and maiden, darkener
Of all sweet things, unknown, unsought, unbidden,
  To slay the sunshine had he come to her !

One instant gazed she with wild eyes, ungrasping
  The scathing story fiery hearts know well,
That Love with passion of his closeliest clasping
  But slays the soul and casts it into hell !

Then fell her first tears, bitter, unchecked, burning
Like sparks that seared her white face, and she cast
Herself down on the daisies, coldly turning
Her sad eyes from the sunlight, "And thou wast,

"Oh dove, my dove, slain by my close caresses,
By very love was life pressed out of thee . . . .
Alas, my dove, thro' what strange wildernesses
Hath life to stray ere it find sanctuary?

"Perchance, oh bird, thy stilled heart, fain of flying,
Will curse my cruel hand; perchance somewhere
Thou hast not any strength, save strength of sighing
For sunny earth 'mid Hades darkened air . . . .

"Perchance in the green woodland, 'mid the whisper
Of leaves wind-smitten, thou hadst thy small nest,
And now, even now, each tiny grey dove-lisper
Is cooing for the shelter of thy breast:

"Perchance those amber mouths are open, crying
For thee, food-bringer, to fill full, and lo,
The small sweet lives are stricken, starving, dying . . . .
They curse me with their helplessness . . . . Ah, woe!

"Ah, bitter woe of life! Ah, cruel birth gift!
That I, poor fool, in my child's loving heart
Thought grace and crown that might from lowly earth lift
My soul to bliss . . . . let the vain dream depart!

"Let me awaken . . . dove, my dove, I lay thee
Down 'mid the daisies with a long last kiss;
My love hath slain, yet shall my life repay thee
That silent gift. Ye gods, take heed of this!"

And turning slowly, passed she from me, musing
On her strange words and stranger looks; ah me!
Why fell my soul back ever, shrinking, losing
The mystic time-flash fate yields charily.

Had I but grasped her fingers, had I striven
For words to tell my heart throbs, had I known
What silent strength by clasping hand is given,
We twain were in the darkness, not alone.

My heart's heart, and my soul's soul, while I falter,
And curse the sunshine, and abhor the day,
And weakly sigh yet win no might to alter,
And so life passes, as she passed away.

EVELYN PYNE.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER II.

JUANA.

THE two lovers, after leaving the old cathedral, continued their way, and soon entered the Chinese quarter of the city. The shops were lighted with gas, and crowds of people thronged the streets, while in the by-ways and alleys, females of doubtful character, looking hungry, defiant and greedy, were lurking. The great majority of the people were Chinese; from the well-to-do merchant in a silk robe down to the pale and ragged wretches that live in underground holes and subterranean passages, in continual warfare with the police. The nauseous odour of fish and garlic that pervaded the streets was by no means inviting, and our hero and heroine quickened their step to escape to the purer regions, higher up on the hill-side. Soon they reached a part of the city where the streets became more quiet, and at last they stopped in front of a gate leading into a small garden, in the midst of which, surrounded by bushes of jessamine and oleander, stood a small one-storey cottage.

Pancho pushed the gate open. In doing so he found it obstructed by something which proved to be the carcase of a dog, lying stiff and with its head thrown backwards, as if it had died of *tetanus*.

"This is Mrs. Wells' pet poodle," cried Conchita. "It seems as though it had been poisoned."

They rang the bell and, the door being soon opened, Mrs. Wells appeared upon the threshold. She was a woman of about sixty years, in a white frilled cap. The lamp she carried was held up high to enable her to scrutinize the new-comers. Her face brightened up when she recognized Conchita.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed. "What good luck brings my darling here to-night? Please walk in."

They entered, and Pancho was introduced to Mrs. Wells. The latter expressed herself delighted, and declared that this was indeed a fortunate ending to a most unfortunate day.

"How so?" asked Conchita. "Has anything disagreeable happened to you to-day?"

"Lots of disagreeable things have happened," replied Mrs. Wells. "Mr. Hagard the landlord had long ago promised to have these rooms newly papered, but as he never did it, and the hangings were falling down from the walls, I could stand it no longer. So I took a few dollars which I had saved up, bought some paper myself, and hired a paper-

hanger. But when the landlord heard that the rooms had been repaired, he came in and said, that the house was now worth a great deal more rent, and that he supposed I could now afford to pay him twenty dollars a month instead of eighteen as heretofore. I argued with him and told him that God would surely punish him for his avarice ; but he said that he would not compel me to pay more, and if I did not wish to do so, I was at liberty to move out, if I liked. What shall I do now? I am a poor woman, and Mr. Hagard is a wealthy man. He owns two blocks of houses and has millions of money ; yet he will not live in a decent room himself, but sleeps in the loft over one of his stables, and climbs into it at night by means of a ladder."

" He is very much to be pitied," remarked Conchita, " but has any other misfortune happened ? "

" Nothing worth mentioning," answered Mrs. Wells. " Only Juana has been very wicked. She played with Tommy and let him smell a bone, and when the dog snapped at it, she pulled it away. At last Tommy got hold of the bone, and then she snatched it away from him and he grew excited and bit her. This made her so furious, that I had to let the dog out, for Juana would surely have torn him to pieces !

" The bite does not seem to have agreed with the dog anyhow," put in Pancho, who thereupon informed Mrs. Wells of having seen the poodle lying dead at the gate. They both went out and brought the body of the dog into the cottage. Mrs. Wells, who was very much grieved at the death of her favourite, said she was certain this was Juana's doing.

"Where did she get the poison ? " asked Pancho.

" That girl requires no poison," answered the aggrieved woman. " She is poison enough herself. I shall be glad when she gets out of this house. She wishes to go back to Central America, and the sooner we send her back the better it will be for all of us. She will never be fit to live in a civilized country."

Entering the kitchen, adjoining which was the chamber of Juana, our friends found a dark-coloured Indian girl with sharply defined features not altogether devoid of beauty. Her long black hair hung in disorder over her narrow forehead and her shoulders, as she sat in front of the grate, looking at the glimmering ashes, while a malicious smile played around her lips. It would have been somewhat difficult to estimate her age, which might have been fourteen or twenty-four ; but it seemed as though her young body was inhabited by an aged soul. She was partly undressed, wearing a dark-blue shirt and a chequered shawl that but half concealed her form.

At the time when Juana was picked up from the battle field, she was already old enough to be impressed with its horrors. A company of government soldiers had killed nearly all of the tribe to which she belonged ; but the officer in command had spared her life and taken her home to his family. Soon after that the officer was himself killed

and she was taken in charge by a sea captain who employed her as a servant and brought her with him to the United States, where she was found by Conchita, and ultimately placed with Mrs. Wells. Juana had never forgotten the injury inflicted upon her people by the white race, and her heart was full of revenge. She seemed to hate everybody without discrimination, Conchita perhaps excepted; for the latter had been very kind to her and could converse with her in her Indian dialect. Moreover Conchita had promised to send her back to her own country, and she was very anxious to return, dreaming perchance of future greatness and even of becoming the queen of her tribe.

If she had any magic powers, it had never been ascertained how she acquired them. It is therefore, not unreasonable to suppose that she learned their use intuitively, having perhaps practised them in some previous incarnation; for it is said that though the details of some such previous existence may be entirely forgotten, the instincts and talents developed will remain unchanged by death and be ready to manifest themselves in constant increase in each successive existence.

Conchita explained to Juana the object of her visit, and asked her to show Pancho some proof of her art. After a long discussion Juana finally consented. Looking at Pancho's hand, she said: "This man can see himself, he does not need my eyes."

She then took a goblet and, filling it with water, uttered some words in a foreign tongue; at last she breathed upon it and bade Pancho to look, who did as directed. The surface of the water appeared at first as clear as a crystal, but gradually it seemed to become covered with a film. An image formed itself upon the film as on a mirror and became more and more distinct, until finally Pancho beheld in it a life-like representation of an event that had taken place in his earlier life. It represented the dying scene of a friend who had many years ago committed suicide on account of some disappointment. All the persons who were then present, Pancho included, were represented in every detail with the greatest exactness. Pancho had never spoken to anyone of this affair; in fact he had tried to erase it from his own memory. But there was another remarkable feature about that picture; for besides the persons standing around the bed of the dying man there were other beings which seemed invisible to the former; grinning Elementals of ludicrous and yet horrible shapes, awaiting apparently the parting of the soul and body. The dying man alone seemed to see them, although he could not speak. It was this that gave to his face that expression of horror which Pancho remembered only too well.

"Well done, my little devil!" exclaimed Pancho. "The image of the past has been correctly recorded. Now let us look at the future."

Juana grinned and nodded assent. Pancho looked again, and now the face of a saint appeared upon the surface. It was a face bearing an expression of dignity, sanctity, and superhuman intelligence. But

gradually the features underwent a change ; they became distorted, and after a while there stood in the place of the saint the image of a clown, staring at Pancho. It slowly faded away.

"What does this mean?" asked Pancho.

"I do not know," was Juana's answer.

Further attempts to obtain any phenomena proved useless; but Pancho was so much pleased with what he had seen, that he proposed to have arrangements made immediately for Juana to come and live at his house. Conchita was evidently none too pleased with this idea ; but being accustomed to agree with all her husband's wishes, and perhaps also desiring to relieve Mrs. Wells of the troublesome Indian girl, she gave her consent. As to Juana, she seemed absolutely indifferent as to whether she was to go or to remain. So it was agreed that a room should be prepared for her the next day at their residence.

While Conchita and Mrs. Wells were talking over the subject, Pancho happened to look toward the kitchen window, and saw plainly the face of a man peering through one of the panes. It was an ugly face, with a brutal expression on it, the face of a man of about fifty years of age. This was all that Pancho could see, for the figure disappeared the moment its eyes caught his glance ; and when he went to the window, he could see nothing but the darkness beyond. He thought that it might have been a phantom produced by his own imagination, and then concluded to say nothing of it, thinking it useless to alarm Mrs. Wells.

The husband and wife took their leave, and as they walked homeward an interior feeling told Pancho that he had acted inconsiderately in proposing to take care of Juana. He asked Conchita what she thought in regard to this matter.

"Juana is a malicious creature," answered Conchita, "but I do not believe she will attempt to do any harm, for I have always been very friendly to her."

"I expect great scientific results from our experiments with that girl," continued Pancho. "Science has now arrived at the utmost limits of all that can possibly be known in regard to physical forces, and if we wish to know anything more, we must enter the field of Magic and Sorcery. The mediums of the Spiritualists are almost useless for our investigations ; they do not know the cause of the phenomena which take place through their instrumentality. But those rare and exceptional individuals who understand the nature of these mysterious powers, and can produce phenomena at will, ought to be regarded as the greatest treasures of science. In the past such science used to slay its possessors. The science of the future, recognizing their value, will build them palaces and surround them with every comfort. Then, and only then, will it be possible to study those higher sciences which deal with the living forces of nature. Persons possessing such powers ought to be treated like the vestal priestesses of the ancient oracles. They ought to be kept

away from contact with the vulgar and the ignorant, and not be exposed to any deleterious mental influences. They ought to be surrounded with the most favourable conditions to develop their powers and to use them for the benefit of humanity. Thus we might establish schools of Occultism all over the country, and come again into possession of the science which belonged to the ancient Rosicrucians and which has been lost on account of the ignorance of those who were in power during the Dark Ages. Thus shall we gain the power to chain the Elemental spirits of Nature to the car of science. We shall engage them to carry our letters in the twinkling of an eye from one part of the globe to another, and to give us correct information of what takes place in the bowels of the earth, and the highest regions of the sky. We shall rediscover the art of making gold and silver, pearls and precious stones, by artificial means; of rendering ourselves invisible, and of prolonging our lives to an indefinite period until at last we grow tired of walking the earth like the Wandering Jew and voluntarily retire for a period of repose."

"Do you believe that there ever were any persons who possessed such powers?" quietly asked Conchita.

"Do I believe it?" exclaimed Pancho. "I am just as certain of it as I am of my own existence. The historical accounts of the wonders performed by the Rosicrucians and Alchemists cannot be mere lies and inventions; and we read in the works of Theophrastus Paracelsus that even an ordinary occultist must be able to take down the moon from the sky and to put it into a bath of water; a feat only paralleled by that of Joshua, mentioned in the Bible. Do you not believe, yourself, that during the mass an ordinary wafer is transformed into the flesh and blood of Christ? Why then should it be impossible to make gold out of mercury? But we will not enter into these subjects; they are too new and strange to be believed by anyone who is an entire stranger to occult science. If you doubt them, please remember that Moses made water run out of a rock by touching it with a stick, and that he was able to transform his staff into a snake."

"I do not doubt that such things can be done," answered Conchita. "I have seen Kellar perform just such wonderful things. I saw him make real hot coffee out of shavings and milk out of sawdust, while he transformed cotton into pieces of sugar. You remember also that he made a rosebush grow from a piece of wood; and its roses were no hallucination, for he gave me a rose and I took it home with me."

"Yes, I know," answered Pancho. "He is a very clever performer; but these things are all done by tricks. What I want to know is how to perform the genuine thing."

"Oh, that would be charming!" exclaimed Conchita. "Please learn all about it, and then we can give an evening entertainment. How surprised Mrs. Wells would be if we could make her poodle come back

to life ; and then if we could make gold we could buy that little cottage from Mr. Hagard and give it to her, so that she would not have to worry about the rent, poor soul ! "

"These are mere trifles," answered Pancho. "If I knew how to employ the elemental powers of nature, I would do far more important things. It is said that if we had faith only as a mustard-seed, we should be able to remove mountains. I want to find out what is meant by that expression, 'faith.' I have reason to suppose that it refers to some talisman, and if I can get possession of it I will make short work with the canal of Panama. I will level the Rocky Mountains and transform Nebraska into a paradise."

Conchita looked surprised. It seemed as if she began to doubt the sanity of her husband.

"You need not be surprised," continued Pancho. "Such things are not impossible, and I have the key to it already in my possession. Schopenhauer says : '*The world is the product of my imagination.*' If I can change my imagination, then I can change the world."

"The best thing," said Conchita, "would be to see Mr. Schopenhauer and ask him to change his imagination a little ; for it seems necessary that some changes should be made. Where does he live ? "

"Mr. Schopenhauer is dead," answered Pancho ; "but I see that you do not understand these things. I will explain them to you by-and-bye."

During these discourses our friends reached their home, and we will now return to Mrs. Wells and see what Juana is doing. We find her still sitting in front of the grate, and upon the mantel-piece there burns a piece of a candle. She looks at the light and, in a subdued voice, sings a song in her native language ; and while she sings the flame rises several inches in the air and sinks down again, its motions keeping beat with the melody. Presently a rap is heard and Juana rises. She blows out the light and opens the window.

When Pancho thought that the face which he saw peering through the window-pane was an apparition attracted by influences that surrounded Juana, he was not far from the truth ; for the face belonged to Hagard, the miserly landlord, who for some time past had been in the habit of paying nightly visits to the Indian girl. He had come on his visit to Juana, but ran away when he saw himself observed by Pancho. Now the coast was clear and he returned.

"Who are those people that were here to-night ? " he asked.

"Wouldn't you like to know ? " tauntingly answered Juana. "Has the lady with the black eyes found favour with you ? Well ! Such fish are not for you to catch. You are too ugly for her. It would take stronger powers than mine to make her fall in love with such an ape as you."

"But who is she ? " asked Hagard.

"I will not tell you," answered Juana.

"Suppose I pay you for telling me ? " asked Hagard, drawing a

gold piece out of his pocket. "Refuse to tell me, I will ask Mrs. Wells."

"Let me see," said Juana, taking the gold piece, which she smelt and then hid away. "The lady is from my own country, and I am going to live with her. This is your last visit. You will see me no more."

"Can you not find means to make me acquainted with her?"

"It would not be advisable for you to exhibit your carcase at her house as long as her husband is there," sneered Juana.

"Can you not get the puppy out of the way?" asked Mr. Hagard.

"That would not improve your bad looks," answered the girl.

"Don't talk to me in that way, I know well that you are a witch. You can do anything, if you only use your powers."

"If I should ever use them again for you, it would cost you more money than you are willing to pay," answered Juana. "You are always so poor! You cannot afford to pay anything."

"And you are always so greedy," said the man. "Why don't you get some of your devils to discover a hidden treasure or a good mine? I am willing to pay the expenses and to share the profits with you."

"If I were to get the devil to do such a thing," answered Juana, "there would be the devil to pay, and you cannot be trusted, for you are sly enough to cheat even the devil out of his dues."

"Now, do talk sense," replied the man, "I want you to assist me in this affair. That woman with the black eyes is just the kind of fish that suits my fancy, and I must have her, even if I had to strangle that knave of a husband and marry her. As to the financial part of the business, I will arrange that with you in a satisfactory manner."

"I am not used to live on promises," answered Juana. "Before I do anything for you, I must have the cash in my pocket. It may be that I can put my will into her and make her like you in spite of your looks; but then you will not have her own self: you will only have a part of *me* in her body."

"If I only get her," he muttered, "it will make little difference to me whose will is inside her. I shall find means to make her do *my own will*."

"But it will make a great deal of difference to her," replied Juana. "You know what were the consequences to the man who shot President Garfield, of letting the will of other people control his mind?"

"I don't care. You do the job and I will pay the money. I will take charge of the consequences."

"I will think the matter over, and let you know if there is any chance. But now I want you to leave. I am tired and sleepy."

"You are a queer girl," he said, hesitatingly; "but all right. Good-bye!" So saying, Mr. Hagard departed and Juana retired to bed.

FRANZ HARTMANN.

(To be continued.)

THE MAHATMAS THROUGH THE AGES.

ALTHOUGH belief in the existence of "Masters of Wisdom" is a matter of personal conviction, reasoning, and experience, it is easy enough to collect historical proofs that such a belief has existed in all ages and nearly in all countries. Not only is the tradition living to this day in India, but the oldest legends in the world, those of the Chinese, and the works of the Taoist Mystics, nearly all revolve around this particular belief.

It is in the "*Kwen-Lun*" mountains *(Karakorum)*, in Eastern Thibet, that the Chinese locate the source of their great mystic and alchemical learning. The "Kwen-Lun" was, like the Indian *Meru*, the central point whence sprang the "Four great rivers," exoterically as well as esoterically. It was the sojourn of the "*Tsien*" or Immortals, who cultivated upon its slopes the Sesamum and Coriander, the grains which conferred longevity on those who fed upon them. There also flowed the inexhaustible "Fount of Youth," while the most precious stones strewed the walks in the luxurious gardens of the "Happy Land." The "Tsien," like the *Lha* of Tibet, were not, as generally supposed, merely ethereal Beings or spirits, although some of them were certainly immaterial. There were two classes of terrestial "Tsien," the "*Jin-Tsien*," or disembodied human genii *(Nirmanakayas)*, and the "*Ti-Tsien*" or embodied Immortals *(Mahatmas)*. The Taoists revere amongst their Saints seven patriarchs and two female adepts, who deserved, after having spent their lives in teaching Humanity, to join the ranks of the *Tsien*. The great "*Lao-Tseu*" also, the Founder of Taoism, after having written his "*Tao-TE-King*," retired to the "*Kwen-Lun*" mountains, and was never heard of more. One of his followers, "*Lieh-Tseu*," author of a very deep metaphysical system and of the "*Tchoung-Hui-King*," went to question the keeper of the pass through which "*Lao-Tseu*" had disappeared. With much reticence and hesitations, "*Yin-He*" told him marvellous things about the *Tsien* who dwelt beyond. "A *Tsien* is a man who had a former existence in the world of spirits, is born into the world either on account of some indiscretion or for some benevolent purpose, usually in some lowly situation. He early begins to show a predilection for things mysterious, to receive visitors from the unseen world, to practise Alchemy and the healing art, to prepare and use certain drugs and charms of which no one knows the use or the virtue but himself, and the more advanced Genii from whom he gets from time to time instruction and assistance. After this he gives up human food and all ordinary human occupation". (See Denys' "Folklore in China"). . . He even gives up *breathing*, and thus acquires extraordinary powers, such as passing freely through the air and fire, plunging into the earth or ocean, and commanding the most powerful demons. After a life of many hundred years, he ascends to heaven on the back of a dragon. The allegory is transparent: he ascends to bliss owing to the acquirement of *Wisdom*, symbolized by the dragon; *Yin-He* adding that those acquisitions were only possible to those whose Soul had become perfectly pure.

At the head of the *Tsien* reigned "*Muh-Kung*," the first creative principle evolved from Chaos, and his wife "*Si-Wang-Mu*," the first created principle, whose orders were transmitted all over the Earth by azure-winged birds. Azure was the colour of Astral Light, "*Hiouan-Pin*," the blue mother.

In the "Chinese Readers' Manual," by W. F. Mayers, many interesting legends are found, showing that the powers which Theosophy attributes to Adepts, such as separation of the Mayavi-Rupa, Psychic Telegraphy, and voluntary reincarnation in chosen bodies, as well as Mediumship, Clairvoyance, Mesmerism and Geomancy (See *Doolittle*, *Eitel*, etc.), were well known in China thousands of years ago. There was a province peopled with Magicians-born, the "*Maa-Shan*" or Giants. Another legend, perhaps a remembrance of Atlantis, peopled with Genii the "San-Sen-Shan" or Fortunate Islands of the Eastern Sea.

AMARAVELLA.

THE GENESIS OF EVIL IN HUMAN LIFE.

EVIL is a mysterious subject, and of universal interest; it is continually presenting itself for discussion, and men exercise their minds very greatly upon it. It affects man deeply in his thoughts and speculations, because it is so large a factor in his life, and the cause of so much sorrow and suffering.

It is also an element which, though permeating his present existence as a canker, and paralysing and marring his happiness and the realisation of his ideals, man recognises *must* be eliminated from his life to the greatest possible extent, and especially in certain of its forms, in preparation for existence in a spiritual sphere. This recognition is one of the chief factors in the domain of personal religion, and the special aspect in which it is viewed determines the true or false conception of the means of salvation from evil.

The false conception of the means of salvation from evil rests upon the assumption that a *vicarious atonement* is essential; hence the religion of many is based, primarily, upon faith in the crucifixion of another being—an objective Christ—and only secondarily, and very indifferently, upon actual personal effort and suffering.

The true conception of salvation is based upon the literal acceptance of the exhortation of St. Paul: "Work out your own salvation in fear and trembling." *

Instead of resting complacently upon the sufferings of another, nailed upon a material cross by the hands of violent, unspiritually-minded men, its gaze is turned inwards, the arena of crucifixion is seen to be *there*, and the pain-giving nails and piercing spear are to pass through the sensitive forms of cherished personal desires, appetites, and subtler indulgences, not of the flesh only, but also of the mind and heart, extending and fixing them as to a cross until they expire.

But whence comes this canker, this cause of discord, confusion and paralysis, which we term evil? How has it arisen in the sphere of human existence?

In viewing the unlimited potentialities in man, in their number and extent, and in observing the boundless resources by which he is surrounded in his various domains of external activity, of thought, of emotion, and of personal cultivation, we can readily perceive that, were the discord of evil absent, his life would be bright, happy and full of intelligent purpose.

So it is continually asked what it is that has produced a world of activity and of feeling so inharmonious in its movements, so disjointed in its mutual inner relations, and so accompanied by sadness and fruitlessness? And the *wise* go further and ask, as the most pertinent and

* Philippians ii., 12.

momentous of life-questions, how can the discords be resolved, the canker of disunion eliminated, and the vitalizing elements of true wisdom and purpose introduced?

At the outset of any enquiry respecting evil it is essential to recognise that *it is not itself a thing*, but is the *form* which a certain thing, *i.e.*, man's behaviour, individually and collectively, has taken. *Apart from that behaviour it does not exist;* let the form of that behaviour be changed, so that it becomes an expression of the Supreme Law of Life, reflecting the beauty and harmonious operation of that Law, and Evil will no longer exist. Whence has this form arisen, and what has attached it to the area of human existence?

And further, why is the inner life of each individual man the arena of a continual struggle? How is it that there is within him an incessant conflict as to *which form*, the good or the evil, shall characterise the weaving fabric of his permanent individuality? Why is there not smoothness of movement, concord and peace in the world of thought, feeling and action, of which man is the centre and the creator?

On considering the nature and ways of man's life, we find that he shares with the lower animals those principles of existence and motives of action which minister to self-preservation—provision of the necessaries of existence, protection from danger, and continuation of the species. In the brutes these principles and motives act without disorder. The animals obey their instincts, or inherent impulses, for the purposes of preservation, protection and continuation, but they obey their instincts *within a well-defined limit*, laid down by the exigencies and impulses of the moment.

No consciousness of the future plays any part in the action of animals, leading them to lay up store for the future or modifying in any marked manner other uses of their instincts; while their intercourse with each other is simple and obedient to certain natural impulses.

Man possesses these same impulses and instincts; but, in addition, he has been endowed with another group of qualities of greater range and force: memory, realistic perception of objects and of acts, prevision, and an infinite power of adaptation.

These make him master of countless resources, and give him conscious command over the past for the purposes of the present and the future.

But the animal nature in him retains its strength and is still an essential part of his being, connecting him with the objective world and prompting him to acts necessary to his existence.

So strong is this original nature that it tends to assert supremacy over the faculties of greater range and power, pressing them into its service and subordinating them to the ministration of its demands and needs. And the whole principle of the animal nature is *self;* this is the beginning, middle and end of animal existence. In the arena of animal life, whatever conflicts with Self, or opposes obstacles to its desires, is

treated as antagonistic: if the opponent be weak or the obstacle slight, it is crushed; if the opposite, it is fled from or avoided.

In all such conditions, however, there is but the one feeling of antagonism, which, if opposition be continued, passes at once into the ultimate stage of either fear or anger. The realm of the animal world, where Self is the natural ruler, is thus one of very simple arrangement and of few governing principles. In it right and wrong do not exist, but in their place, as sole arbiters of action, we find *Necessity* where self-preservation and propagation of the species are concerned, and where individual relations are involved we find *Expediency*.

In the obtaining of food, or in the assertion of possession or of supremacy, no law but that of the stronger or more cunning is recognised. Only the impulse to obtain that which is desired is obeyed, except when an instinct of weakness or of inferiority causes fear and either paralyses or instigates to flight.

When, therefore, the animal nature found itself in alliance with the higher attributes of intelligence, memory, foresight and resource, with which man is endowed, the strength of its emotions and the acuteness of its sensuous experiences, would become accentuated; and these, intensified by reflection from the more widely extended consciousness, would lead it to assert supremacy over the forces of higher range, in order that its several individual instincts might be the more effectually ministered to and gratified.

Memory and intelligence would enhance the pleasure found in gratifying desire, by seeking and providing those elements and conditions in which the pleasure was consciously found to exist, and by repetition of indulgence merely for the sake of individual enjoyment and advantage. Thus, the faculty of prevision and more acutely conscious participation in definite acts, could of themselves, in union with the original animal nature, only accentuate and enlarge the principle and power of Self and aid in developing that course of life which tended to exalt and strengthen it.

Had the evolution of man ever presented a stage of this nature, he would have been nothing more than an animal of exaggerated selfish desires gratified without restraint.

It is true that Modern Education, in its systems, methods and appliances, treats man as if he were a being actually in such a stage of development, practically ignoring, in its bearing upon him, his possession of any further endowments beyond these; but unhappily, Modern Education, being chiefly controlled by amateur educationists and self-appointed directors, is quite unrelated to its subjects—and treats it unworthily and ignorantly.

But with the endowments of which we have spoken and which alone would have made him *an animal of more definite consciousness merely*, a higher principle was also bestowed which carried with it a Law of

Existence the very antithesis of the animal principle or Principle of Self. This higher principle, like Light in the physical world, appears as a simple essence in its complete form, but may, like Light, be dispersed into many beautiful and energizing rays by refraction through suitable media. In its simple form, as a unit of force, this principle is *Spiritual Wisdom.** It illumines life fully and truly, and beneath its brilliant rays the true character of the individual and of the world in which he moves—its objects, paths, movements and destiny, arrange themselves before the inner vision in their real nature and relationship.

This Spiritual Principle, embracing as one of its rays the transforming force of Universal Love, the charity of St. Paul, is, as already noted, the direct opposite of the Principle of Self.

Yet the two principles are found to exist side by side in the constitution of man ; the one essentially of the flesh and the world and adapted only for a sensuous physical existence, the other infinite both in capacity and in duration, and allying him with the ever-unfolding world of beauty, wisdom and power.

But they cannot thus exist within the same territory and remain passive in attitude towards each other ; nor can they compromise their antagonistic claims and assert rule over departments of being entirely detached from each other. The rule they both strive to assert is over that *which is the very man himself ;* each of them claims the Ego, the enduring essence within the visible and transient personality ; that which, according to its own absolute choice and decision, will suffer or enjoy, decay or grow, drift at the mercy of every idle wind or steadily ascend the Mount of God.

The one or the other of these forces struggling within the breast of man must become supreme in ultimate rule. By one he is drawn towards this mode of life, by the other to a mode of life diametrically opposite.†

The higher principle with which he is endowed strives to reveal to his understanding that another destiny is intended for him than that of living the mere animal life of Self ; and at times glimpses come to him of a world totally different in nature from that with which his external senses connect him. By degrees he learns that the *Life of Self* is destructive of all that is true and enduring, that it is false and delusive, and that it prevents the resolution of the discords of life into a full and complete harmony.

He recognises, also, that to yield to this disintegrating force, to that which produces chaos and decay instead of vitality, must be contrary to the law of his being, and will ever hinder the fulfilment of his destiny, *the union of his will and his intelligence with the Fount of Wisdom, Beauty and Power.*

* "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good works."—James iii., 17.

† "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh."—Gal. v. 18.

The antagonism and energy of the contending forces become accentuated from the discovery of these truths, and confusion and unrest are generated within the arena of the struggle. The conscious object of this conflict cannot escape from the discomfort, perplexity and sadness it engenders, and he realizes, sooner or later, that his decision must needs be made, and his Will definitely and permanently allied with the One Principle, or surrendered with unstable weakness to the other.

And here we may note that not only do the merely intellectual endowments furnish the nature below them with fuller means of gratification, but they even add special areas of personal life in which self-glorification may run riot. One of these is the area of self-seeking emulation, which in these days is crowded with vulgar activity, and which has been *criminally** extended, by the gratuitous appropriation of prizes and examinations, into the period of life nature demands for the normal training of every unit of the human race.

In another of these areas arise conditions which instigate to the display of imagined personal superiority and the enjoyment of meretricious and disintegrating social distinctions, manifested not only in the craving for titles and other individualising terms, but even in the active search for them, and in the pleasure derived from their use, exhibited in all the middle and upper grades of social, political and professional life. However plausible, however universal, this action of the lower mental endowments of man may be, it is a surrender to the Principle of Self, and one of the forms in which it is worshipped.

On this plane also arises the common display of personal arrogance and self consequence, which, through tyrannical and arbitrary acts, creates new forms of conflict in the arena of human thought and feeling, sets in motion ever-widening circles of mischief, calls into play the forces of "spiritual wickedness in high places," and leaves the actor himself at still greater variance with the supreme Law of Life.† This is the

* We have used the word *criminally* advisedly. The term is a just one, because of the disintegrating and deteriorating effect of the system alluded to upon mankind, individually and in its social groups. The system has not been imposed and maintained in ignorance. It was commenced and is maintained in defiance of the emphatic teachings of the New Testament, an embodiment of precepts asserted by those "who profess and call themselves Christians," to be based upon the highest authority and to have been taught by One for whom they profess the highest reverence. (See Matthew xx., 20-28; xxiii., 12; Luke xii., 34; xiv., 7-12; xvi., 15; John xiv., 15; Philippians ii., 3; James iii., 14-16, &c., &c.)

The spirit as well as the letter of those precepts is entirely against personal emulation and the struggle for notoriety, while the teachings which accompany them are, in many instances, illustrations of the moral and spiritual disasters which result from their infringement, and of the condemnation which eventually awaits him who transgresses. In spite of this clear and definite teaching, personal emulation is made a chief factor in a *normal, universal experience* of mankind, and at a period when virtues and vices, habits and impulses, receive their form and strength, and give the bias of the motives which will eventually rule the whole earth-life, and probably also the life beyond. We ask: Are the plants of a well-cultivated garden ruled by this plan, and stimulated to grow *each better than its neighbour*, or is each trained and fostered *to its own best possible development?*

† The act of a late bishop of the English Church may serve as an illustration of what is here meant. He disinherited his only daughter, "to mark," as he said in his will, "*his* sense of her conduct." This daughter, in the exercise of her personal inherent rights and responsibilities, which no parental assumption can abrogate or remove, had married the man whom she loved, and her

emphasised, more spiritual form of self-worship—the most deadly enemy of the soul of man, and the greatest obstacle to its attainment of true blessedness.

An honest and thorough investigation of the truths and facts now set forth, both as regards the individual centres of life and of force with which man is endowed, and the relation of his Ego towards them and its use of them, leaves us in no doubt as to the origin of Evil, its true nature, and the logical character of its consequences. There is *that* within man, or overshadowing him, which presses towards rendering him master of himself and of life, by making him a true servant of the Deity ; for only when he is the servant of the Most High will man cease to be the servant of the blind, self-centreing forces which operate within him. "Ye *cannot* serve God and Mammon."

And man is conscious of this overshadowing by the Supreme Principle of the Universe—Divine Knowledge and Divine Motive—"the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He *would* receive it,* he even dallies with it, but alas ! the lower forces are *more present* with him ; he yields to them and assents to life on their plane ; he yields to the motives which they create, though, while yielding, he knows that *he is destroying* the rule of God and is helping to flood the world with disease, darkness and death.

Thus, voluntarily choosing, or allowing himself to be led into, that which opposes his union with the Supreme Principle of Life—the Absolute in Wisdom, Knowledge and Power, he determines for himself and his race the resulting future ; sowing persistently false seeds of life out of his own tainted heart,† is it strange that he should reap their natural fruit in sadness and dismay ?‡

"Sow an act, and you reap a habit,
Sow a habit, and you reap a character,
Sow a character and you reap a destiny."

I.

father had, from that time, refused all intercourse with her. She appealed to him in vain. Acts of this imperious and arrogant nature are, in varying degree, only too common.

They set in motion currents of evil and misery of which no one can foresee the end or the consequences. It is the forces underlying such acts which originate dogmatism, persecution, priestly assumption, and all forms of inquisition into personal life and personal convictions. Have these not wrought sorrow, pain, social chaos, and national anarchy? Are they not still in operation around us ? What said Jesus about personal arrogance and Phariseeism ?

* "The good that I would I do not : but the evil which I would not, that I do." "I delight in the law of God after the inward man : but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."—Romans vii., 19, 23-4. The force of the lower nature *becomes the law of sin*, of which St. Paul speaks, by surrender of the individual life of thought, feeling and motive to its control.

† "For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," &c.—Matt. xv., 19.

‡ "Be not deceived ; God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption ; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Ephesians vi., 7-8.

The Elixir of the Devil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann by William Ashton Ellis.)

(Continued from the December Number.)

CHAPTER II.

I WAS sixteen years of age when the parish priest informed me that I was sufficiently prepared to begin the higher course of theological studies in the Seminary of the neighbouring city. I had decided for an ecclesiastical calling, and this filled my mother with inner joy for she saw herein the explanation and fulfilment of the mysterious expressions of the pilgrim, which seemed to coincide, to some extent, with the remarkable vision of my father, as yet unknown to me. She believed that at last, by my decision, the soul of my father was atoned and saved from the torments of eternal damnation. The Princess also, whom I now saw only in the parlour, favoured strongly my intention, and renewed her promise to assist me in all needful ways to the attainment of ecclesiastical dignity.

Although the city lay so near that one could see its towers from the cloister, and some few more active pedestrians chose to make the pleasant purlieus of the cloister their favourite promenade, yet was the parting from my good mother, from the noble lady whom I revered from the depth of my heart, and from my teacher, a bitter one. For it is sure that every step beyond the immediate circle of our loved ones gives us a pang that seems as great as that of the widest separation! The Princess was moved to a marked degree, her voice quivered with sorrow as she spoke some heartfelt words of counsel. She presented me with a costly rosary and a little prayer-book with delicately illuminated pictures; finally she gave me a letter of recommendation to the Prior of the Capucin cloister in the city, whom she bade me to seek out at once, since in all things he would zealously support me, by word and deed.

It would not be easy to find a more delightful country than that in which lies the Capucin cloister, close beside the city. The stately cloister-garden, with its outlook to the mountains, seemed to me to gain fresh beauties each time I wandered in its alleys and rested a moment now by this and now by that group of trees. It was in this garden that I met the Prior Leonardus when I visited the cloister for the first time, in order to present my credentials from the Abbess. The native kindliness of the Prior was even heightened when he read the letter, and he

spoke in such warm terms of the noble lady, whom he had first learnt to know in Rome in earlier years, that from the very first moment my heart went out to him. He was surrounded by the Brothers and one could soon perceive the whole relationship that existed between the Prior and the monks ; the monastic tendency and manner of life, the repose and brightness of spirit which spoke so clearly, even from the exterior of the Prior, spread their influence over the whole brotherhood. One nowhere saw a trace of the discontent or brooding, hostile reserve which is seen so often on the monkish countenance. Beyond the fixed rules of the order, devotional exercises were, in the eyes of the Prior Leonardus, rather the necessary aids of a soul turned heavenwards than ascetic penance for the sin that cleaves to human nature, and he knew so well how to kindle this spirit of devotion in the Brothers that in all which they must do in compliance with the rules a cheerfulness and contentment were manifest, that showed, indeed, a higher path even within the confines of this earthly life.

Prior Leonardus was able even to compass a measure of communion with the outside world, a communion that could not be otherwise than healthy for the Brothers. Rich gifts, brought from all sides to the honoured cloister, made it possible, on certain days, to entertain the friends and protectors of the cloister, in the refectory. In the middle of the dining-hall a table was set forth at whose upper end the Prior sat with the guests. The Brothers remained at their usual smaller table that skirted the wall of the hall, and used the simple vessels of the order while the guest-table was adorned with delicate glass and costly porcelain. The monastery cook was cunning in the preparation of dainty Lenten dishes which the guests evidently relished ; while the latter looked after the wine. Thus these repasts in the Capucins' monastery were a friendly, agreeable intermingling of the laity and church, which in the mutual interaction, could not but be of service to the lives of each. For, as those buried in the affairs of the world came forth from it and entered within the walls where everything proclaimed a spiritual life directly opposite to their own, they must perforce admit that peace and happiness were attainable by other ways beside those which they themselves pursued, and that perhaps the spirit that raises itself above the earthly may prepare a higher existence for men even here below. On the other hand the monks gained a wider view of life, for the news they thus received of the stress and strain of the motley world outside their walls awoke many a train of thought within them ; without lending a spurious worth to earthly things, they must needs recognize in the varied pursuits dictated to man by his inner impulse the necessary diffraction of the rays of the spiritual principle, without which no colour and no brilliance were possible

A head and shoulders above them all, in respect of his spiritual and intellectual development, stood the Prior Leonardus. Not only had he

so widespread a reputation for his profound theological learning, and the depth and ease of his grasp of the most abstruse problems, that the professors of the Seminary often came to him for counsel and instruction, but he had more knowledge of the world than is generally looked for in a dweller in monasteries. He spoke French and Italian with ease and elegance, and because of his proficiency in languages he had been employed in earlier times on weighty missions. When I first knew him he was already advanced in years, yet, while the whiteness of his locks proclaimed his age, the fire of youth shot from his eyes, and the genial smile which wreathed his lip but heightened the expression of inward kindliness and serenity of mind. The same grace which adorned his speech ruled his every movement, and even the cumbrous robes of the order set off in majestic lines his well-knit frame.

There was not one of the Brothers who had not entered the monastery of his own free will and to fulfil the need that arose from his own inward, spiritual desire; yet Leonardus would soon have found means to comfort even the unhappy wretch who might seek in the cloister a refuge from self-destruction; his repentance would be but the short passage to repose, and, at peace with the world, whose tempting glitter he had abjured, while living upon earth he would soon have raised his soul above it.

Leonardus had learnt this unaccustomed view of cloister life in Italy, where worship, and the whole aspect of religious life, is brighter and more cheerful than in Catholic Germany. Just as in the structure of the churches the antique forms still rule, so a ray from out the bright, living time of antiquity seems to have pierced the mystic gloom of Christianity and to have lit it with the radiance that once illuminated gods and heroes.

Prior Leonardus was most gracious toward me, and taught me the French and Italian tongues; but it was the well-chosen books that he placed within my hands, and his own conversation that lent most to the development of my mind. I spent almost the whole time that I could spare from my seminary studies in the Capucins' cloister, and I soon perceived that my bent lay more and more towards taking the monastic vow. I declared my wish to the Prior. Without attempting to alter my decision, he advised me to wait at least the space of two years, and meanwhile to go more into the world than my wont had been. Little though I missed, during this period, the many opportunities of making fresh acquaintances, which my friendship with my musical teacher, the episcopal Concert-meister, offered me, yet I felt ill at ease in company, especially when women were present; this, and my marked leaning to a contemplative life appeared to me to fix my calling for the cloister.

Once the Prior had discoursed with me in a remarkable manner about profane life; he had touched upon the most equivocal matters, which his customary ease and grace of expression dealt with in such a

manner that, avoiding the least offensive phrase, yet went straight to the mark. At last he took my hand, gazed straight into my eyes, and asked whether I still was innocent. I felt a glow of shame upon me, for, as Leonardus questioned me so pointedly, a scene that I had long forgotten sprang forth in liveliest colours. The Concert-meister had a sister, who, though one could not rightly call her beautiful, was yet a charming maiden in the full flush of youth. Her form was symmetry itself; the loveliest arm, the fairest bust in shape and colour that man could see. One morning when I went to the Concert-meister for my lesson, I surprised his sister in light morning deshabille, her breast almost uncovered. Quickly she threw her kerchief round her, but already my greedy eyes had seen too much; I could not utter a word; unknown emotions stormed within me, and forced the glowing blood along my veins so that I could hear my pulses beat. My breast was seized with a cramping constraint, and would have burst asunder had not a broken sigh relieved at last my agony. The maiden came to me, quite unconcerned, and took me by the hand, and thus my pain gained fresh access, till good fortune brought the Concert-meister to the room, and eased my torment. Never did I strike such discords, and never sing so out of tune as on this occasion. I was pious enough to consider later the whole incident as a base assault of the Devil, and soon flattered myself that I had beaten the foul fiend from the field by the ascetic practices which I had set myself.

But now, on the searching question of the Prior, I saw once more the Concert-meister's sister standing before me with half uncovered bosom, I felt the warmth of her breath, the pressure of her hand—my inward anguish grew more keen each instant. The Prior looked at me, with somewhat of irony in his smile, and said:

"I see, my son, that you have grasped my meaning, and that it is still well with you. May the Lord preserve you from the temptations of the world; the pleasures that it offers you are fleeting, and one may well say that a curse is on them, for in the unspeakable disgust, the complete enervation, and the blunting of the senses to all higher things, that they produce, the better, spiritual principle of man is shipwrecked."

Much as I tried to forget the question of the Prior, and the picture which it had called up, my efforts met with no success; and though I had preserved ere this an unconcerned appearance in the presence of the maiden, I now avoided her gaze more than ever. Even the thought of her aroused in me an anxiety and an inner unrest that seemed all the more perilous to me, seeing that I experienced at the same moment a vague and inexpressible longing and delight that might well prove sinful.

One evening this state of hesitation resolved itself. The Concert-meister, as on many former occasions, had invited me to a musical

entertainment, to meet some of his friends. Besides his sister there were many ladies present, and this added to the uneasiness which, even in the presence of his sister alone, half stifled me. She was charmingly attired and seemed fairer than ever. It was as though an invisible, irresistible power drew me toward her, and thus, without my knowing how, it happened that I constantly found myself by her side, devouring her every look, her every word, and that I pressed so near to her that at least her dress must touch me in passing, affording me a secret pleasure. She appeared to notice this and to be well satisfied. At whiles I felt that I must rush and clasp her to me in the mad fervency of love!

She had sat long beside the harpsichord and, on rising, left one of her gloves upon the seat; I seized it and pressed it in mad extravagance to my lips! This attracted the notice of one of the other ladies, who went to her and whispered something in her ear; they each now looked at me and tittered and laughed in mockery!

I was as though annihilated; an ice-stream flowed through my veins —out of my senses, I rushed out of the room to the college, to my own cubicle. I threw myself in insane despair upon the floor—hot tears flowed from my eyes—I cursed the maiden and myself—then prayed and laughed by turns, like any madman! On all sides I heard voices that scoffed and scorned me. I attempted to cast myself through the window, but luckily the iron bars prevented me. My condition was in very truth terrible!

Only when the morning broke did I find some little rest; but I had decided; never again would I see her, and I would forsake the world. Clearer than ever sounded in my soul the call to the secluded life of the cloister, from which no temptation should henceforth lead astray my steps.

As soon as I could leave the lessons of the day I hurried to the Prior, and declared to him that I was now determined to commence my noviciate, and that I had already informed my mother and the Princess of my decision.

Leonardus seemed astonished at my sudden eagerness; without pressing me too closely, he sought to discover what it was that could have brought me to so hasty a resolve to take the monastic vow; for he guessed rightly that some special occurrence must have given me the impulse.

An inner shame that I could not overcome, restrained me from telling him the truth; in its place I related to him, in all the heat of exaltation still burning in me, the circumstances of my childhood, which all pointed to my destination for the cloister-life.

Leonardus listened quietly to me, and without exactly throwing doubt upon my visions he seemed to set no great store by them; he remarked, moreover, that all this was little evidence of the genuineness of

my call, for there might be an illusion even here. In general Leonardus would not willingly speak of the visions of the Saints, nor even of the miracles of the founders of Christianity, and at times I was tempted to regard him as a secret sceptic. Once, in order to force from him some definite declaration, I presumed to speak of the despisers of the Catholic belief, and specially to gird at those who, in childish arrogance, brand all super-sensual things with the stigma of heresy. Leonardus answered with a gentle smile: "My son, Unbelief is the worst form of Misbelief," and commenced a conversation on some other, indifferent topic. It was only later that I was allowed to know his noble thoughts on the mystic side of our religion, that side which teaches the union of our spiritual principle with higher beings; then I could not but admit that Leonardus was right to reserve his inmost thoughts on the sublimest mysteries for the highest initiation of his pupils.

My mother wrote to me that she had long foreseen that the position of a lay-brother would not satisfy me, but I should choose a monastic life; and that on St. Medardus' day the old pilgrim from the holy Linden had appeared to her, and had led me to her, dressed in the robes of a Capucin monk. The Princess also cordially concurred in my resolve. I saw them both before my ordination, which followed shortly, as, in accordance with my pressing wish, I was released from half of the noviciate.

In consequence of the vision of my mother I took the name, on the cloister-roll, of Medardus. The relation of the Brothers to one another, the ordering of their devotional exercises, and the whole manner of life in the cloister, proved to be exactly what I had judged from my first glimpse. The contented repose that ruled in all shed the same heavenly peace upon my soul that surrounded me in the cloister of the holy Linden, and seemed like a blissful dream of the years of earliest childhood.

During the ceremony of my ordination I perceived among the spectators the Concert-meister's sister. She looked oppressed with grief, and I fancied that I saw tears in her eyes; but the time of my temptation was past, and perhaps it was the sinful triumph of the light-won fight that forced from me a smile which Brother Cyrillus remarked as he walked beside me.

"Why art thou so overjoyed, my brother?" asked Cyrillus.

"Should I not then rejoice that I renounce the vile world and its empty show?" answered I.

Yet I cannot deny that, while I spoke these words, a secret feeling that convulsed my heart, chastised me for the lie. But this was the last paroxysm of earthly self-seeking; henceforth my spirit was at peace Would that that peace had never forsaken me; but the power of the Adversary is great! Who may trust to the strength of his weapons, who may rely on his own watchfulness, when the infernal powers lurk in ambush!

CHAPTER III.

I HAD been five years in the monastery, when, by order of the Prior, Brother Cyrillus, who had grown old and feeble, gave over to me the custody of the relic-chamber. In it there lay countless bones of Saints, splinters from the Saviour's cross, and other sacred treasures, preserved in costly shrines of glass, and shown on certain days to the populace, for its edification.

Brother Cyrillus made me acquainted with each object, and with the documents that testified to their genuineness and to their miraculous properties. He ranked beside the Prior for spiritual enlightenment, and therefore I felt the less compunction in expressing to him what rose so irresistibly in my mind.

"Dear Brother Cyrillus," said I. "Can all these things be really and truly that which they are declared to be? May not, even here, the trickery of greed have foisted on us many a fraud that passes for a genuine relic of this Saint or the other? For instance, many a cloister possesses the entire cross of the Saviour, and yet we are everywhere shown so many of its splinters that, as one of our own number has said—truly in wicked jest—our monastery might be heated for a whole year therewith."

"It becomes us not," replied Brother Cyrillus, "to submit these objects to such an enquiry. To tell you my own conviction, however, I am of opinion that, despite these documents, but few of these things can be that which they are assumed to be. Only it seems to me that that is not the point. Mark well, dear Brother Medardus, how our Prior and I regard them, and thou wilt behold a new glory in our religion. Is it not noble, my dear brother, that our Church should strive to grasp those secret threads that knit the physical with the super-physical, and so to incite our organism, grown rank in earthly life and being, that its origin from a Higher Spiritual principle, and even its inner kinship with the wondrous beings whose force pervades the whole of nature with its glowing breath, shall appear in all clearness—and the foreknowledge of a higher life whose seed we bear within us shall lift us up on seraph's wings? What is that piece of wood, this bone, that rag? Men say it is chipped from the cross of Christ, or taken from the body or garment of a Saint. Yet the believer who, without cavilling, sets his whole soul upon it, feels soon that unearthly inspiration which opens to him the realm of bliss, which he had only dreamed of here below. Thus is awakened the influence of the Saints whose relics, even though supposititious, gave the impulse, and man is able to receive strength and power in Belief from the higher Spirit to which he had called from his inmost soul for help and comfort. Yea, this higher, spiritual force aroused in him will even overcome the body's ills; and thus it comes to pass that these relics work those miracles which, since they happen so often before the eyes of a whole concourse of people, cannot be denied."

I remembered at once certain hints of the Prior which harmonized exactly with the words of Brother Cyrillus, and regarded now the relics, which had appeared to me before as the playthings of religion, with true reverence and devotion. This effect of his discourse Brother Cyrillus was not slow to perceive and he proceeded eagerly and with deep inner meaning to explain the collection piece by piece.

At last he took a casket from out of a fast-closed coffer and said:

"In this, dear Brother Medardus, there lies the most mysterious and wonderful relic that our monastery possesses. As long as I have been in this cloister, no one has handled this casket save the Prior and myself; in fact, not even the other Brothers, and much less strangers, know aught of the existence of this relic. I cannot touch the casket without an inner shudder; it is as though an evil charm were concealed within it, which, if it once broke the ban that hems it in and makes it powerless, would bring destruction and hopeless ruin to him it overtook. That which is contained herein comes direct from the Adversary himself, from the days when he still had power to fight in visible shape against the souls of men."

I looked at Brother Cyrillus in profound astonishment.

Without giving me time to reply, he continued: "I will not presume, dear Brother Medardus, to hazard any opinion as to this most mysterious object, or to dress up for thee this or that hypothesis that may have passed through my mind, but will rather tell thee truly what the accompanying documents relate about the relic. Thou wilst find these documents in the coffer and canst confirm my tale by reading them.

"The life of Saint Anthony is well-known to thee, and thou knowest, therefore, that, in order to give his soul entirely to divine contemplation, he withdrew into the wilderness and there devoted his life to the severest penance and religious exercises. The Adversary pursued him, and often set himself bodily in his way, so as to disturb him in his pious meditation. It thus happened that once the Saint perceived, in the gloom of evening, a dark figure that strode towards him. When it was near, St. Anthony beheld, to his astonishment, that from the rents in the ragged mantle which cloaked the figure, there protruded necks of bottles. It was the Adversary who appeared to him in this guise and, smiling contemptuously, asked him if he did not desire to taste of the ELIXIR which he carried in these bottles. Saint Anthony —whom this invitation could not possibly molest, since the Adversary, reduced to impotence, was no longer in a situation to engage in any open warfare and was forced to confine himself to mocking speech— asked him why he carried with him so many flasks and in so peculiar a fashion.

"The Adversary replied, 'Lo! when a man falls in with me, he looks at me in wonder and cannot resist asking me about my liquors, and tasting them greedily. Among so many elixirs he is sure to find one

to his palate; he swallows down the whole contents of the flask and, intoxicated, he renders himself to me and my dominion.'

"Thus far the story is the same in all the legends; but, according to the unique document that we possess, and that deals with this vision of the holy Anthony, when the Adversary departed he left some of his flasks upon the sward, and St. Anthony took them quickly into his cave and buried them, for fright lest, even in the desert, some wanderer, perhaps one of his own pupils, should taste of the terrible drink and fall into eternal damnation. By chance, so says the document, St. Anthony once opened one of these bottles, and there proceeded from it the most extraordinary, stupifying vapour, and multitudes of wild hellish shapes floated around the Saint, seeeking to tempt him with their seductive antics, until, by severe fastings and continuous prayer, he exorcised them.

"In this casket is contained one of these flasks with the Devil's Elixir; the documents are so authentic and exact that there can scarcely be a doubt that the flask was found among the possessions left behind by Saint Anthony at his death. Moreover, I can testify, dear brother, that as often as I disturb the flask, and even the casket in which it lies enclosed, an inexplicable inner terror seizes me, and, in fact, I fancy that I detect something of the nature of a peculiar vapour that stupifies me and arouses an unrest in my mind that distracts me even at my devotions. However, I overcome by steadfast prayer this evil feeling, which certainly springs from the influence of some hostile power, even should I not believe in the immediate intervention of the Adversary. Thou, dear brother Medardus, who art still so young, who beholdest in more brilliant and more lively colours all that a hostile power may call forth in thy fancy, thou who still, like a bold but inexperienced soldier, doughty in fight but perhaps too daring, trustest too much to thy own strength in impossible adventure—I counsel thee never, or at least not for many a year, to open this casket, and, that thy curiosity may not lead thee into temptation, to place it far away where thine eye shall not light on it!"

Brother Cyrillus replaced the mysterious casket in the coffer from which he had taken it, and handed me the bunch of keys on which there hung the key of this chest, among the rest. The whole narration had made a remarkable impression upon me; but the more I felt an inner longing springing up to see the wonderful relic, the more pains did I take to make its satisfaction difficult, mindful of the warning of Brother Cyrillus. When he had left me, I took stock once more of the sacred objects entrusted to my care, and finally removed from the bunch the little key that locked the perilous chest and hid it in my desk beneath my Scriptures.

(To be continued.)

GRAPHOLOGY.

EVERY physical action of the human body is the outcome of the hidden, mysterious working of the Divine Light shining within us, the embodied soul which animates this little personality of ours ; alas ! too often exalted by us, and fondly cherished and imagined to be the "*summum bonum*" of all that Is, Was and Is to be. If we *could* only realise how small and insignificant we are when compared to the seething mass of humanity by which we are surrounded, we should think a little less of ourselves, and probably also of our capabilities, than too many of us are apt to do at present.

The correspondences of Nature are perfect in every detail, and its book is an open page to those who choose to elevate their understandings and cultivate their higher intuitions, to place themselves in sympathy and accord with its apparently confused and undecipherable workings. If people would only try and cultivate their highest possibilities, they would be surprised at the results that would ensue—life would become easier, and the load of trouble, suffering, trial and pain be alleviated and lessened. It is wonderful how much can be done if we only make an effort, and energetically put the shoulder to the wheel. The machinery of our daily lives would run easier and become more endurable.

People display their characters by gestures, actions and speech, but how much of it? A dissimulative hypocrite may skilfully conceal the inner workings of his subtle nature, and effectually hide his real intentions from the ordinary observer as easily as possible, because his deceptiveness and cunning have probably become a second Nature to him—his stock-in-trade, in fact, which enables him to cast a glamour, a false appearance or *maya* over his victims, and by his apparent frankness ingratiate himself into their confidence and thus attain his unworthy ends whenever he chooses. Such a case as this could never occur to one who had learnt to read and study Nature by diving beneath its surface. Those who have devoted their energies and aims to learning to read a person's character by means of his handwriting have gone very far below the surface ; they have discovered the way to reading nuances and shades of character, wholly unexpected by even, possibly, the person himself—things entirely unknown to, and wholly undreamt of by him : for who is there who really and thoroughly understands his own character? Who can say, I know my weak spot in my physical or moral armour, and also my strong points. You may fancy you do—but wait until you are put to the test. Gold, in order to be purified, has to pass through the fire ; and so it is with the human soul—it must pass through the fiery furnace of worldly desires and passions before it can be said

to be purified. Until this has taken place it does not know its strength nor its capabilities—its character must be formed and moulded, and this is the way it is done, by trial, temptation and intense mental suffering. Whilst undergoing this process the character is moulded, shaped and fashioned ; and as Nature is true to herself, down to the smallest detail, she naturally displays, or causes the Embodied Personality to display, its real characteristics in its Handwriting, even as it correspondentially exhibits itself outwardly in action, manner and speech : with this distinction only, that he who sends a written message to a friend or enemy discovers himself entirely ; he has entered the enemy's camp, and is fast bound a prisoner. Outwardly he may pose before the world as a pious Christian and charitable man ; one whose heart bleeds for the suffering, the down-trodden and the oppressed, and yet the keynote to the personality is possibly—what ? Why, his intense ambition and conceit ; his wish to hear himself well spoken of and exalted to the skies by his sycophants and parasitic loafers. His supreme selfishness is only the deeper intensified, and all his outward show, pomp and vanity are merely a cloak to hide his baser passions and licentious desires—merely so much dust to throw in the eyes of the world—a character, I may say, immortalised by Dickens in that worthy man " Mr. Pecksniff."

To those who are incredulous about the attributes of Graphology, I have to say that, judging from an exoteric point of view, facts are against them ; as at the present moment I know of three, if not more, newspapers which give readings of characters gratis, and plenty of amateurs in the art, who advertise their ability and willingness to do so for a small remuneration ; and, by-the-bye, I may say in passing that the power is not given to everyone to do this. As " nothing succeeds like success," and " Imitation is the sincerest flattery," so no sooner was this Art made public, a short time ago, in one of the weekly papers, than it speedily found a host of imitators, all more or less worthy and truthful, according to their inner lights, who all made use of the divine gift. For I regard it as a gift, bestowed upon certain ones, even as certain others have gifts and lights in other directions. We cannot all of us be butchers and bakers, and it is not given to every one to become a leading light, whether in the political or literary, or any other world.

Certain well-defined rules and signs are given as being significative of certain traits of character ; but it seems to me that, study it as you may, if you do not feel that inner conviction spring up within you when judging a character—as to what the persons really mean, what they really are living this life for—you will fail to grasp the key-note upon which all the other vibrations hang, and consequently fail in the main characteristics. You may study, compare, and read any amount of books and writings, and be just as wise, or very little nearer your object, as when you first started, if you do not have the divine possiblity of sensing another by the touch-stone of your own soul, by your own inner consciousness. I

know I may be running counter to a fellow student's ideas in making this statement—to one who occupies a very high position in the Graphological and Chiromantic world ; but I make it with all due forethought and deliberation ; and say most emphatically, unless you are illuminated by the Divine Light, and your motives are worthy ones, you will fail in reading, at all events thoroughly, this page that Nature opens to those who seek to unravel her mysteries.

Once that you are started in the right path and having a tendency this way, all becomes clear to you, and each personality becomes as open as daylight, with all its varying emotions, hopes, joys and disappointments. The character changes with the physical growth, with the trials in life it undergoes, and it affords a very interesting study to watch the boyish scrawl, when at school, develop later into the writing of the young man. Then the effects of his first contact with the world—he so full of ardour, enthusiasm, and sometimes generosity and hopefulness, all of which become toned down by time and disappear, to give place possibly, in the full-grown man, to ambition, passion, a love of the world with its sensuous desires and luxurious living. Economy descends at times to meanness and parsimony ; and then comes old age. Let us trust it will be full of gentle tolerance for the opinions of others, and a disposition to be amiable and to retain intellectual fire and vigour to the last.

It is a singular statement to make, but its strangeness disappears on a little later reflection, when we say that writing has no sex as judged from a higher standpoint. The soul now descends into a masculine envelope, and then into a feminine. And how often do we not find in a man that exquisite tenderness, gentleness, and sweet sympathy, esssentially the birthright of the woman ; and again, do we not view the spectacle of a woman endowed with the masculine activity of the sterner sex, with its accompanying love of all out-door sports and activities—one whose whole soul seems to be bent on horses and field sports, and who would indignantly deny the assertion, were one to make it, that she was in reality a man in a woman's body. It is, after all, only the spectacle of Nature seeking to effect the equilibrium of her Forces. Doubtless the Soul has had too great a predeliction in former incarnations for the masculine suits of clothes, as Carlyle puts it, and it now feels the return curve of its orbit in seeking to adjust itself in the female embodiment ; and *vice versa*, with a woman who, probably having developed sufficiently the concrete side of her nature, has now to experience the return curve which brings the abstract mode of thinking to the front, and finds its harmony of expression in a male body. It is even thus that Nature works and seeks the adjustment of its forces on this material plane of existence.

You will find that as it is with nations so it is with the individual units who help to form the nation. Look at the French, for instance. What do we find, as a general rule ? Frivolity, carelessness, grace, refine-

ment, vanity, and bombastic love of show, accompanied with the desire to do as little as possible, and to do that little as slowly and with as small a minimum of exertion as they are capable of. The Italians are somewhat similar—the Spanish also; the former nation is further marked by a deeper love of ease, laziness, and a more cultivated taste for the arts of music and singing. The Germans again are noted for being a steady-going, practical, hard, and disputative nation, all of which is shown in the average German writing, its difference to that of the French being an absence of the excessive flourish and superfluous lines to the capital letters visible in the average Frenchman's writing, whereas the German delights more in a somewhat cramped, hard, upright, and twisted hand—indicative of his love of argument and discourse.

Before drawing my article to a close, I may illustrate the utility of the art by an incident that came within my knowledge the other day. A short time ago, an advertisement appeared in a daily paper for a lady help. There were over two hundred applicants, many of whom doubtless esteemed themselves worthy and capable of undertaking the duties in their own estimation, and I may say, for a certainty, a very fair proportion were received from actual servants who had undertaken domestic service, but were ambitious to obtain a rise in life. However, the services of one were enlisted after sifting out of many one that might be suitable; and we are happy to say that up to the present the choice has been a most felicitous one. Little did those who replied to that advertisement dream of the process their writings would be subjected to, as the graphologist had only to sort them out, like so many cards, to tell which were suitable and which had to be rejected.

Reader, study graphology. Purify your thoughts from selfishness, and learn to estimate the world, and its standard of right and wrong, at its own worth; or rather estimate it by the effect of its action on your own inner divine consciousness. Strive to develop all that is noble and high within you, and your soul will grow and ever be a shining light, full of purity and charity; its radiance will spread around you and your circle, and prove a real beacon light to all who seek you in trouble and distress. May you ever have the power to alleviate their sufferings, and may they not seek your aid in vain.

F. L. G.

FROM THE EAST OF TIME.

By CHARLES HANNAN, F.R.G.S., Author of "A Swallow's Wing," etc.

(Continued from the November Number.)

IT is strange that I cannot sleep.

I have lain for hours upon my bed in a species of stupor which has been my only rest. A new day is born, and I cannot sleep. Recollection forces itself upon me, and I can only forget with my pen in hand.

Forget! I do not wish to forget—what do I say? If memory's power were taken from me what should I become? In recollection lies my safeguard, for I shudder to dwell upon the future, lest in an evil moment, when weakness overcomes me, the Spirit within me conquer, so that we together pass into the East of Time.

I have conquered once. *He* was unable to return because I fought against him then and I shall never yield. To yield—has *he* then discovered already that the youth which he sought to share was but a poor thing for me, and has become devastated by his entry into my soul?

To yield, Onora! To leave thee and to fly into future time. Accursed spirit! You are here now; here with me; and you cannot escape, for you cannot remember the East of Time.

And still I fear by reason of the struggle which wore my heart away, lest his spirit attack mine some day when I am powerless to resist.

I rave—it cannot be. I live in the present, not in the future, which has not yet been and which yet is; and this spirit which has penetrated the past shall never, whilst I live, return to the East, lest I go with it as a part of it, even as it has come back to be a part of me.

You who are in the East of Time are mesmerised now—not I—and I pray, as you prayed, "that the awakening may not be too soon"—nay, more, I pray with all my strength that it may never come.

* * * * * * *

I laid down upon my bed to rest once more—to court the sleep which will not come.

Can it be that I shall never sleep again?

* * * * * * *

There is still a weary time before me. I must tell you of Onora Mayne. Though I have known her so short a time it seems to me as though we had been dearest friends for many years.

She is the daughter of my uncle's dearest friend, and she is here upon a visit of some length.

To me every day seems as one nearer to the end—that end when she may be taken from me once more.

The house, the fields, the summer air, everything has been brightened by her coming. Did they never think that she and I might fall in love?

I, a penniless dependant upon my uncle's bounty—for the rest a feeble writer and a weaker poet—she the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Brazil, a man whose pride is the truest pride in that he is self-made—did they never think we two might fall in love?

It was unlikely perhaps that she, my queen, should turn her eyes on me. Unlikely that I, lonely as I am, and a poor thing, should dream of loving her.

In four short months her father is expected to return—she spends these months in this house—that of my uncle, his dearest friend.

In four months Onora will have left us and I may never look upon her face again!

I do not know why love should bring hopelessness ever in its train!

Shall I see her again to-day as yesterday upon the lawn, or has something in my manner frightened her so that she will avoid that meeting in the early morning?

The country is new to my love—the dear English country that is the dearer to me because I have grown acquainted with its every mood—and she spends the day, from her first waking well-nigh to the setting of the sun, out of doors.

Why is it that I am afraid that something that I have done—what can it be?—will keep her from the morning stroll in which I have been her companion for three days. Bah! it is nonsense. I shall see her as I dream I see her now—as she met me yesterday—moving towards me with a quiet smile, whilst the daisies seem to raise their heads to worship her as she treads them softly underfoot.

And I can feel the friendly pressure of the palm that frankly meets my own—the hand of a true girl—the hand of Onora Mayne.

How I love the name—how I love to hear it reverberate within me now, and yet I feared to hear it so but a day ago!

Let me forget that the echoes are not my own—are not my own!

* * * * * * *

The darkness came upon me, but I fought against it and it is gone.

Can you bring before you this scene? Stand near me by the window.

You are looking southwards from an ivy-covered mansion of Elizabethan age. Dear trees—dear because hallowed by the past—half hide the avenue from view. On the right the smooth lawn is bounded by a wall of green, and the carefully trained branches form bowers that lead into the garden beyond.

Then, straight in front, the undulating English park, with an old elm here and there casting its broad shadows on the ground, slopes downward to bathe in the stillness of the distant lake. And beyond, the land

rises again gently amidst trees and green meadows to meet the clear blue of the sky.

Ah! I cannot paint my uncle's home, for the things which are nearest to our hearts are the most difficult to describe.

One thing is wanting to complete the beauty of all that is before me —my love, Onora Mayne!

* * * * * * *

At last she is upon the lawn. My fears were groundless. To-day shall be as yesterday.

See how she moves instinct with harmony and grace! Ah, my queen! the morning sun seems to light with a fairy touch upon your bare head and your pure young face, and I grow jealous of every ray that falls in kiss upon your golden hair.

* * * * * * *

I have spent a most unhappy day.

How is it that now, though the roses bloom their fairest, and cast their sweetness in superabundance upon the honeyed air, I see no beauty, but only gloom?

Must love bring naught save endless jealousy and pain? Jealousy? What do I say? There is none to her—none save I.

I met her in the early morning to-day as yesterday. She gave me her hand, and yet its pressure seemed to me less strong. Has she guessed—can she have guessed—that the man she looks upon as a friend may love? And if she guesses this, how does the thought find answer in her heart, for or against, yes or no?

And then I received this cursed letter that tears my heart. Why is he to arrive so soon? What is in me that I think thus of the return of my dearest friend? Has my love in its selfish passion swamped my manhood and rendered me a cur? A month ago my pulse would have quickened with joy at the thought of his return, at the thought of meeting him after so long a time, and now—now I am all evil, and shades of ill crush around me and blight what may have known truth before.

Frank returns! Why do I not rejoice; what evil thought has weighed upon me through the weary day? It is easy to blame the accursed thing from future time; it is easy to cast on *thee* all that is wicked and all that blurs my soul, and still how do I know that the wrong is thine—not mine?

Which part of my inmost heart conceived that hideous longing—that Frank may *not* return—anything that I may never meet with him again. To whom belongs that shrinking fear that speaks of ill to come; to whom do I myself belong, ye spirit from the East of Time? Who is it would cry aloud in agony "Let him die so he come not here"? Who is it, thou or I?

Onora must have noticed my strange and hideous thoughts!

Onora seems to read my soul; I cannot bear to stand in presence of her purity. What has come upon me? Help me! help me, God!

* * * * * * *

Three days have passed since last my pen touched the paper that may bear my own sad history beyond the grave. Three days, and I have sought to write other things, and to regain mastery of myself, and I am still possessed.

That which has come from the East cannot pass from me, for we two are become as one. Little can you dream of the mortal agony which is mine.

Man! man! What are you, reader of these lines? What am I who am even as you? How can you penetrate the depths of the Hell that burns within me? How can you understand the curse which has fallen upon my head? For what? Why am I accursed? Why is it not you in place of me?

I stray from my path of sorrows into the unknown, and it is useless to question there!

I have sought to write of other things, to complete my book, in vain —in vain. I can think only of two things—of Onora, and of the strange life which has entered into mine, to become mine, and to obscure the light of day.

More than this; I have sought to sleep. Nightly have I courted that divine power; nightly have I laid upon my couch waiting, with a patience which vainly wore itself away, for that which cannot come.

I shall never sleep again!

Not to sleep! Can you conceive the fulness of what these words convey?—not to sleep!—never to pass away from the empty vaunting of the hideous day, never to taste oblivion, never to know of rest! Were it not for her, sooner would I die than bear it, sooner have my life crushed from me by a leap forth from the casement out into the air, than live without sleep. I have faced for days past all the terror that wells within me when I recognise that it must be ever so.

How could it be that I should sleep? I, whose brain is ever linked with that other brain. I, whose soul is not my own. I, whose existence is in part from future time, how could I sleep whilst the spirit is with me from the East?

Sleep has passed from me for evermore.

And through the hideousness of all that is, and of all that dwells in me, and around me, in a never-ending misery, I see one star—Onora Mayne—and out of my love for her I shall not wish to die.

* * * * * * *

My uncle has fallen ill. To-day Onora and I have been in solitude, and to-day I almost told her of my love. We wandered through the woods till we came to a shaded seat that circles rudely an ivy-grown oak. Onora wished to paint, and I wished nothing save to lie upon the

soft moss and gaze upon her face; and in a little: "Why do you look at me so?" she asked with a troubled air. It was then I nearly spoke—something kept me still.

"I was thinking," I replied, "that I shall weave that hair of yours through the life of one of my heroes."

Onora laughed—a bright, happy laugh, a laugh like her dear self—young and fair.

"Do you never grow tired of your fiction friends?"

"Seldom, Onora!"

There was a short pause whilst she mixed some colour with her brush.

"But it must make you very sad at times if you live with them and share their sorrow, for your writings are all touched with sorrow."

I did not answer her, for it is true, and yet I seem to worship sorrow though I know it is not good.

Rather I turned into a lighter strain, and then in a little read to her those boyish lines:

"Lilies cluster round
Lilies fair."

Something of my own deep passion may have shaken my voice, for when I ended and looked up, a startled expression as of the fawn that trembles before a danger which it cannot see, was upon her face.

Onora! how I loved you then!! even whilst I sought to still the fear that rose within me.

"It is late," she said. "I think we must go," and we strolled back together to the Hall as we had come, yet not as we had come, for some restraint seemed to have fallen between us, and I knew that Onora read my heart.

How little can I write! My pen is numbed as it seems for ever, and my language stilled and strange, yet this thing that I write now—always—always of myself, I shall continue intermittently as I have done, that when I pass away *she*, Onora, may know the vale of tears through which my soul doth pass.

Then I expect to die? God knows! How can I live if I cannot sleep?

* * * * * * *

That letter—Frank's return—what does it portend? In a week he may be with me here. Onora, I must speak to you before he comes. I fear his handsome face. There is more than fear within me, there is an accursed thing ever torturing my soul with its cry of "Hate him! Hate him!"

Yes, I fear—ay, hate, too. I do not know what evil surges within me. Misery has dwelt with me since that hour when you, Onora, looked down upon me as I read my verses to you in the wood. Why should you not

love me? Mine is a double soul; has that part from the East of Time brought with it no knowledge, nothing that can aid itself and me to obtain thy love? To think of life without you—it could never be! Alone! My heart bursts into tears, and sadness fills me with its poesy.

ALONE!

She has left me,
And around me,
Lies a hideous, arid waste,
For my destiny is barren,
And its glory is defaced.

Ah, the waning!
Ah, the waning!
Of my young life's saddened day.
Come, ye Angels, nearer—nearer,
And weep as ye hear me pray.

Stretch your pinions,
Spread your pinions,
Hide my broken, tortured soul.
Conceal from the world the waters
That gush from the shattered bowl.

For the even,
Yes, the even,
Has followed the sunlight fast,
And clouds have come with the darkness
And the sky is overcast.

Ah, the beauty!
Dearest beauty!
Of the day for ever gone,
When never a zephyr wafted
A shade to obscure the sun.

Now is darkness,
Only darkness,
And the star is lost on high;
Would to God the light had never
Held place in the changeful sky.

She has left me,
And around me,
Drips the fountain of despair,
That taunts as it seems to shadow
Her face and her golden hair.

I am wearied with my heart's imagining of its own excess.

* * * * * * *

A complete revulsion of feeling has taken place within me. It was as though my own self were, for a little, summoned by my sorrow to resume its place unchallenged by the spirit from the East of Time. And now all is gone, and darkness has fallen upon me with a prompting of evil which I cannot understand.

* * * * * * *

Onora, you do not love me—but you *shall* love me, I swear it! You *shall* yield your heart to my love. *My* love? nay; not to that alone, but to the love that belongs to the man who lives five hundred years in future age, you shall yield to him and to me who am his vassal, to me who love you with a dual soul and with a passion terrible in its intensity and awful in its strength.

I call upon you, you spirit alighted from the future, aid me now, in a desire made hellish by your means—aid me now and draw towards me Onora Mayne, with that subtle power which you cast upon me from the distant East. I call upon you—fulfil that longing which is yours as much as, nay more, than mine—take that which you desire—through evil if it must be so. Only bring to me this offering—the heart of Onora Mayne.

Do I call in vain? Who knows? You—Spirit from the East—have lighted upon me, expiate that sin in part by the fulfilment of your own love. If it be possible, give me of your strength, of your strange power, this much—that I may fascinate, as the snake would fascinate, Onora Mayne.

And if she love another, I pray that he may die, and that I alone, by thy power, may gain entry to her maiden soul.

(To be continued.)

The sage does not say what he does; but he does nothing that cannot be said.

Pagodas are measured by their shadows and great men by their enviers. (*Chinese Aphorisms.*)

IRISH FAIRIES, GHOSTS, WITCHES, ETC.

IT has occurred to me that it would be interesting if some spiritualist or occultist would try to explain the various curious and intricate spiritualistic beliefs of peasants. When reading Irish folk-lore, or listening to Irish peasants telling their tales of magic and fairyism and witchcraft, more and more is one convinced that some clue there must be. Even if it is all dreaming, why have they dreamed this particular dream? Clearly the occultist should have his say as well as the folk-loreist. The history of a belief is not enough, one would gladly hear about its cause.

Here and there an occult clue is visible plainly. Some of the beliefs about ghosts are theosophical; the Irish ghost or *thivish*, for instance, is merely an earth-bound shell, fading and whimpering in the places it loved. And many writers, from Paracelsus to d'Assier, have shed a somewhat smoky light on witches and their works, and Irish witches do not differ much from their tribe elsewhere, except in being rather more harmless. Perhaps never being burnt or persecuted has lessened the bitterness of their war against mankind, for in Ireland they have had on the whole, a very peaceable and quiet time, disappearing altogether from public life since the "loyal minority" pilloried and imprisoned three and knocked out the eye of one with a cabbage stump, in 1711, in the town of Carrickfergus. For many a long year now have they contented themselves with going out in the grey of the morning, in the shape of hares, and sucking dry their neighbour's cows, or muttering spells while they skimmed with the severed hand of a corpse the surface of a well gathering thereon a neighbour's butter.

It is when we come to the fairies and "fairy doctors," we feel most the want of some clue—some light, no matter how smoky. These "fairy doctors," are they mediums or clairvoyants? Why do they fear the hazel tree, or hold an ash tree in their hands when they pray? Why do they say that if you knock once at their doors they will not open, for you may be a spirit, but if you knock three times they will open. What are these figures, now little, now great, now kindly, now fierce, now ugly, now beautiful, who are said to surround them—these fairies, whom they never confuse with spirits, but describe as fighting with the spirits though generally having the worst of it, for their enemies are more God-fearing? Can any spiritualist or occultist tell us of these things? Hoping they can, I set down here this classification of Irish fairyism and demonology. The mediæval divisions of sylphs, gnomes, undines and salamanders will not be found to help us. This is a different dynasty.

FAIRY DOCTORS.

Unlike the witch, who deals with ghosts and spirits, the fairy doctor is never malignant; at worst, he is mischievous like his masters and

servants the fairies. Croker, in the "Confessions of Tom Bourke," said by Keightley, of the "Fairy Mythology," to be the most valuable chapter in all his writings, describes the sayings and doings of such a man. Each family has its particular adherent among the "good people," as the fairies are called, and sometimes when a man died the factions of his father and mother would fight as to the grave-yard he was to be buried in, the relations delaying the funeral until Tom Bourke told them one party or other had won. If they buried in the wrong grave-yard all kinds of ill luck would follow, for fairies know how to kill cattle with their fairy darts, and do all kinds of mischief.

The fairy doctor is great with herbs and spells. He can make the fairies give up people they have carried off, and is in every way the opposite of the witch.

Lady Wilde, in her "Ancient Legends," thus describes one who lived in the Island of Innis-Sark: "He can heal diseases by a word, even at a distance, and his glance sees into the very heart and reads the secret thoughts of men. He never touched beer, spirits or meat in all his life, but has lived entirely on bread, fruit, and vegetables. A man who knew him thus describes him: Winter and summer his dress is the same, merely a flannel shirt and coat. He will pay his share at a feast, but neither eats nor drinks of the food and drink set before him. He speaks no English, and never could be made to learn the English tongue, though he says it might be used with great effect to curse one's enemy. He holds a burial-ground sacred, and would not carry away so much as a leaf of ivy from a grave; and he maintains that the people are right in keeping to their ancient usages—such as never to dig a grave on a Monday, and to carry the coffin three times round the grave, following the course of the sun, for then the dead rest in peace. Like the people, also, he holds suicides accursed; for they believe that all the dead who have been recently buried turn over on their faces if a suicide is laid amongst them.

"Though well off, he never, even in his youth, thought of taking a wife, nor was he ever known to love a woman. He stands quite apart from life, and by this means holds his power over the mysteries. No money will tempt him to impart this knowledge to another, for if he did he would be struck dead, so he believes. He would not touch a hazel stick, but carries an ash wand, which he holds in his hand when he prays, laid across his knees, and the whole of his life is given to works of grace and charity.

"Though an old man, he has never had a day's sickness; no one has ever seen him in a rage, nor heard an angry word from his lips but once, and then, being under great irritation, he recited the Lord's Prayer backwards as an imprecation on his enemy. Before his death he will reveal the mystery of his power, but not till the hand of death is on him for certain," and then we may be sure he will reveal it only to his successor.

THE SOCIABLE FAIRIES.

These are the Sheoques (Ir. *Sidheog*, "a little fairy,"), and are usually of small size when first seen, though seeming of common human height when you are once glamoured. It sometimes appears as if they could take any shape according to their whim. Commonly, they go about in troops, and are kind to the kindly and mischievous to the evil and ill-tempered, being like beautiful children, having every charm but that of conscience—consistency.

Their divisions are sheoque, a land fairy, and merrow Ir. *moruada*, or "sea maid" (the masculine is unknown), a water fairy. The merrow is said not to be uncommon. I asked a peasant woman once whether the fishermen of her village ever saw one. "Indeed, they don't like to see them at all," she answered, "for they always bring bad weather." Sometimes the merrows come out of the sea in the shape of little, horn-less cows. When in their own shape, they have fish tails and wear a red cap usually covered with feathers, called a *cohullen druith*. The men among them have green teeth, green hair, pigs' eyes and red noses, but their women are beautiful, and sometimes prefer handsome fishermen to their green-haired lovers. Near Bantry, in the last century, lived a woman covered with scales like a fish, who was descended from such a marriage.

All over Ireland are little fields circled by ditches, and supposed to be ancient fortifications and sheep folds. These are the raths or forts. Here, marrying and giving in marriage, live the land fairies. Many a mortal have they enticed down into their dim world. Many more have listened to their fairy music, till all human cares and joys drifted from their hearts, and they became great fairy doctors, or great musicians, or poets like Carolan, who gathered his tunes while sleeping on a fairy rath; or else they died in a year and a day, to live ever after among the fairies.

These sociable fairies are in the main good, but one most malicious habit have they—a habit worthy of a witch. They steal children, and leave a withered fairy a thousand, or may be two thousand years old, for the matter of that, instead. Two or three years ago a man wrote to one of the Irish papers, telling of a case in his own village, and how the parish priest made the fairies deliver up again the stolen child.

At times full grown men and women have been carried off. Near the village of Ballisodare, Sligo, I have been told, lives an old woman who was taken in her youth. When she came home, at the end of seven years, she had no toes, for she had danced them off.

Especially do they steal men, women and children on May eve, Mid-summer eve, and November eve, for these are their festivities.

On May eve, every seventh year, they fight for the harvest, for the best ears of corn belong to them. An old man told me he saw them

fighting once. They tore the thatch off a house in the battle. Had you or I been there we had merely felt a great wind blowing; the peasantry know better than to mistake the fairies for the wind. When a little whirlwind passes, lifting the straws, they take off their hats and say: "God bless them," for the fairies are going by.

On Midsummer eve, Bonfire Night, as we call it, the sheoques are very gay, and on this night more than any other do they steal beautiful mortals to be their brides.

On November eve, according to the old Gaelic reckoning the first night of winter, the fairies are very gloomy, and in their green raths dance with the ghosts, while abroad in the world witches make their spells, and a solitary and wicked fairy, called the Pooka, has power, and girls set tables with food in the name of the devil, that the fetch of their future lovers may come through the window and eat.

The sociable fairies are very quarrelsome.

Lady Wilde tells about one battle in which, no stones being at hand, they stole butter and flung it at each other. A quantity stuck in the branches of an alder-tree. A man in the neighbourhood mended the handle of the dash of his churn with a branch of this tree. As soon as he began churning, the butter, until now hanging invisible in the alder branches, flowed into his churn. The same happened every churning-day, until he told the matter to a fairy doctor, which telling broke the spell, for all these things have to be kept secret.

Kennedy describes a battle heard by a peasant of his acquaintance. The sheoques were in the air over a river. He heard shots and light bodies falling into the water, and a faint sound of shouting, but could see nothing. Old Patrick Kennedy, who records this, was a secondhand bookseller in Dublin, and claimed in one of his works to know spells for making the fairies visible, but would not tell them for fear they might set dangerous forces in action—forces that might destroy the user of the spell. These battles are often described by Irish fairy seers. Sometimes the sociable sheoques, dressed in green coats, fight with the solitary red-coated fairies.

THE SOLITARY FAIRIES.

The best known of these is the Lepracaun (Ir. *Leith bhrogan*, *i.e.*, the "one shoe maker") He is seen sitting under a hedge mending a shoe, and one who catches him and keeps his eyes on him can make him deliver up his crocks of gold, for he is a rich miser; but if he takes his eyes off him, the creature vanishes like smoke. He is said to be the child of a spirit and a debased fairy, and, according to MacNally, wears a red coat with seven rows of buttons, seven buttons in each row, and a cocked hat, on the point of which he sometimes spins like a top.

Some writers have supposed the Cluricaun to be another name of the same fairy, given him when he has laid aside his shoe-making at night

and goes on the spree. The Clúricaun's one occupation is robbing wine-cellars.

The Gonconer or Gancanagh (Ir. *Gean-canagh i.e.*, "Love talker") is a little creature of the Lepracaun type, unlike him, however, in being an idler. He always appears with a pipe in his mouth in lonely valleys, where he makes love to shepherdesses and milkmaids.

The Far Darrig (Ir. *Fear-Dearg i.e.*, red man) plays practical jokes continually. A favourite trick is to make some poor mortal tramp over hedges and ditches, carrying a corpse on his back, or to make him turn it on a spit. Of all these solitary, and mainly evil, fairies there is no more lubberly wretch than this same Far Darrig. Like the next phantom, he presides over evil dreams.

The Pooka seems to be of the family of the nightmare. He has most likely never appeared in human form, the one or two recorded instances being probably mistakes, he being mixed up with the Far Darrig. His shape is that of a horse, a bull, goat, eagle, ass and perhaps of a black dog, though this last may be a separate spirit. The Pooka's delight is to get a rider, whom he rushes with through ditches and rivers and over mountains, and shakes off in the grey of the morning. Especially does he love to plague a drunkard—a drunkard's sleep is his kingdom.

The Dullahan is another gruesome phantom. He has no head, or carries it under his arm. Often he is seen driving a black coach, called the coach-a-bower (Ir *Coise-bodhar*), drawn by headless horses. It will rumble to your door, and if you open to it, a basin of blood is thrown in your face. To the houses where it pauses it is an omen of death. Such a coach, not very long ago, went through Sligo in the grey of the morning (the spirit hour). A seaman saw it, with many shudderings. In some villages its rumbling is heard many times in the year.

The Leanhaun Shee (fairy mistress) seeks the love of men. If they refuse, she is their slave; if they consent, they are hers, and can only escape by finding one to take their place. Her lovers waste away, for she lives on their life. Most of the Gaelic poets, down to quite recent times, have had a Leanhaun Shee, for she gives inspiration to her slaves. She is the Gaelic muse, this malignant fairy. Her lovers, the Gaelic poets, died young. She grew restless, and carried them away to other worlds, for death does not destroy her power.

Besides these, we have other solitary fairies, such as the House Spirit and Water Sheerie, a kind of Will-o'-the-Wisp, and various animal spirits, such as the Anghiska, the water-horse, and the Pastha (*Piast-vestea*) the lake-dragon, a guardian of hidden treasure, and two fairies, the Far-gorta and the Banshee, who are technically solitary fairies, though quite unlike their fellows in disposition.

The Far-gorta (man of hunger) is an emaciated fairy that goes through the land in famine time, begging, and bringing good luck to the giver of alms.

The Banshee (*Bean-sidhe*) seems to be one of the sociable fairies grown solitary through the sorrow or the triumph of the moment; her name merely means woman-fairy, answering to the less common word Farshee [*Fear-sidhe*], man fairy. She wails, as most people know, over the death of some member of an old Irish family. Sometimes she is an enemy of the house, and wails with triumph; sometimes a friend, and wails with sorrow. When more than one Banshee comes to cry, the man or woman who is dying must have been very holy or very brave. Occasionally she is undoubtedly believed to be one of the sociable fairies. Cleena, once an ancient Irish goddess, is now a Munster sheoque.

O'Donovan, one of the very greatest of the Irish antiquarians, wrote in 1849 to a friend, who quoted his words in the Dublin University Magazine: "When my grandfather died in Leinster, in 1798, Cleena came all the way from Tonn Cleena, at Glandore, to lament him; but she has not been heard ever since lamenting any of our race, though I believe she still weeps in the mountains of Drumaleaque in her own country, where so many of the race of Eoghan More are dying of starvation."

The Banshee who cries with triumph is often believed to be no fairy, but the ghost of one wronged by an ancestor of the dying. Besides these are various fairies who fall into none of the regular groups, such as "Dark Joan of the Boyne." This fairy visits houses in the form of a hen with a lot of chickens, or a pig with a litter of banyans. Several now living say they have fought with this fairy pig. This taking the appearance of several animals at one time is curious, and brings to mind how completely a matter of whim or symbolism the form of an enchanted being must be thought. Indeed, the shape of Irish fairies seems to change with their moods—symbolizing or following the feelings of the moment.

When we look for the source of this spirit rabble, we get many different answers. The peasants say they are fallen angels who were too good to be lost, too bad to be saved, and have to work out their time in barren places of the earth. An old Irish authority—the Book of Armagh—calls them gods of the earth, and quite beyond any kind of doubt many of them were long ago gods in Ireland.

Once upon a time the Celtic nations worshipped gods of the light, called in Ireland Tuath-de-Danan and corresponding to Jupiter and his fellows, and gods of the great darkness corresponding to the Saturnian Titans. Among the sociable fairies are many of the light gods; perhaps, some day, we may learn to look for the dark gods among the solitary fairies. The Pooka we can trace, a mysterious deity of decay, to earliest times. Certainly, he is no bright Tuath-de-Danan. Around him hangs the dark vapour of Domnian Titanism.

W. B. YEATS.

(To be continued.)

A VISION PRODUCED BY MUSIC.

I WAS lately at a concert in the Hof-Kirche, at Lucerne, to hear a celebrated artist sing an Ave Maria and St. Elizabeth's prayer, the latter by Listz. But even more than with this beautiful music I was occupied with the symbolism of portions of the church. In the dim evening light I could just see, in a side chapel, a beautiful Assunta slowly ascending heavenward, with a rapt ecstatic expression of divine love, her eyes filled with the light of Heaven radiating from her heart, the only true heaven.

I saw that in a few moments more she would be beyond my ken, and that I was one of the sorrowful children of earth who are fated to moan during her absence, and to long, with unutterable longings, for her return.

Is not Maria the glorified human female soul, ascending in the "upward path" heavenwards, but ascending in order again to descend and to fill with completed beauty and loveliness each lonely and divided heart of man ?

I saw this "Meri-Amun"*—Miriam—or, as the Grecianized Jews called her, "Maria," in the dim "religious light" of the sanctuary, slowly ascending beyond my sight, but suddenly she became transfigured before my earthly eyes and "clad with the sun" as foretold ; but the radiance and the glory were too bright for my weak eyes of earth. I only saw her smile one sweet farewell to my longing and eager eyes, and then she made a sign to me, her right hand pressed to her heart, and I heard a voice as from Heaven say, "Be comforted, lone heart, I ascend now, but only in order to descend again ; wait with patience. I will surely come and descend gloriously, as Queen, into your heart. Love on, but be patient and calm."

Then the Voice ceased, and I fell into a trance, as often before, when the soft notes of a woman's heart-voice enter into my soul's heart.

And in the trance I saw the other symbol, Man crucified on earth, and the pale and suffering face and figure was life-like on the Cross, nailed on the beautiful metal lattice railing separating the holy of holies from the outer portion of the church. Within the sanctuary was silence, no living being was there, while outside was the crowd of sorrowers, and I among them, as was meet and necessary ; for Mary, had she not departed, and was I not alone ?

And another Voice came to me from Heaven and said, "Dost thou not understand the symbolism of all this earthly woe ?" and my heart replied, "But dimly. Who can explain the Mystery ?"

* "Beloved of God."

And the Voice said, with tones deep and soft like the Atlantic wave as it rolls landwards on the long sands—"That beautiful partition on which idealized man is ever—and ever must be—crucified, until Mary comes back again, is the barrier between the two worlds, the low miserable world of earth and the true ideal transcendental world of the spirit and the soul. This wall of separation is made beautiful in order to make the earthly souls suffer from the ugliness of the evil in earth life, and to excite through this Suffering the sense of ideal beauty, which is in its true meaning exactly what men call religion. Behold, I tell you a mystery; this Partition that separates the two worlds can never be removed until Mary descends again into the living human heart, annulling its division, and bringing to each the divine counterpart of which Maria is the eternal symbol."

"When she comes again—and I say the time is not long—the crucifixion of Man shall be ended, the opposites, the antinomies, shall cease, melted into the divine unity of love, and the world shall be as once it was before. Pray, then, ye mortal crucified ones, wandering sadly through life gazing at the partition which separates ye from bliss, that is, from completed and satisfied love; pray ye ever that Marie may return, and soon, so that the Cross may vanish!" The Voice ceased and I heard the divine prayer of Elizabeth sweetly echoing in my ears and heart, through the inspired music of Listz—Listz who is now with his Saint, in the same love-choir of glorified idealized ones.

And in one of the pauses of the melody, when the love pæan was dying away in the far distance, as if, like Marie, ascending slowly heavenwards, I looked entranced, and behold, the Partition was gone the divine Crucified one was there, but transfigured, and shining with the "soma augoeides," and this body was to me transparent, and I saw One like to Marie, but it was not Marie, lying close wound around the glorified Heart.

And the Voice came again, and said, "Behold the next evolution of Man, and praise God, the eternal loving One, that the time is not long. Marie comes soon again to each and all, and there shall be no more sorrow or sighing in the whole City of God. Pray then that She may come soon, for the earth is weary of her absence."

Then I awoke from the trance, and gazing before me, I saw the Partition again, and the pale and wan crucified type of our race was there once more in his anguish—Prometheus like—with the Vulture of the world, Sorrow, gnawing at his heart.

And "Gloria in excelsis" was pealing in my ears, but I sadly went away, saying, "When, O when shall be the end, that the true glory from on high may come to us, Maria in the heart of each?"—OM.

A. J. C.

Lucerne.

Dialogue on the Mysteries of the After Life.

II.

ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE INNER MAN AND ITS DIVISION.

M. Of course it is most difficult, and, as you say, "puzzling" to understand correctly and distinguish between the various *aspects*, called by us the "principles" of the real EGO. It is the more so as there exists a notable difference in the numbering of those principles by various Eastern schools, though at the bottom there is the same identical substratum of teaching in all of them.

X. Are you thinking of the Vedantins. They divide our seven "principles" into five only, I believe?

M. They do; but though I would not presume to dispute the point with a learned Vedantin, I may yet state as my private opinion that they have an obvious reason for it. With them it is only that compound spiritual aggregate which consists of various mental aspects that is called *Man* at all, the physical body being in their view something beneath contempt, and merely an *illusion*. Nor is the Vedanta the only philosophy to reckon in this manner. Lao-Tze in his *Tao-te-King*, mentions only five principles, because he, like the Vedantins, omits to include two principles, namely, the spirit (Atma) and the physical body, the latter of which, moreover, he calls "the cadaver." Then there is the *Taraka Rajà-Yogà* School. Its teaching recognises only three "principles" in fact; but then, in reality, their *Sthulopadi*, or the physical body in its *jagrata* or waking conscious state, their *Sukshmopadhi*, the same body in *svapna* or the dreaming state, and their *Karanopadhi* or "causal body," or that which passes from one incarnation to another, are all dual in their aspects, and thus make six. Add to this Atma, the impersonal divine principle or the immortal element in Man, undistinguished from the Universal Spirit, and you have the same seven, again, as in the esoteric division.*

X. Then it seems almost the same as the division made by mystic Christians: body, soul and spirit?

M. Just the same. We could easily make of the body the vehicle of the "vital Double"; of the latter the vehicle of Life or *Prana;* of *Kamarupa* or (animal) soul, the vehicle of the *higher* and the *lower* mind, and make of this six principles, crowning the whole with the one immortal spirit. In Occultism, every qualificative change in the state of our consciousness gives to man a new aspect, and if it prevails and becomes part of the living and acting EGO, it must be (and is)

* See "Secret Doctrine" for a clearer explanation.

given a special name, to distinguish the man in that particular state from the man he is when he places himself in another state.

X. It is just that which is so difficult to understand.

M. It seems to me very easy, on the contrary, once that you have seized the main idea, *i.e.* that man acts on this, or another plane of consciousness, in strict accordance with his mental and spiritual condition. But such is the materialism of the age that the more we explain, the less people seem capable of understanding what we say. Divide the terrestrial being called man into three chief aspects, if you like; but, unless you make of him a pure animal, you cannot do less. Take his objective *body;* the feeling principle in him—which is only a little higher than the *instinctual* element in the animal—or the vital elementary soul; and that which places him so immeasurably beyond and higher than the animal—*i.e.* his *reasoning* soul or "spirit." Well, if we take these three groups or representative entities, and subdivide them, according to the occult teaching, what do we get?

First of all Spirit (in the sense of the Absolute, and therefore indivisible ALL) or Atma. As this can neither be located nor conditioned in philosophy, being simply that which IS, in Eternity, and as the ALL cannot be absent from even the tiniest geometrical or mathematical point of the universe of matter or substance, it ought not to be called, in truth, a "human" principle at all. Rather, and at best, it is that point in metaphysical Space which the human Monad and its vehicle man, occupy for the period of every life. Now that point is as imaginary as man himself, and in reality is an illusion, a *maya;* but then for ourselves as for other personal Egos, we are a reality during that fit of illusion called life, and we have to take ourselves into account—in our own fancy at any rate, if no one else does. To make it more conceivable to the human intellect, when first attempting the study of Occultism, and to solve the A.B.C. of the mystery of man, Occultism calls it the *seventh* principle, the synthesis of the six, and gives it for vehicle the *Spiritual* Soul, *Buddhi.* Now the latter conceals a mystery, which is never given to any one with the exception of irrevocably pledged *chelas*, those at any rate, who can be safely trusted. Of course there would be less confusion, could it only be told; but, as this is directly concerned with the power of projecting one's double consciously and at will, and as this gift like the "ring of Gyges" might prove very fatal to men at large and to the possessor of that faculty in particular, it is carefully guarded. Alone the adepts, who have been tried and can never be found wanting have the key of the mystery fully divulged to them. . . Let us avoid side issues, however, and hold to the "principles." This divine soul or Buddhi, then, is the Vehicle of the Spirit. In conjunction, these two are one, impersonal, and without any attributes (on this plane, of course), and make two spiritual "principles." If we pass on to the *Human* Soul (*manas*, the *mens*) every one will agree that the intelligence of man is

dual to say the least: *e.g.* the high-minded man can hardly become low-minded; the very intellectual and spiritual-minded man is separated by an abyss from the obtuse, dull and material, if not animal-minded man. Why then should not these men be represented by two "principles" or two aspects rather? Every man has these two principles in him, one more active than the other, and in rare cases, one of these is entirely stunted in its growth: so to say paralysed by the strength and predominance of the other *aspect*, during the life of man. These, then, are what we call the two principles or aspects of *Manas*, the higher and the lower; the former, the higher Manas, or the thinking, conscious EGO gravitating toward the Spiritual Soul (Buddhi); and the latter, or its instinctual principle attracted to *Kama*, the seat of animal desires and passions in man. Thus, we have *four* "principles" justified; the last three being (1) the "Double" which we have agreed to call Protean, or Plastic Soul; the vehicle of (2) the life *principle;* and (3) the physical body. Of course no Physiologist or Biologist will accept these principles, nor can he make head or tail of them. And this is why, perhaps, none of them understand to this day either the functions of the spleen, the physical vehicle of the Protean Double, or those of a certain organ on the right side of man, the seat of the above mentioned desires, nor yet does he know anything of the pineal gland, which he describes as a horny gland with a little sand in it, and which is the very key to the highest and divinest consciousness in man—his omniscient, spiritual and all embracing mind. This seemingly useless appendage is the pendulum which, once the clock-work of the *inner* man is wound up, carries the spiritual vision of the EGO to the highest planes of perception, where the horizon open before it becomes almost infinite. . . .

X. But the scientific materialists assert that after the death of man nothing remains; that the human body simply disintegrates into its component elements, and that what we call soul is merely a temporary self-consciousness produced as a bye-product of organic action, which will evaporate like steam. Is not theirs a strange state of mind?

M. Not strange at all, that I see. If they say that self-consciousness ceases with the body, then in *their* case they simply utter an unconscious prophecy. For once that they are firmly convinced of what they assert, no conscious after-life is possible for them.

X. But if human self-consciousness survives death as a rule, why should there be exceptions?

M. In the fundamental laws of the spiritual world which are immutable, no exception is possible. But there are rules for those who see, and rules for those who prefer to remain blind.

X. Quite so, I understand. It is an aberration of a blind man, who denies the existence of the sun because he does not see it. But after death his spiritual eyes will certainly compel him to see?

M. They will not compel him, nor will he see anything. Having per-

sistently denied an after-life during this life, he will be unable to sense it. His spiritual senses having been stunted, they cannot develop after death, and he will remain blind. By insisting that he *must* see it, you evidently mean one thing and I another. You speak of the spirit from the Spirit, or the flame from the Flame—of Atma in short—and you confuse it with the human soul—Manas. . . . You do not understand me, let me try to make it clear. The whole gist of your question is to know whether, in the case of a downright materialist, the complete loss of self-consciousness and self-perception after death is possible? Isn't it so? I say: It is possible. Because, believing firmly in our Esoteric Doctrine, which refers to the *post-mortem* period, or the interval between two lives or births as merely a transitory state, I say:—Whether that interval between two acts of the illusionary drama of life lasts one year or a million, that *post-mortem* state may, without any breach of the fundamental law, prove to be just the same state as that of a man who is in a dead swoon.

X. But since you have just said that the fundamental laws of the after-death state admit of no exceptions, how can this be?

M. Nor do I say now that they admit of exceptions. But the spiritual law of continuity applies only to things which are truly real. To one who has read and understood Mundakya Upanishad and Vedanta-Sara all this becomes very clear. I will say more: it is sufficient to understand what we mean by Buddhi and the duality of Manas to have a very clear perception why the materialist may not have a self-conscious survival after death: because Manas, in its lower aspect, is the seat of the terrestrial mind, and, therefore, can give only that perception of the Universe which is based on the evidence of that mind, and not on our spiritual vision. It is said in our Esoteric school that between Buddhi and Manas, or Iswara and Pragna,* there is in reality no more difference than *between a forest and its trees, a lake and its waters*, just as Mundakya teaches. One or hundreds of trees dead from loss of vitality, or uprooted, are yet incapable of preventing the forest from being still a forest. The destruction or *post-mortem* death of one personality dropped out of the long series, will not cause the smallest change in the Spiritual divine *Ego*, and it will ever remain the same EGO. Only, instead of experiencing *Devachan* it will have to immediately reincarnate.

X. But as I understand it, Ego-Buddhi represents in this simile the forest and the personal minds the trees. And if Buddhi is immortal, how can that which is similar to it, *i.e.* Manas-taijasi†, lose entirely its consciousness till the day of its new incarnation? I cannot understand it.

M. You cannot, because you will mix up an abstract representation

* Iswara is the collective consciousness of the manifested deity, Brahmâ, *i.e.*, the collective consciousness of the Host of Dhyan Chohans; and Pragna is their individual wisdom.

† *Taijasi* means the radiant in consequence of the union with Buddhi of Manas, the human, illuminated by the radiance of the divine soul. Therefore Manas-taijasi may be described as radiant mind; the *human* reason lit by the light of the spirit; and Buddhi-Manas is the representation of the divine *plus* the human intellect and self-consciousness.

of the whole with its casual changes of form; and because you confuse *Manas-taijasi*, the *Buddhi*-lit human soul, with the latter, animalized. Remember that if it can be said of Buddhi that it is unconditionally immortal, the same cannot be said of Manas, still less of taijasi, which is an attribute. No *post-mortem* consciousness or Manas-Taijasi, can exist apart from Buddhi, the divine soul, because the first (*Manas*) is, in its lower aspect, a qualificative attribute of the terrestrial personality, and the second (*taijasi*) is identical with the first, and that it is the same Manas only with the light of Buddhi reflected on it. In its turn, Buddhi would remain only an impersonal spirit without this element which it borrows from the human soul, which conditions and makes of it, in this illusive Universe, *as it were something separate* from the universal soul for the whole period of the cycle of incarnation. Say rather that *Buddhi-Manas* can neither die nor lose its compound self-consciousness in Eternity, nor the recollection of its previous incarnations in which the two—*i.e.* the spiritual and the human soul, had been closely linked together. But it is not so in the case of a materialist, whose human soul not only receives nothing from the divine soul, but even refuses to recognise its existence. You can hardly apply this axiom to the attributes and qualifications of the human soul, for it would be like saying that because your divine soul is immortal, therefore the bloom on your cheek must also be immortal; whereas this bloom, like taijasi, or spiritual radiance, is simply a transitory phenomenon.

X. Do I understand you to say that we must not mix in our minds the noumenon with the phenomenon, the cause with its effect?

M. I do say so, and repeat that, limited to Manas or the human soul alone, the radiance of Taijasi itself becomes a mere question of time; because both immortality and consciousness after death become for the terrestrial personality of man simply conditioned attributes, as they depend entirely on conditions and beliefs created by the human soul itself during the life of its body. Karma acts incessantly: we reap *in our after*-life only the fruit of that which we have ourselves sown, or rather created, in our terrestrial existence.

X. But if my Ego can, after the destruction of my body, become plunged in a state of entire unconsciousness, then where can be the punishment for the sins of my past life?

M. Our philosophy teaches that Karmic punishment reaches the Ego only in its next incarnation. After death it receives only the reward for the unmerited sufferings endured during its just past existence.*

* Some Theosophists have taken exception to this phrase, but the words are those of the Masters, and the meaning attached to the word "unmerited" is that given above. In the T.P.S. pamphlet No. 6, a phrase, criticised subsequentiy in LUCIFER was used, which was intended to convey the same idea. In form however it was awkward and open to the criticism directed against it; but the essential idea was that men often suffer from the effects of the actions done by others, effects which thus do not strictly belong to their own Karma, but to that of other people—and for these sufferings they of course deserve compensation. If it is true to say that nothing that happens to us can be anything else than Karma—or the direct or indirect effect of a cause—it would be a great error to think tha every evil or good which befalls us is due *only* to *our* own personal Karma. (*Vide* further on.)

The whole punishment after death, even for the materialist, consists therefore in the absence of any reward and the utter loss of the consciousness of one's bliss and rest. Karma—is the child of the terrestrial Ego, the fruit of the actions of the tree which is the objective personality visible to all, as much as the fruit of all the thoughts and even motives of the spiritual "I"; but Karma is also the tender mother, who heals the wounds inflicted by her during the preceding life, before she will begin to torture this Ego by inflicting upon him new ones. If it may be said that there is not a mental or physical suffering in the life of a mortal, which is not the fruit and consequence of some sin in this, or a preceding existence, on the other hand, since he does not preserve the slightest recollection of it in his actual life, and feels himself not deserving of such punishment, but believes sincerely he suffers for no guilt of his own, this alone is quite sufficient to entitle the human soul to the fullest consolation, rest and bliss in his *post-mortem* existence. Death comes to our spiritual selves ever as a deliverer and friend. For the materialist, who, notwithstanding his materialism, was not a bad man, the interval between the two lives will be like the unbroken and placid sleep of a child; either entirely dreamless, or with pictures of which he will have no definite perception. For the believer it will be a dream as vivid as life and full of realistic bliss and visions. As for the bad and cruel man, whether materialist or otherwise, he will be immediately reborn and suffer his hell on earth. To enter *Avitchi* is an exceptional and rare occurrence.

X. As far as I remember, the periodical incarnations of Sutratma * are likened in some Upanishad to the life of a mortal which oscillates periodically between sleep and waking. This does not seem to me very clear, and I will tell you why. For the man who awakes, another day commences, but that man is the same in soul and body as he was the day before; whereas at every new incarnation a full change takes place not only in his external envelope, sex and personality, but even in his mental and psychic capacities. Thus the simile does not seem to me quite correct. The man who arises from sleep remembers quite clearly what he has done yesterday, the day before, and even months and years ago. But none of us has the slightest recollection of a preceding life or any fact or event concerning it. . . . . I may forget in the morning what I have dreamed during the night, still I know that I have slept and have the certainty that I lived during sleep; but what recollection have I of my past incarnation? How do you reconcile this?

M. Yet some people do recollect their past incarnations. This is what the Arhats call Samma-Sambuddha—or the knowledge of the whole series of one's past incarnations.

* Our immortal and reincarnating principle in conjunction with the Manasic recollections of the preceding lives is called Sutratma, which means literally the Thread-Soul; because like the pearls on a thread so is the long series of human lives strung together on that one thread. Manas must become *taijasi*, the radiant, before it can hang on the Sutratma as a pearl on its thread, and so have full and absolute perception of itself in the Eternity. As said before, too close association with the terrestrial mind of the human soul alone causes this radiance to be entirely lost.

X. But we ordinary mortals who have not reached Samma-Sambuddha, how can we be expected to realize this simile?

M. By studying it and trying to understand more correctly the characteristics of the three states of sleep. Sleep is a general and immutable law for man as for beast, but there are different kinds of sleep and still more different dreams and visions.

X. Just so. But this takes us from our subject. Let us return to the materialist who, while not denying dreams, which he could hardly do, yet denies immortality in general and the survival of his own individuality especially.

M. And the materialist is right for once, at least; since for one who has no inner perception and faith, there is no immortality possible. In order to live in the world to come a conscious life, one has to believe first of all in that life during one's terrestrial existence. On these two aphorisms of the Secret Science all the philosophy about the *post-mortem* consciousness and the immortality of the soul is built. The Ego receives always according to its deserts. After the dissolution of the body, there commences for it either a period of full clear consciousness, a state of chaotic dreams, or an utterly dreamless sleep indistinguishable from annihilation; and these are the three states of consciousness. Our physiologists find the cause of dreams and visions in an unconscious preparation for them during the waking hours; why cannot the same be admitted for the *post-mortem* dreams? I repeat it, *death is sleep*. After death begins, before the spiritual eyes of the soul, a performance according to a programme learnt and very often composed unconsciously by ourselves: the practical carrying out of *correct* beliefs or of illusions which have been created by ourselves. A Methodist, will be Methodist, a Mussulman, a Mussulman, of course, just for a time—in a perfect fool's paradise of each man's creation and making. These are the *post-mortem* fruits of the tree of life. Naturally, our belief or unbelief in the fact of conscious immortality is unable to influence the unconditioned reality of the fact itself, once that it exists; but the belief or unbelief in that immortality, as the continuation or annihilation of separate entities, cannot fail to give colour to that fact in its application to each of these entities. Now do you begin to understand it?

X. I think I do. The materialist, disbelieving in everything that cannot be proven to him by his five senses or by scientific reasoning, and rejecting every spiritual manifestation, accepts life as the only conscious existence. Therefore, according to their beliefs so will it be unto them. They will lose their personal Ego, and will plunge into a dreamless sleep until a new awakening. Is it so?

M. Almost so. Remember the universal esoteric teaching of the two kinds of conscious existence: the terrestrial and the spiritual. The latter must be considered real from the very fact that it is the region of the eternal, changeless, immortal cause of all; whereas the incarnating

Ego dresses itself up in new garments entirely different from those of its previous incarnations, and in which all except its spiritual prototype is doomed to a change so radical as to leave no trace behind.

X. Stop! . . . Can the consciousness of my terrestrial *Egos* perish not only for a time, like the consciousness of the materialist, but in any case so entirely as to leave no trace behind?

M. According to the teaching, it must so perish and in its fulness, all except that principle which, having united itself with the Monad, has thereby become a purely spiritual and indestructible essence, one with it in the Eternity. But in the case of an out and out materialist, in whose personal "I" no Buddhi has ever reflected itself, how can the latter carry away into the infinitudes one particle of that terrestrial personality? Your spiritual "I" is immortal; but from your present Self it can carry away into after-life but that which has become worthy of immortality, namely, the aroma alone of the flower that has been mown by death.

X. Well, and the flower, the terrestrial "I"?

M. The flower, as all past and future flowers which blossomed and died, and will blossom again on the mother bough, the *Sutratma*, all children of one root or Buddhi, will return to dust. Your present "I," as you yourself know, is not the body now sitting before me, nor yet is it what I would call Manas-Sutratma—but Sutratma-Buddhi.

X. But this does not explain to me at all, why you call life after death immortal, infinite, and real, and the terrestrial life a simple phantom or illusion; since even that *post-mortem* life has limits, however much wider they may be than those of terrestrial life.

M. No doubt. The spiritual Ego of man moves in Eternity like a pendulum between the hours of life and death. But if these hours marking the periods of terrestrial and spiritual life are limited in their duration, and if the very number of such stages in Eternity between sleep and awakening, illusion and reality, has its beginning and its end, on the other hand the spiritual "Pilgrim" is eternal. Therefore are the hours of his *post-mortem* life—when, disembodied he stands face to face with truth and not the mirages of his transitory earthly existences during the period of that pilgrimage which we call "the cycle of rebirths"—the only reality in our conception. Such intervals, their limitation notwithstanding, do not prevent the Ego, while ever perfecting itself, to be following undeviatingly, though gradually and slowly, the path to its last transformation, when that Ego having reached its goal becomes the divine ALL. These intervals and stages help towards this final result instead of hindering it; and without such limited intervals the divine Ego could never reach its ultimate goal. This Ego is the actor, and its numerous and various incarnations the parts it plays. Shall you call these parts with their costumes the individuality of the actor himself? Like that actor, the Ego is forced

to play during the Cycle of Necessity up to the very threshold of *Para-nirvana*, many parts such as may be unpleasant to it. But as the bee collects its honey from every flower, leaving the rest as food for the earthly worms, so does our spiritual individuality, whether we call it Sutratma or Ego. It collects from every terrestrial personality into which Karma forces it to incarnate, the nectar alone of the spiritual qualities and self-consciousness, and uniting all these into one whole it emerges from its chrysalis as the glorified Dhyan Chohan. So much the worse for those terrestrial personalities from which it could collect nothing. Such personalities cannot assuredly outlive consciously their terrestrial existence.

X. Thus then it seems, that for the terrestrial personality, immortality is still conditional. Is then immortality itself *not* unconditional?

M. Not at all. But it cannot touch the *non-existent*. For all that which exists as SAT, ever aspiring to SAT, immortality and Eternity are absolute. Matter is the opposite pole of spirit and yet the two are one. The essence of all this, *i.e.* Spirit, Force and Matter, or the three in one, is as endless as it is beginningless; but the form acquired by this triple unity during its incarnations, the externality, is certainly only the illusion of our personal conceptions. Therefore do we call the after-life alone a reality, while relegating the terrestrial life, its terrestrial personality included, to the phantom realm of illusion.

X. But why in such a case not call sleep the reality, and waking the illusion, instead of the reverse?

M. Because we use an expression made to facilitate the grasping of the subject, and from the standpoint of terrestrial conceptions it is a very correct one.

X. Nevertheless, I cannot understand. If the life to come is based on justice and the merited retribution for all our terrestial suffering, how, in the case of materialists many of whom are ideally honest and charitable men, should there remain of their personality nothing but the refuse of a faded flower!

M. No one ever said such a thing. No materialist, if a good man, however unbelieving, can die for ever in the fulness of his spiritual individuality. What was said is, that the consciousness of one life can disappear either fully or partially; in the case of a thorough materialist, no vestige of that personality which disbelieved remains in the series of lives.

X. But is this not annihilation to the Ego?

M. Certainly not. One can sleep a dead sleep during a long railway journey, miss one or several stations without the slightest recollection or consciousness of it, awake at another station and continue the journey recollecting other halting places, till the end of that journey, when the goal is reached. Three kinds of sleep were mentioned to you: the dreamless, the chaotic, and the one so real, that to the sleeping man his dreams become full realities. If you believe in the latter why can't you

believe in the former? According to what one has believed in and expected after death, such is the state one will have. He who expected no life to come will have an absolute blank amounting to annihilation in the interval between the two rebirths. This is just the carrying out of the programme we spoke of, and which is created by the materialist himself. But there are various kinds of materialists, as you say. A selfish wicked Egoist, one who never shed a tear for anyone but himself, thus adding entire indifference to the whole world to his unbelief, must drop at the threshold of death his personality for ever. This personality having no tendrils of sympathy for the world around, and hence nothing to hook on to the string of the Sutratma, every connection between the two is broken with the last breath. There being no Devachan for such a materialist, the Sutratma will re-incarnate almost immediately. But those materialists who erred in nothing but their disbelief, will oversleep but one station. Moreover, the time will come when the ex-materialist will perceive himself in the Eternity and perhaps repent that he lost even one day, or station, from the life eternal.

X. Still, would it not be more correct to say that death is birth into a new life, or a return once more to the threshold of eternity?

M. You may if you like. Only remember that births differ, and that there are births of "still-born" beings, which are *failures*. Moreover, with your fixed Western ideas about material life, the words "living" and "being" are quite inapplicable to the pure subjective state of *post-mortem* existence. It is just because of such ideas—save in a few philosophers who are not read by the many and who themselves are too confused to present a distinct picture of it—that all your conceptions of life and death have finally become so narrow. On the one hand, they have led to crass materialism, and on the other, to the still more material conception of the other life which the Spiritualists have formulated in their Summer-land. There the souls of men eat, drink and marry, and live in a Paradise quite as sensual as that of Mohammed, but even less philosophical. Nor are the average conceptions of the uneducated Christians any better, but are still more material, if possible. What between truncated Angels, brass trumpets, golden harps, streets in paradisiacal cities paved with jewels, and hell-fires, it seems like a scene at a Christmas pantomime. It is because of these narrow conceptions that you find such difficulty in understanding. And, it is also just because the life of the disembodied soul, while possessing all the vividness of reality, as in certain dreams, is devoid of every grossly objective form of terrestrial life, that the Eastern philosophers have compared it with visions during sleep.

My Thrush.

THE sombre depth of southern wood.
A fine leaf-scented atmosphere.
A spot so hushed I almost feel
The heart of silence throbbing here
The only sound upon the air,
A subtle note of harmony,
The lullaby of yonder brook
That sings my mood to reverie.

Another hour ; another scene,
In clime less soft and sensuous sweet
Comes back to me in vivid dream.
Again I walk, with joyous feet,
The narrow path that winds between
The close-grown trunks of social trees
Whose branches keep a lazy time
To music in the low-tuned breeze.

Another brook as softly sings
Its purling way o'er pebbly bed,
While all the vibrant verdure breathes
Its tender secrets overhead.
And somewhere from the leafy shade
That screens him from too-curious eyes
The poet of the wood awakes
Vague memories of Paradise.

Why do I start in sudden way,
While strangely all my pulses thrill ?
Did I but dream, or did I hear
Again that thrush's liquid trill ?
No sound, no motion, stirs the dense
Green canopy above my head.
And wooing back the spell, I search
For that fair day-dream's broken thread.

Ah ! suddenly it falls again,
Soft breaking through the mystic hush,
Pure, pristine strain from Paradise.
Unerring soul ; it *is* thy thrush !

How came he here, sweet rover from
That land beneath those distant skies ?
I only know he is the same,
And listen, awed, with humid eyes,

For him to greet me once again
With that long-loved, familiar note.
What told the bird I wandered here,
An exile in these wilds remote ?
Was it some kindred chord of pain
That drew him to this dim retreat,
My aching, home-sick heart to stir
With strain half sad, yet wholly sweet ?

Dear, gentle bird !—a wanderer, too—
Since this far land is dear to thee,
No more will I, a stranger, pine,
Where'er thou art is home to me.

MARY R. SHIPPEY.

A TRADITION OF AN OLD SCOTCH FAMILY.

A Theosophist, a gentleman living in Edinburgh, writes to tell us about this most extraordinary occurrence :—

"A wealthy landed proprietor in Scotland had to leave home for a few days on business. The road from his house was visible for over a mile from the windows. His wife watched him going along till a small clump of trees hid him from sight ; the road was plainly visible on either side, but she never saw him emerge. She thought little of this till several days passed and he neither came back nor sent any message. Then the whole country was searched and all possible inquiries made, but without result. A year later she died. The family vault was opened for her burial and there was found a fresh coffin, the plate bearing the husband's name, and the date of death the very day on which he had left. The coffin was opened and the body clearly identified, with no mark of violence on it. But by what means he died, or how his body came to be in a closely walled-up vault, under a family chapel, which would take a number of workmen considerable time to open, has never been ascertained."

Unfortunately, the family are averse to making their name public. Nor are we told whether the coffin could be traced to any store or workshop, in Scotland or England.

ANOTHER AUTOMATIC WRITING.

A GENTLEMAN, as great a materialist as ever lived, writes as follows to a lady theosophist:—

"On the night of Monday last (New Year's Eve) as I lay in my bed, in a somnolent state, between sleeping and waking, the lines which follow seemed chanted as from a distance. It could scarcely be said to be in an audible voice but like *the ringing recollection* of some old familiar song surging up anew on the echoes of memory. It was between two and three in the morning, but I woke up and committed the words to paper—literally—as they again came to me. I know not whether they *be my own lines or not, but I know that they cost me no effort or study whatsoever, and so far as I am conscious, have never been heard or read by me at any previous time.*

"I think that your Ladyship might possibly like to have a copy of these verses, so different in the mode of their production from my usual compositions. If these verses be indeed mine, they must have been produced by an act of *unconscious cerebration* or *automatic reflex action of the Brain.* That is the only explanation I can give. I here subjoin them, and remain, etc. etc."

Behold! a Light is beaming
From loftiest Centres streaming
On worlds of wonders gleaming
Undreamt before!

Far thro' the distant ages,
'Twas hail'd by Guardian Sages,
It 'lumed the sacred pages
Of ancient Lore!

Far spreads the Light, descending
Thick clouds of darkness rending;
The lone and sad befriending;
All truths eternal blending
For evermore!

The *Powers* new Life are granting
To waken'd mortals panting;
Bright flowers of Eden planting
From shore to shore!

The following bit of poetry was given under the same conditions:—

There's a Spirit in Man that's unmeasured in might,
That's born for the Victory—born for the Light!
That's born yet to conquer the Powers that oppress,
And the Gardens of Paradise yet to possess!
Though toilsome its path through the Ages afar,
Though 'tis bound to the sod, it shall soar to the star!
Though the coils of the flesh and the Powers of the Air
May have league to enswathe it in bands of despair;
Unscathed by the Battle—unsinged by the Flame—
Mid Charnel's corruption, itself, and the same!
As air of the Mountain unfettered and free,
It breathes o'er the City—it sweeps o'er the Sea!
Though sunk in pollution—though lapsed and depraved,
Through aeons of anguish it yet shall be saved!
Though its garments be stain'd—though its wings be defiled—
A Star on its brow!! 'Tis Eternity's Child!

OCCULT AXIOMS AND THEIR SYMBOLS.*

OCCULT knowledge is said to consist of a finite number of axioms, infinite in their applications. In reality there is only one truth, which is to be expressed by one "word," and to be understood in that unique state where the knower, the knowledge and the known are all one. But the lighted area widening as the rays travel further from the central sun, the number of such axioms, as well as of the corollaries in which their bearings must be pointed out, depends entirely on the degree of advancement of the student himself. Words, numerous and elaborate, may fail sometimes to awaken the intended feeling, while a glance will in other cases be sufficient: each occult axiom may be dissected into volumes or condensed into one symbol, by the living power of which clouds of sunken thoughts will be roused in the minds of initiates.

Of such symbols the cross is one. Metaphysically, it means that the existence of opposites is the condition of existence: that is, of existence such as we can conceive or understand, of finite or *mayavic* existence. For everything finite is a delusion compared with the infinite reality, where the two poles of the egg-shaped universe merge into the omnipresent centre of the limitless and consequently formless sphere.

As the sense of depth in ocular or stereoscopic vision is due to the angle between the retinas or the lenses, so the universal *mirage* is due to the strabism of the seer. Theological as well as materialistic doctrines are superficial, because each of them insists on looking at truth with but one eye. God, or the good, without the devil, or evil, is a one-sided abstraction, just as matter or body without force or spirit. To those who will use both eyes, the devil will appear no longer as a son of God, but as his wife, and these two abstractions will be found united by so strong a partnership, that the removal of the one would cause the instant disappearance of its complementary Maya. One-sided were also the puzzled and puzzling enquiries of all our modern philosophers into the problem of the antinomies of pure reason, which Hamilton has formulated in what he calls the law of the conditioned. "All that is conceivable in thought lies between two extremes, which, as contradictory to each other, cannot both be true, but of which, as mutual contradictories, one must." We need but slightly alter the wording of this problem to obtain its solution, and at the same time to express one of the deepest occult axioms: "*All that is conceivable, that is to say, finite and illusory, lies between two extremes* APPARENTLY *contradictory but* ABSOLUTELY *identical.*"

The deepest of such antinomies, and the source of all others, lies between ego and non-ego, between that in us which is conscious of everything else and every thing of which we are conscious. On the material plane the area of demarcation

* The author, a foreigner, has never before written in this language. But, believing that timidity is neither a theosophical virtue nor an English vice, he hopes the reader will forgive him this attempt at Theosophy in English.

is the surface itself of our body: we say that *we* are hurt, when any part of *our* flesh garment is injured; and too many are those amongst us whose chief or only care is this sensitive though coarse self. On the mental plane, the wall is built between our own souls and the thoughts, feelings and desires of others; here, already, the castle is not so jealously closed as to exclude sympathy with similar tastes or interests: hence association raises man from amongst the beasts. But as we proceed higher, into the spiritual world, we perceive that all the things we call ours, soul as well as body, are only the instruments of our real self, which, as a ray of the universal Atma, is in no way distinct or separated from other rays. Deep within the strata of our constitution lies that hidden spring of all our volitions, thoughts and feelings. And it is only when we have drunk its pure waters of life that we can know *Ananda*, and taste that real happiness, the desire of which has been the spur of our weary and thirsty soul through the misery of its pilgrimage; because then, as far as being extends, there is no longer anything distinct from our own being.

It will be easily perceived that such a state of *be-ness* is absolutely different from anything we can conceive under the term *existence*. Indeed, one and all of the qualifications by which beings are constituted are inadequate to it.

Perfection of being seems at first sight to imply perfection of form. Various and beautiful are the shapes under which artists, poets and seers have pictured the celestial inhabitants, the ideal, airy fancies in which their pure aspirations hoped to dwell or remembered having dwelt; *devas* with their beautiful monstrosities and appalling powers; houris, with the fathomless love in their eyes and the flowing vesture of their dark locks; angels, chaste and white, with the dove-like softness of their four great wings. And they are not mere fancies, these dreamy glimpses of other worlds and other planes of existence; but a moment's thought will show that, a form being constituted by its very limits, perfect being cannot have any form at all.

For perfect being is nothing, if not limitless; towards an ever-growing extension tends the ever-progressing evolution. Enclosed within our prison of flesh, we have grown senses all around ourselves, and millions of years were busily spent by nature that we might have sight to enjoy the light and hearing to listen to the word. Our intellect has extended those senses; we have helped our eyes by the range of the telescope, our walk by the impetuosity of steam, our voice by the flash of electricity. If the ancients attached wings to the feet or shoulders of their heroes, even more than they, are we justified in conceiving that the power of a god may be measured by the reach of his arm. But the same reflection will convince us that infinitude is too great to have any size.

Similarly, time is too eternal to last. Our present, which is already gone, is nothing but a shadow sandwiched between the past, which is no more, and the future, which is not yet. So strong is our desire for the continuance of life, that we always forget the past and its dim regrets in favour of an ever brighter and more hopeful future. Hence immortality seems to be essential to perfect happiness, and we should have reason to envy the ambrosia of the Olympians, if Manus' dire logic had not warned us that even the gods must die.

Some will say, justly enough, that the life of ephemeridæ, spent in dance and turmoil, is longer than the cold and infinitesimal growth of the Lebanon cedar,

and that a few moments of deep love or even bitter emotion are worth three-score years of golden idleness. Shall we rest sure, at least, that vividness of consciousness is the real standard of the perfection of being? Alas, this supreme satisfaction will also elude our embrace. For a being conscious of all could not be conscious of any one thing, and omniscience is, to our limited minds, synonymous with nescience. We can find our self only by losing ourselves, for "how could we know the knower?" and how could the only *reality appear* as anything?

Such reasoning, although as old as human thought, may seem new to our paradoxical age; and this is scarcely to be wondered at, in a universe which is itself nothing but a vast paradox. Yet all sacred books and mystic lore teach us that liberation can be acquired only by sacrifice; that in order to get knowledge we must forget personality; that Nirvana is a state of absorption, of extinction in absolute light; and that nothing appears to the Jivan-Mukta as different from himself: all names, all forms, all distinctions have vanished, even the fundamental one between ego and non-ego. And this unity, this permanent centre of existence, is also the focus of all evolution. "In the beginning, all this was Self, one only!"

The reflexion of this subjective duality endows objectivity with its poles. Owing to the distinction between the knower and the known, all knowledge presents a double aspect. Space appears as great and small, time as long and short, movement as quick and slow. Yet the limits of both tendencies are unthinkable. Vainly does our imagination fly from earth to sun, from the solar system to the stars, from the milky way to the nebulæ: when it has struck its forehead against the dark mysteries of the beyond, it has advanced no further than when resting in its humility. And if, frightened by the abyss, we recoil into minuteness, if we explore the universes which our bodies are to their cells, the planets which our blood-corpuscles are to the organisms living in them, we find ourselves lost again, where there hardly seems to be room for movement, and we have to exclaim with a Chinese sage: "Nothing is greater than the small!"

To the conception of space are closely allied those of time and motion, for none of the three can be conceived independently from the others. But in vain would we swell our minds' capacity from the ages of the gods to the ages of Brahmâ, for all the tears of humanity are nothing more than a drop in the ocean of eternity. On the other hand, dream-experience shows us that hours may be condensed into the duration of a breath: thousands of entities may have lived and accomplished their life-task after a momentary explosion is over; and the twinkling of an eye, if it could not be sub-divided, would be no part of time. The existence of the present, as a mathematical line dividing the past from the future, is nothing but a delusion; and yet eternity is run through by that nothingness; because in reality the present and the eternal are one and the same. By the same delusion do we speak of causes and effects: a first cause and a last effect are mere abstractions, because both merge into the absolute; and phenomena are but irridescences on the soap-bubble of Maya, which hangs from the unknown, and expands by the unknown breath.

We should have very different ideas about motion if we were enclosed in an

oyster-shell, or again if we moved along a flash of lightning. All degrees of movement, from electricity to light, from a ray to a thought, are comprised between absolute rest, which is to be found nowhere in nature, and absolute rapidity, which is evidently nothing else but omnipresence, that is to say, rest again. So motion, like time and space, returns upon itself, and every speed, every duration, every expansion, lies between two extremes, apparently contradictory, but absolutely identical.

To this absolute identity, which is at the same time the primary and the ultimate unit from which both scales start and to which they tend, we have given the name of Omnipresence, which applies equally to an instant and to eternity, to a point and to infinity, to stillness and to unperceivable rapidity. But Omnipresence, and this is what we have been driving at, is also the essential quality of what we should conceive as perfect consciousness, and that is why religions have attributed it to God. Consciousness is co-extensive with space, with motion, with time; nothing extends, nothing moves, nothing lasts, but consciousness is able to take cognizance of it, is adequate to its extension; speed and duration expand with it, move with it, last with it. Truly has it been said that no world would exist if there was no consciousness whatever to know its existence. We shall go further and say that through consciousness everything exists, moves and lasts; for it endows space, time and motion, with measure and quality, with name and form. There is no such thing as size or duration *per se*; bodies are great or small only by comparison with each other, and consciousness alone decides between them, bringing forward, at its own tribunal, the standard adopted by itself. Whether such standard remains invariable from no-beginning to no-end, or whether the Heavenly consciousness awakes in different moods at each manvantaric dawn, is a question of no practical interest to us. Once consciousness is limited by an angle of vision, the horizon of eternity must appear to it as intersected by the sides of this angle, as a basis or *úpadhi* more or less distant, as a straight line between the two points of positivity and negativity; once consciousness is established at one of the extremities of the cross, space, motion and time stand in their places at the three other extremities. But in the absolute, all the four, returning, so to say, upon themselves, merge into the point of intersection, which in symbology becomes the centre of the circle, the emblem of their incomprehensible unity. The rose has closed its petals and sleeps. Nothing is left but the *One Element*, which is at the same time consciousness and duration, life and movement, space (form) and substance. All the seven rest in the womb of the unknowable, mixed and yet distinct, like the undeveloped yet complete flower in the lotus-bud.

Thus, in the macrocosm as well as in the microcosm, everything appears dual, while in reality ALL THINGS ARE ONE. The point in the circle, the germ in the egg, *Thaï-y in Tao*, *Aditi in Tat*, *Mulaprakriti* in *Parabrahm*, *Sephira* in *Ain-Soph*, thismysteri ous *Thebaw*, the arch where the prototype of the universe is preserved during the deluges of darkness, is the only thing which exists, has existed, and will exist, whether the world subsists or not, whether there are gods or none, whether Brahmâ is asleep or awake. About the non-being which is identical with *be-ness*, about the no-number which yields number, about the zero

equal to the circle, the nothing identical with all, we need not say anything, as its sacredness transcends all human speculation. But even this metaphysically if not easily comprehensible Omnipresence, which is the only visible side of the hidden sun, must be carefully guarded against the sacrilegious attempts of anthropomorphism; and although we have just seen China and the Veda agree on this point with Vedantism and the Kabala, we cannot, however earnest our desire, include in their synthesis systems which have only raised to minor levels the minds of their followers. We cannot recognize anything approaching this concept of omnipresent unity in what the moderns generally understand by the term God. We cannot conceive how any being, let alone a personal one, could be the absolute being, and at the same time omnipotent and omnipresent, infinite and first cause, supremely good and perfectly conscious; for Balzac, Stuart Mill and Mansel have shown that such attributes hopelessly clash with one another. A cause is related to its effect, a conscious subject to the object he is conscious of, and good is only such relatively to its opposite, evil. If, therefore, we consider such a God as first cause, supreme goodness and perfect consciousness, then he is not the supreme principle, but only one of the extreme principles of creation, and the attributes of absoluteness and infinity must be reserved for the unity in which the essence of substance rests undifferentiated.* Occultism understands by God the *Spirits* of the Universe, and considers the universe as his *bodies*; but it knows that spirit and matter are only complementary appearances of the one Element.

Our religions are intoxicants to souls thirsty for pure ideal waters. As soon as you question them, they turn their backs, where is written the word Mystery. They affect shame to conceal their unattractiveness; to avoid giving explanations which they have not got, they say that it is profane to ask for them. They are responsible for the superficiality of modern minds, because for ages they have sold toys instead of distributing thoughts. Now-a-days, one must excuse oneself after talking for five minutes on the problems of life; it bothers ladies, and gentlemen too. In vain does the philosopher seek for a man in public thoroughfares : people avoid his lantern.

The recognition of this principle of duality implies a number of consequences. Every accentuation of the distinction between opposites acts as a help to the forces producing universal illusion. The most potent of such forces is that egotism through which subsists the fundamental antagonism between ourselves and everybody or everything else. Individualism, upon which modern society is built, is one of the most nefarious aspects of this powerful agent, and its ever-growing momentum is calculated to plunge humanity deeper and deeper into the mire. Here is a sure criterion of conduct for those who wish to react against this evil, as well as a sound basis for a new morality.

We do not mean that such forces are evil in themselves; they are necessary factors in the world's history. But, as evolution advances to superior planes, these factors must yield to new ones of a different character. It is true enough

* These two last attributes, however, are not contradictory to each other, whatever Hamilton may say to the contrary. He arrives at his conclusion by opposing the infinite to the finite; but these two terms are to be superposed and not opposed; for the finite lies between two infinites. The terms to be opposed are the infinitely great and the infinitely small, which merge into equality or absoluteness.

that competition is one of the springs of material progress, but it is more true still that materiality only represents the lowest arc of the evolutionary circle: and even the recognition of universal opposition would suffice to suggest that individualism being the law of material evolution, altruism must be the law of spiritual growth. This, the sages know to be a fact; but it can be seen by the least far-sighted observer in the tendency to association which characterises the ascending orders of beings, and which, after all, has alone rendered human progress possible. Competition itself is but an association of a peculiar kind; even on the material plane, the evil carries its own remedy. The savage struggle between isolated individuals has necessitated their association in tribes; the conflicts between tribes have induced some of them to ally and form nations, and international wars will eventually result in the union of all humanity. Opposites are also correlatives, and virtue is only a progress upon certain vices. An organised family is a decided improvement upon unruled animal passions; but there may come a day when our patriotism and heroism will be looked upon as vices. The exclusivism of sex will transform itself into unsexual love, the blossom will ripen into the fruit.

There is no conservatism in Nature: all must move or die. And this movement runs in a circle: we have to quicken and follow it, rather than oppose it and run backwards. Will anybody ask children or plants to stop growing? Will you say to a rough that he must cease drinking if he wants to reach Nirvana? He will laugh at you, and drink more. Show him that there are other springs of enthusiasm, initiate him into artistic enjoyment, supply opportunities to his admiration, tempt his power of reasoning by himself; make him feel first, then make him think: you will have awakened a soul, and this soul will spontaneously begin to struggle against the animal. But in presence of vice, disease, and misery, do not drop your hands in despair and ask what is to be done. Follow Nature, who spends vices in order to gain virtues, who boils matter to distil forces: believe Fourier, who said that passions ought not to be stifled, but canalized and utilized. Humanity is ignorant, and with ignorance we have to deal. Philosophers who build to themselves a world of their own are only egotists, who cannot plead the excuse of illusion, while they work to strengthen it.

Truth can never be attained by anyone running along a particular line of thought, to the exclusion of all other lines, or hurrying along his own path, heedless of the distressed calls of fellow-men who travel other ways under difficulty. An ordinary respectable tradesman, versed in the art of drawing gold from other people's pockets into his own family-safe, will laugh at you if you argue that those who supply the money which he gives to his wife and children belong to his family also. A doctor knows all the names and habits of bacteria, and can even fight against diseases specially produced by them: but he will never think of destroying the moral bacteria of his patients, being often himself infested with them; and if you say that something ought to be done to remedy prostitution, he will call you a Utopian. A theologian can quote any verses from the Bible, with their commentaries: but if you enquire about the fate of people who never saw the book, or cannot believe it, he will send them altogether to eternal perdition; and if you protest, he will damn you too.

For centuries Christians have been accustomed to look upon humanity as divided into two classes: the good, that is to say the believers, destined to become saints on a sudden; to attain, by the one short step of death, a perfection after which they had only striven at leisure; to enjoy an everlasting happiness after a brief life devoid of unhappy circumstances and irresistible temptations; and the wicked, who did not know better, marked for an eternal and useless suffering without any hope of amendment. As if the wickedness of the most wicked, even of one who should have quenched his anger in the blood of a fellow-man, could equal that of a *father* who is not to be appeased by an eternal revenge, so great is his horror of sin! Oh! give us back the Greek gods and goddesses, who were only a little more virtuous at times, but never much more vicious, than ordinary mortals.

For ages, the device of humanity has been "Væ Victis;" and men were born free or slaves, lords or vassals, noble or vulgar, civilized or barbarians, believers or infidels, rich or poor, virtuous or vicious. In vain did Karma put slavish souls into bodies filled with blue blood, and elicit geniuses, nay, even redeemers, from the ranks of the toilers; in vain did Nature chastise all her children with impartial suffering, equal folly, similar diseases and chaotic corruption. Men took the hint only partially: they have begun to understand that they can improve and must help Nature; but while physical science is studying every fibre of our frames in order to secure health for all, while the newly-born social science is striving to establish equal rights and impartial laws, religion, which ought to console us for animal necessities by preaching spiritual liberation, has been, and is yet, the prostituted slave of might versus right; ready to quote Scripture in favour of slavery, to sing anthems after international slaughter, to sell its pews, in church or heaven, to the highest bidder; always prepared to proclaim the fatality of human curses, to attribute them to original sin, and to preach resignation to those who have nothing to resign: but ever impotent to direct men out of the mire and to prepare the reign of God upon earth.

Man has not yet understood that he has no business to meddle with destiny and to poison it for himself by making it worse for others. He is always ready to submit to *Kismet* and aggravate fatality, because he ignores the laws of *Karma* and doubts justice. Indeed, the only devil is ignorance, which makes man despair of his own nature. Evil-doers are exceptions, but wrong-doers are legion. We have a thousand good reasons to avoid condemning others beyond remission: for it is easy to see the acts of men, but very difficult to know their motives: we can see plainly the undesirable results of the work of missionaries for instance, yet their vocation was an impulse of devotion to humanity, corrupted by exclusive devotion to one God. We can see easily the rising tide of vice and crime amongst us, but few trace it to its real cause, the attraction of misery, that satellite of civilization. From distorted souls in emaciated bodies we can expect very little morality. Virtue is a luxury, and those possessed of so great a wealth ought to show it by a great charity.

The habit of drawing hard and fast lines of distinction has permeated all our life, even to our art and literature. Our plays and romances are indebted to it for the types of the perfect traitor, who never thinks but to plan poisonous designs, who never speaks but to blaspheme, who never moves but to strike;

and of the perfect hero, always handsome and well-combed, always strong and courageous, always virtuous and successful. Our maidens dream about such princes, and when they awake by the side of an honest, plain fellow, full of the common mixture of good intentions and poor compromises, it is only to fancy that their just hopes have been deceived, and to waste a life in distrust and misery. The poor things do not perceive that the same combination exists in themselves and may be the cause of reciprocal disenchantment. Yet they might easily console themselves for imperfections which are perhaps one of their main charms. I cannot help thinking that we should not get on half so well with angels from Heaven as we can do with our earthly companions. We might feel inclined to follow the example of the man who hanged himself because he had a perfect wife. Truly has it been said that women are neither fools nor angels, but that whoever takes them for angels is a fool.

It has been argued that the devotion to humanity recommended by Theosophy is incompatible with family feelings. Are those creeds then better calculated to strengthen bonds of love, which induce men to look upon death as a possibly eternal separation, after which an infinite bliss will fill their own hearts, shut for ever by some degrading and repulsive process to the agonies and torments of some of their kin? With this prospect of intensified and transcendental egotism, Theosophy, in truth, has nothing to compare. Let it be contented with teaching men actual brotherhood and mutual love. Let those build their stone houses upon interested partnership and momentary lust, who think the human heart too small to contain more than one love, more than one god. Meanwhile, let us cherish our present family, without forgetting that numberless have been our children, and numberless will be our parents; that, born from one and the same light, we must strive all together towards final union; that the sacred books enjoin us to perform fully our duties to humanity, to our race, to our families, in one word to our *Selves;* and also tell us: "Verily, a wife is not dear, that you may love the wife; but that you may love *Atma*, therefore a wife is dear." If there is a people in the world who considered the family as a sacred and divine institution, it is the Chinese, who have written thousands of books upon filial duty, and who believe they hold part of their souls from their ancestors, upon whose altars they offer daily sacrifices. Yet this is what Confucius says in the Classic of Filial Piety: "The filial piety of the wise is a tribute of reverence to all fathers under Heaven, his reverence a tribute to all brothers, his submission a tribute to all rulers," and he recommends reverence towards Heaven and Earth, the father and mother of all creatures. "During the golden age," says the Book of Rites, "men did not pay reverence only to their own fathers, neither did they treat as sons only their own children. Thus egotism was crushed in the egg."

Under direction of this same philosopher was composed a little treatise, the name of which can be translated "Doctrine of the Mean," or "Invariability in the Middle," or again "Perfect Equilibrium". Curiously enough, the doctrine contained in it can be understood in three corresponding senses. Simple inspection of the cross will show us that there are three positions between the right and left extremities. First there is a passive equilibrium at the lowest point, representing the state of mind of the man who is unable to decide or

even distinguish between the two seers of grain; who is always desirous to spare both parties, never able to satisfy anyone; always ready to follow the strongest, never able to know his own tendency; always anxious to ascertain other people's opinion, never able to form his own; not quite evil, scarcely good; prompt between affirmation and negation, stingy between riches and poverty, tepid between cold and heat: this is the man to whom Christ said: "I will spew thee out of my mouth!"

Next there is the equilibrium at the centre of the cross, or that worldly wisdom expressed in the adage; "*Virtus in medio.*" Of this the book of Confucius treats more specially. He tries to show that wisdom consists in following the middle way, in keeping a perpetual adjustment between the opposite tendencies of life. "Few follow this way, because the learned go beyond, while the fools do not reach it." Yet it is not to be sought for very far, for it is "here and now," in the nature of man himself. Flying after the unknowable is useless; you may ride even the human passions, provided you rein them into their normal course. For the saint is not so much the virtuous as the just; and the aim of nature seems to be rather the establishment of harmony than the prevalence of goodness.

Order is undoubtedly the way to a good social constitution and to earthly prosperity. But above the extreme, at the upper point of the cross, outside of Maya, in the absolute, stands perfect equilibrium. This can be attained only by those who have equalized the scales of Karma, who have reached again the neutral point from which they had been started into the swing of incarnation. Knowing that our past evolution has been mostly spent in animal passion and human egotism, in ignorance and sin, we cannot doubt that the balance of this enormous debt is to be struck only by a compulsory and hastened payment of altruistic actions and deeds of virtue. Karma cannot be put out of the way; it must be satisfied. Once this equilibrium has been obtained, and to him only who has reached it, virtue and vice become equally indifferent; good and evil, light and darkness, merge into each other and vanish, as, before the reality of dawn, dreams of love disappear together with nightmares. Then the saint can view the pairs of extremes from the standpoint of the great mystic *Lao-tzeu*. "He regards people as children, and all creatures as the dogs of straw which are to be burnt when the sacrifice is over. Men who are virtuous and sincere, he treats as virtuous and sincere; men who are not virtuous nor sincere, he treats also as virtuous and sincere; and this is the acme of virtue and sincerity."

AMARAVELLA.

ERRATA.

The Editors desire to correct the following *errata* in the last number of LUCIFER, December 15, 1888.

Page 267, line 8, *delete* "true."

„ 272, „ 32, *for* "and their voices" *read* "but their voices."

„ 301, „ 16, *for* "psychographic writers, as we are told &c." *read* "psychographic writers. As we are told &c."

„ 302, „ 36, *for Aarzoo, read Aanroo.*

Theosophical Activities.

WHAT THEOSOPHY AND ITS SOCIETY SHOULD BE.

THE letter from which the following pages are translated—and which was never meant for publication—was recently addressed to one of the Editors by Madame Camille Lemaître, the friend of our late and regretted brother Louis Dramard, and a most worthy member of the T. S. in France. The tone and spirit of the writer's remarks are so eminently noble, theosophical and altruistic, and the suggestions made so desirable, that permission has been obtained from the lady for their translation and publication. It is hoped that the seed thus sown will bear fruit in the minds of our readers.—[ED.]

As regards the theosophical movement in France, about which you ask my opinion, Dramard and myself shared precisely the same ideas. In our view, the T. S. is too fine and delicate a plant to live and thrive in the surroundings among which it was first planted. Flourishing in all its glory and bearing fruit in its strength upon the highest table-lands of the earth, its birth-place, it neither can nor ever could take root in the strong soil of plains fattened and watered with the sweat of the poor, or on those sterile tufa rocks called respectively the *bourgeoisie* or middle-class, and an aristocracy more or less learned or ignorant, lazy or active; just as it could only fade and wither in the hot-house drawing-rooms and boudoirs, where women of the world, gay, foolish, capricious, see in it only an exotic novelty of a special kind.

This plant of life needs pure air, blazing sunshine and fresh dews. It is only in the heart of a man purified by suffering, by the daily battle for life; it is in the heart of him who has begun to pay his debt to Karma by the unheard-of sufferings which our civilization of steel and iron, with its sham airs of equality and philanthropy, imposes on the disinherited of life; it is in the heart of him who, in spite of the difficulties of all kinds amidst which he struggles, thinks more of others than of himself, forgetting self in the thought of those who suffer more than he does—it is in such hearts, I say, that the divine plant can find the elements needed for its first development.

That plant can indeed never take root among us, nor doubtless elsewhere, unless it finds congenial soil where men desire to know and to learn from pure love of the truth and not of the honour, the glory, the riches which its truths can bring them. And however astonishing it may seem to many at first sight, that soil exists in the people and in the French people—I answer for it! I do not speak thus in a narrow national spirit; by temperament I have no country, no family, and I strive daily to have no "self." Father, mother, husband, all disappear before the great questions of general welfare. An integral part of the great whole, my centre, like its centre, is everywhere in the thought of my future harmonious unity. For the moment, I must act in one small special

corner of the earth, whither in the course of my evolution my previous affinities have brought me. I speak of this little corner, simply because I know it best.

"The French nation is frivolous," say of it the other nations. Well, yes, it is frivolous! It forgets from one day to the next its injuries and insults. Under the influence of one kind word it puts itself back entirely into the hands of its most terrible enemy and allows itself to be deceived like a baby. Yes, it is frivolous, for to obtain for its dear ones, for its neighbours, for all, the smallest liberty of action and thought, it goes to meet death—singing.

The proof of what I thus assert is to be found in its love for the *révolution bourgeoise* of 1789. For what has that revolution done for the proletariat, for the penniless, for the daily labourer who possesses nothing whatsoever on the face of this our planet? Nothing, but to increase, by a violent transformation of social conditions, the intensity of his sufferings, of his physical and moral anxieties. The middle classes ousted the aristocracy and took its place in the possession of honours, of fortune, in the guidance of the classes it exploits, with no other thought of the poor than to batten on their misery.

And yet the French masses actually worship "their revolution," and those who have defended its spirit. The poor owe nothing, absolutely nothing, to one or to the others on the plane of material gratification, for they are still more inexorably shorn and put to ransom than before; but they revere the one and the others because they know that they have given freedom to the spirit; and, to a certain extent, liberty to thought. The revolution certainly did more in this direction than Luther's Reformation, which with us left the people mostly indifferent, as the Catholic Church, which is seldom mistaken in judging an enemy, well knows; and it considers the French Revolution as one of the hardest blows which have struck it since its establishment. It is right, for it is thanks to the breach opened in its ramparts by the light artillery of '89, that the T. S. can to-day penetrate to the very heart of the stronghold, and the Church feels that it is by the hand of that doctrine that it will irrevocably perish.

A people which thus raises itself unconsciously from off the material plane, which it considers as nothing, to attach itself to the spirit, is it not ploughed and ready to receive the divine seed?

Moveover, to accomplish anything lasting in Theosophy, one must leave the dead and dying, and those who slumber in the comfort of the flesh, gorged with material and intellectual riches, and who neither see, nor hear, nor understand, nor desire, nor do anything. We must address those who live, who think, who suffer, who aspire, who desire, who hunger physically, intellectually, morally, and even spiritually. We must go to the true (the poor) people.

But how is the true to be distinguished from the false, the good man from him who hides under a simple exterior the same gross needs, the same selfish desires, the same longings, the same brutality and cruelty as the satisfied, the possessors, those in power, and who, if to-morrow they held the place of these, would be the same oppressors of the feeble, as those they seek to overthrow to-day?

In this difficulty we have only to imitate nature; to cast myriads of seeds on the wind to obtain one plant. According to the ancient parable of esoteric wisdom, re-edited like so many other things by our relatively modern evan-

gelists: "one third will be trodden under foot, one third will be eaten by the birds, and the third part will sprout and bear fruit an hundred fold.*

The Protestants imitated this example; they have cast the seed of their foolish ideas to the four corners of the earth and have made the weeds of their folly and ineptness to spring up everywhere. You will say that the soil for such a harvest is not scarce. True; but it is also true that, in their hunger, many souls have thrown themselves upon this poor and insipid food, hoping it would give them strength, moral health, and spiritual life.

If to such is given true bread and a fish, instead of a serpent, to use the language of their New Testament, they will surely know how to distinguish between them. If a real doctor, an expert in the healing art, is brought to them instead of a charlatan who adds to their sufferings, they will know how to leave one for the other.

Beauty is always beauty, justice always justice, truth will be ever truth. Every soul to which is shown the pure gold of truth will of itself turn away from the base imitation, from the false in religion; and the hollowness of many of our scientific data will be perceived by one who, in the eyes of the world, is the simplest and most ignorant of men.

Thus, in order to *naturalise* in France, and even anywhere, in Europe as in America, the divine plant of Theosophy, *we should sow broadcast the seed* of the eastern esoteric teachings.

But how shall we sow the seed? How shall we bring within reach of the many, who have neither the means nor the leisure, these precious teachings? How? How? It is of the solution of this question only that I have been thinking, since I have had the happiness to find food to renew my life by their reception and assimilation.

The following was Dramard's idea: Form a closed nucleus of attraction, however small, of tried theosophists, and accept *anyone* who, whether from idleness, from curiosity, or any other vain feeling, comes to ask anything. That which is of importance in this open group is to bring together the largest possible number of adherents, in view of their clubbing together as means for propagandising in the way we desire.†

This propaganda should not have for its objects to make Theosophists *à la*

* This is just the policy of the T. S. from its beginning. Its visible leaders are unable to always distinguish the good from the bad, to see still dormant evil in the hearts of those who apply to join our Society, and the *real* Founders—those behind the screen—will denounce or accuse no living-man. *All are given a chance.* Gladly would our Society abolish even the small entrance fee, had it any funds, however small, to carry on the work which increases daily, and many branches have already done so. For several years no initiation fees were paid; but our scanty and even joint means were found insufficient to maintain the Headquarters, pay the stationery, and the ever increasing postage, and feed and lodge all those who volunteered to work *gratis* for theosophy Thus, the fees were re-established. Other Societies beg for, and are given large sums of money, but the T. S. never does. Nevertheless, the taunt that the Founders *sell theosophy*, creating theosophists *for* £1, or twenty shillings, a head, is being repeatedly thrust into our faces! And yet the poor are never made to pay anything at all. And if those who have the means will refuse to help to do good to the disinherited and the suffering, what are those who have given all they had, and have nothing now to give but their services, to do?—[ED.]

† We are glad, however, to hear on the testimony of our correspondent, an old and trusted friend of M. Louis Dramard, the late President of our T. S. in Paris, that such were his ideas, as we had been assured of the contrary. We may have something to say of this at some future time.—[ED.]

lettre, as for instance the Catholics seek to make Catholics, or people ready to declare themselves as such, but to spread, effectively, the theosophical teachings and to make their meaning reach those hearts which are ready to welcome it, and which it cannot reach from want of an inlet.

Dig canals through which a large part of what has for years past been filtering into the world from a sacred fountain, can reach the fertile soil which is ready for it, a soil which is only waiting for such an irrigation to produce abundant harvests.

We must thus select among all that has been written since the foundation of the T. S. and, without commentary or explanation of the why and wherefore, sow pamphlets broadcast, like the Biblical fanatics who thrust everywhere their little tracts, in which they beseech us to save our souls from Hell, to come to Jesus, to believe in Jesus, to fear a personal devil cunning and wise, and a god no less personal, but more foolish and more ignorant than his devil.

And to think that for centuries past it is with such "rubbish" that men feed souls, and seek to edify human beings! Can one wonder at the moral and physical weakness of poor humanity?

Blessings be upon the beings who have worked for their own divinity, and praise be to those through whom they have sent to us their work; it is not the materials for edification that are wanting, but the means of turning them to account. At one with Dramard, my husband and I would have considered ourselves the greatest wretches and egoists on earth had we remained quietly contemplating the splendid treasure we held in our hands, without thinking of spreading it abroad and sharing it with others.

How then! Such a fortune in the hands of some thousands of Theosophists, and of these three-fourths are indifferent to the blessing granted to them, or think only how to profit by it themselves. What! Of these only a few have air, light and food, while the masses beside them agonise in the shadow, and die of starvation on the spiritual plane! The matter is a grave one, and must have, for all of us, the most terrible consequences!

With our present social organisations, a man—ten men, die of hunger. That is a trifle, for which the law of retribution will exact payment from the organisers and leaders of men and society; but that does not prevent the globe's rolling on. But what is of real serious importance and a hindrance to the march of evolution is that, through the faults of men calling themselves friends of humanity, *souls* should wither from want, and die of inanition.

Is it surprising that our world should advance so slowly? What numbers of motive powers are unused, what numbers of beneficent forces are left inactive from want of a fulcrum, from want of one true datum which could serve as the starting point for a whole series of actions, which would strengthen the great movement of regeneration.

I repeatedly begged the "Isis Branch" to work in this direction, to print, for instance, the Abbé Roca's articles and your luminous and crushing replies. Nothing is better calculated to strike the mind of the French people, and to assist it to find its orientation, than the work you have there done.*

* Reference here is made to the late *Isis*, the Branch of the T. S. in Paris, and a controversy in the *Lotus* between the Abbé Roca and one of the Editors of LUCIFER.—[ED.]

The same remark applies to the letter published in LUCIFER to the Primate of England; I should like to see it translated into all languages and distributed in millions in all Catholic and Protestant countries. The same, again, for *Theosophy or Jesuitism*, which I translated for the *Lotus*. How much good might already have been done. So little has "Isis" concerned itself with propaganda, that twice have the subscriptions sent by my husband and myself been returned to us (after Dramard's death?). Thus, though the "Isis" cannot be accused of having done nothing and kept the money, yet the last thing its staff cared to do, was to spread Theosophy broadcast.

What numbers of things might be used for the masses! And always on our system of spreading on all sides the glad tidings, how much might be taken from *Esoteric Buddhism; Magic: White and Black*, etc., but the most fruitful source of all to draw from, will be the *Secret Doctrine;* yet for its spread, when translated, it is to be regretted that *Esoteric Buddhism* has not been published. For France, its translation would have aided the spread of the Theosophical movement far more than that of the *Occult World*. Such was Dramard's opinion.

Esoteric Buddhism, its incompleteness notwithstanding, gives a far better general idea of the Doctrine. All are of the same opinion. It is absolutely necessary for our country to prepare the way for the *Secret Doctrine*, which throws light on just those points which are left in the shadow by *Esoteric Buddhism*, and amplifies its explanations by the way in which it states the truth.

But to return to our idea of propaganda, which I want to explain to you thoroughly. For I feel disgusted when I see that the "Salvation Army" manages, penny by penny, to draw millions into its coffers, millions which it uses to distribute bad tea, rancid cakes, and poisonous doctrines, while sincere Theosophists cannot manage to quit their own narrow circle and spread far and wide the flood of saving truths, which they have received for some time past.

To accomplish anything, we must understand each other (and should that be so impossible among co-thinkers who preach only UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD?), and each should give financially, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, according to his means. An annual subscription is a good thing, apart from the donations which those who are favoured by fortune can give; always on condition, however, that for their few pounds the latter do not imagine that they have the right to hamper everything by their narrow views, their timid spirit, and their pusillanimous character.

The poor man's farthing even is not to be disdained; on the contrary, a great step will be made when "the widow" will have understood that she can do no more useful work for Humanity than to give her mite towards relieving the great burden of ignorance under which that poor humanity is dying, whether clad in silken vesture or in rags, marching under the banners of Religion, of Science, Politics, or Society.

I say all this to you and you know it better than anyone since you are the mouth-piece of the Teachers who keep on repeating it in their letters and writings. And I only speak to you thus at length of this mode of organisation, which belongs to the entirely practical domain, because such an organisation tends to beget consequences on the "spiritual plane."

One word more on this subject. François de Salles, terrified at the progress

of the Reformation, was seeking every means to combat it. In his letters to the ecclesiastics and bishops among his friends, he used to say: "Let us write Catholic novels," and they wrote Catholic novels, and these novels were in everybody's hands. They never ceased appearing except during the First Republic. And after that had been crushed by Napoleon I. a revival of this kind of literature occurred, which became a regular avalanche after Napoleon III. had crushed, in his turn, the Second Republic. These books are everywhere to-day; in the libraries for children and women, they form the basis of the communal libraries, and are still given as prizes in the *Lycées* and other schools. Thus in spite of Voltaire and the free thinkers, or those who think themselves so, "François" always wins the battle and Catholicism still possesses, as in the past, the heart of the woman; through her it holds the child, and is master of the man, however emancipated he may fancy himself.

It is true that those who destroyed, had nothing to put in its place; and the soul's aspirations are no empty word. "Give us our daily bread," is a prayer uttered with a constancy worthy of a better fate by these poor starving ones. "Give us our daily bread" cry in the desert of life those who know not that this bread cannot be given, but must be earned, and that it is in ourselves. "Give us our daily bread" is repeated on every note, by poor humanity; some addressing themselves to the ministers of their religion, others to the leading lights of science; these to the philosophers, those to the politicians; these to the sociologists, who are no better off, those to any charlatan who claims *to know*.

And the wisdom of wisdoms, Theosophy, of whose existence all these needy ones are ignorant, answers to all desires and can fulfil all aspirations. It alone can restore strength, health, physical and moral peace to all these troubled, excited beings, exhausted by centuries of political, economic and religious despotisms. It alone can show to each man that he himself is the way, and that in himself alone are the truth and the life.

Let us then write Theosophical novels for the masses; *i.e.*, novels in which, leaving aside the transcendental part of occultism, we seek only to express and to render intelligible by the action of the heroes, the lofty meaning of its saving morality thus inculcating into men's hearts its all-embracing principles.

Let us write Theosophical novels, and if we know how, as Moleschott says, always to respect the law of cause and effect in the actions, the words, even the thoughts of the people we introduce, those novels will be interesting as well as instructive. They will be read with pleasure by the men, whom they please by their independent and manly tone: they will charm and move the women by the sentiments they express and by their healthy psychism; they will appeal to the children—by their simplicity, their straightforwardness, their truth.

What cannot be done in this direction with the help of the light which the esoteric doctrine throws upon man, the worlds, life, evolution in general? In the great humanitarian work, each has his lot. The task given to me, to my Highest Self, is to work thus—however difficult it may be. I throw my whole heart into it, knowing that all that a man wills that can he do.

A little will is my only possession; with this little I work ceaselessly to learn that I may be able to do. Able to do what? Able to start as many Egos as possible upon the path of the final spiritual growth. By this reckoning, al

healthy books, which quicken the good feelings in man, or which assist their development, are books written with this end, whether intentionally or not. Tolstoi's Socialistic novels, for instance, are thus theosophical novels; the presence or absence of the word itself making no difference.

I see in the October Number of LUCIFER, that some members of the T. S. are possessed with the desire to form "Lodges of Magic." Poor things! What are they thinking of? they are but wasting their time. If they are tormented by the desire to progress on the spiritual plane, let them first work at rendering healthy the physical and moral atmosphere in which they live, so as to develop some spiritual faculties. To that end, let them enlighten the whole, let them employ their strength, their intelligence, their need of activity, *their money*, in pushing a propaganda such as I propose. They ought to have the means, these people whom the *devil tempts* by suggesting to them thus to throw themselves haphazard, without training, without preparation, into a path so dangerous, so little trodden; and surely the daily struggle for a livelihood must be unknown to them. If they have leisure, let them help to teach those who have none. It will be the first step on the road of Initiation.

Adeptship, *i.e.*, knowledge, and the power it gives, is what turns the heads of weak mortals and keeps them back from the goal for long; since, in their haste, full of covetousness and egoism, they completely lose their way.

For this reason, in such novels as I suggest, it is not the Adept in his power and glory whom I would see represented, but the Adept unconscious even of being so, in course of preparation, the Adept who *will* be, in his toilsome, difficult, impossible, unceasing struggle against himself, against all the evil and opposing wills, against all the elements—in one word, against all the previous causes whose effects he has to destroy by labours of which those of Hercules are only a pale symbol, it is this Adept whom I would have shown in every phase of his arduous ascent, so as to fire men's souls and raise their courage.

What is true, is touching, and the Initiate, the Adept, is no myth. The Mahatma IS. Edgard Quinet, in his splendid book, "Creation," wherein he thinks and has the intuition of so many truths about evolution, states the fact as a self-evident truth, when he says:—"A soul which holds straight on to the highest point of human nature is upon the plane of universal nature; it finds the truths upon which the world rests. Before experience has torn them from him, Nature confides her secrets to the great and good man."

Let the Theosophists who want to found a lodge of Magic meditate upon these words, and let them make themselves able to *find* the truths upon which the world is based, and there will be no further danger for them in gratifying their desire. . . .

CAMILLE LEMAÎTRE.

[EDITORS' NOTE.]—It is to preserve Theosophists from such dangers that the "Esoteric Section" of the T. S. has been founded. Its *Preliminary Rules* and Bye Laws prove that the way to the acquisition of occult powers and the conquest of the secrets of Nature leads through the Golgotha and the Crucifixion of the personal Self. The selfish and the faint-hearted need not apply.

[Owing to the great pressure on our space this month we are compelled to hold over all the Reviews till February.—Ed.]

Correspondence.

"THE EMPTY VESSEL MAKES THE GREATEST SOUND."

Miss Susie C. Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass., says in substance :

"I am a mental healer . . . Of late rumours reach me of prominent theosophists who are confirmed invalids, of others who use quinine for ailments, not scorning to lean on the arm of the servant—matter—when the infinite resources of the Master (Spirit) are at their command. Even Lucifer countenances the use of mineral and other remedies. If the 'Truth maketh free' why not free from all physical bondage? Why are we, on the lower rounds of the ladder, freer than those who have climbed higher? I have been raised from invalidism to immaculate health." She then goes on to ask us for our views on what she calls "metaphysical thought" in America, and wishes us to exclude what is known there as "Christian science," on the ground that it "has not yet grown to recognise or to hold to proper conceptions of the Wisdom Religion."

Answer. This reply is not exhaustive of the subject but will cover the inquiry. We cannot give the "views" asked for, since it is not clear what is wanted. The correspondent speaks of "metaphysical thought" evidently meaning the strained use made in America of the term. As we do not wish to pronounce on this without experience on the spot, the writer's wish cannot be gratified. But we cannot help noticing that she claims for her branch of this so-called "Science" a pre-eminence over a rival in the field, namely "Christian Science," the latter being, the same as the other however, except that it is more or less closely attached to Christianity. As our correspondent infers that because she has been cured "the infinite resources of the Master are at her command," those resources and that Master (or Spirit) could easily show her that Christian science is just as good as her own.

We know little of either, except, perhaps, that both show an arrogance in their supposed superiority over Science, Theosophy, and everything else in creation with results that do not seem to us proportionate with the loud claims made. We have received, however, a letter from a prominent Christian Scientist who is as distinguished a metaphysician as she is a valuable and good a theosophist; and we mean to treat of it at length in our next number. Meanwhile, we must reply a few words to Miss S. Clark's queries.

The main question with her is, why do prominent, or any, theosophists use medicine for cure of disease? We think all theosophists have the right to do so or not, as theosophy is not a system of diet, or that which is simply to help our bodies, but is a metaphysical and ethical system intended to bring about among men a right thought to be followed by action. There are deep questions involved in the matter: deeper than our correspondent will solve in one life. We have no objections against anyone getting cured in any way they

think good, but we have decided objections to "mind-curers" or "metaphysicians," taking theosophists to task for not adopting their system and at once discarding all remedies. They argue that because they were thus cured, others must go the same road. This is our present difference with mental healers, and our correspondent should know that theosophists grant to all the right to use or dispense with medicine and claim for themselves similar privileges. They do not meddle with other persons' liberty of thought, and demand the same independence for themselves.

Evidently Miss Clark has not reflected that "prominent theosophists" use medicine because of some bearings of Karma upon their lives and on account of its occult properties; nor has she, apparently, thought of what is called "delayed Karma"; nor that, perhaps, through too much attention to her body she is reaping a temporary enjoyment now, for which, in subsequent lives, she will have to pay; nor that again, by using her mind so strangely to cure her body she may have removed her infirmities from the plane of matter to that of the mind; the first effects of which we can trace dimly in her strictures on "Christian Science," as she has acquired a slant, as it were, against the latter and in favour of her own, and a tone of lofty superiority with the Theosophists.

The claim that "the infinite resources of the Master" are within our present reach is not tenable, and the use of the text, "Truth shall make us free," to show freedom from ills is not permissible. At any rate, *truth* does not seem to have made *all* mental Scientists free from conceit and prejudice. The man who uttered the words had, himself, a certain infirmity, and we think freedom of mind and soul is meant only. The acceptance of Truth and the practice of virtue cannot avert Karma waiting from other lives, but can produce good effects in lives to come, and what the extreme practice of mental curing does is to stave off for a time an amount of Karma which will, later on, reach us. We prefer to let it work out naturally through the material part of us and to expel it quickly if we may with even mineral remedies. But for all that we have no quarrel with mental healing at all, but leave each one to his or her own judgment.

Finally we would say that whenever it shall be proved to us and the world in general that among all the hosts of Mental curers, Mind healers, Christian Scientists, *et hoc genus omne*, there is even a large *majority* in *perfect bodily health*, instead of as at present only a minority, though a noisy and boastful one—then will we admit the justice of the arrogant claims made by our correspondent.

Cures—real, undeniable cures have been effected at Lourdes also, but is that any reason why we should all become Roman Catholics?

"When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low?"

LODGES OF MAGIC.

MADAM,—

I have only two remarks on your notes to my letter published in the December Number of LUCIFER.—(1.) I do not "hope" to see spooks by the help of the Theosophical Society. My baser part sometimes desires manifestation, but I recognize such desire to be impure. I earnestly trust no Member of

the Society will ever indulge in the evocation of phenomena, whether for curiosity, or for the gratification of the intellect.

(2.) I asked if the worship of the One God in spirit and in truth was the aim of the Society. You reply with the motto of the Society. But your real answer appears to be in the opening article of the Magazine on Denunciation.

I candidly think the formation of the Society was a mistake. Not a mistake in motive, but a mistake in generalship. The speed of the slowest ship marks the rate of progress of a fleet. The weak ones of the Society mark its position in the world. But if the Society has only helped *one* brother to right living, then it has done much to justify its existence, and I have naught to say.

My real reason in again addressing you is to call your attention to a Novel written by A. de Grasse Stevens. At page 141 is a reference to yourself as a Russian spy who was ejected from India by Lord Dufferin.

I have never before seen this curious slander in print, and, although you may consider it beneath contempt, I think it a pity to allow it altogether to escape notice.

The reprehensible conduct of the Publishers in allowing an Author to libel a living person, and that person a woman, is such that I do not care to express my opinion on paper more fully than in this letter.

I am, your most *faithful* servant,

A. E.

REPLY.

The Theosophical Society has "helped" many and many of its "brothers" to "right living"—and this is its proudest boast.

I thank our Correspondent for his kind remarks about me. With regard to publishers in general, their "reprehensible conduct" may perhaps find an excuse in the great law of the "struggle for life"; this species having always been known to feed and thrive on the carrion of murdered reputations. As to the authoress of this would-be politico-social novel, a rather *green* than young American, it is said, her exceptional claim to distinction from other trans-Atlantic writers of her sex, would seem to be an intimate acquaintance with the lobby and the back stairs of politics.

Apart from the half-dozen living people whose reputations she slaughters on a single page, what this political Amazon invents is that:—

". . . . Mme. Blavatsky, for many years carried on a secret correspondence with Monsieur Zinovief (?!), chief of the Asiatic Department," and that "but *for Lord Dufferin's clear-sightedness* Madame might still be carrying on her patriotic work"—presumably in India.

LIES from the first word to the last. I never knew a "Monsieur Zinovief," nor corresponded with one at any time. I *defy* any government in the world to produce the slightest evidence, *even inferential*, that I have ever been a spy, or corresponded *secretly* with any Russian authority. As to Lord Dufferin he reached India only after I left it. As I have answered fully the infamous libel in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 3, I hope the public will leave this fresh lie to share the fate of the many that preceded it—in the waste-paper basket of literature.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

THE LIFE OF JEHOSHUA.

SOME REMARKS BY THE AUTHOR.

Several reviews of this book having come to my hand, in which it is said that Dr. Hartmann does not make it very clear what his own opinion is, in regard to the (external?) facts collated in his book, I will solve the problem which seems to puzzle the minds of some readers, by stating that it is not of the least importance to know what my opinion in regard to this matter is, nor do I consider it of any consequence for the welfare of humanity, whether such a personality as Jehoshua Ben Pandira has ever existed upon this globe. The important things which the book proposes to describe to a certain extent, are the psychical and spiritual processes which take place in every one who travels the road of initiation, and if the man Jehoshua has actually existed and become an Adept, these processes must have taken place in his soul. Whether or not the external events of the story have occurred as described therein, seems to me useless to inquire; they merely serve as a frame to hold together the pictures of what takes place in the interior kingdom. The reason why these descriptions are not more explicit need not be explained to anyone who claims to be a Theosophist.

"The Life of Jehoshua," like all the rest of the books which I have so far written or translated, has not been intended to be a *substitute* for Intuition, but a guide to point out the direction for the only true practical way, that of the attainment of self-knowledge. There are thousands of persons interested in external intellectual researches of psychic phenomena, who are incapable or unwilling to think deep enough to perceive the truth within themselves, and who are, therefore, seeking for information in regard to such things in well authenticated and credible books.

An opinion acquired in such a manner may be very interesting from a historical or antiquarian point of view, but it is not self-knowledge, and serves for little more than for the gratification of curiosity or for amusement. It may do very well for those who have no other object but "psychic research," but is of no value for the *spiritual* unfoldment of the mind. It has been frequently stated that there is no such thing as a merely *theoretical* Theosophy, because to have merely an *opinion* about a truth is not Divine Wisdom.

Theology and metaphysics may be intellectually taught, but Wisdom must be spiritually *acquired.* The scientist, dealing with metaphysical objects, or the speculative philosopher, is satisfied with the description of a thing which he has never seen, if that description is in accordance with his accepted method of logical reasoning; but the true and *practical* occultist seeks to obtain the key by which he may open himself the door of the sanctuary and find the truth within himself.

Now, as two thousand years ago, there are many who crave after the "flesh-pots and treasures of Egypt," meaning intellectual learning in regard to external phenomena, historical occurrences, &c., while there are few who are willing to enter the wilderness to seek for the "heavenly manna," the desert of the light of the spirit within the soul; but it is written that "those who desire to live of the altar must serve the altar," by which is meant that those who desire to enter spiritual life by the awakening of the "secret fire" within themselves, must

leave off clinging to merely external things and matters of a dead and buried past, and serve the divine principle within the secret recesses of their own heart, worshipping *there* the "*Master*" with all their mind, with all their soul and with their whole being, in Spirit and in Truth.

The mystery of the initiation can never be fully explained, for the reason that such an explanation would neither be believed nor understood, unless it is *experienced*, nor could I give such a description, even if I desired to do so; but if the "Life of Jehoshua" has made clear to a few thinking minds the difference between external and internal knowledge, and shown to them the way by which self-knowledge may be attained, its object has been accomplished.

F. HARTMANN, M.D.

SUPERMUNDANE METAPHYSICS.

In her "notes" upon my paper printed in the October Number, the editor of LUCIFER suspects me of materialism, but I am no materialist, only, if *isms* must be, an actualist, an acceptor of each one of the material and ideal facts of life and nature known to me, simply and humbly, that is in so far as the quite unexhausted brute element in me admits of simplicity and humility.

Metaphysics then, since they also represent a permanent tendency in human nature, I am bound to accept as fact, though fact astonishingly and uniquely relative to the idiosyncracy of each individual metaphysician.

This over preponderance of the personal element is characteristic of supermundane metaphysics, especially since they alone are without basis or buttress of some sort in the external world, and lack altogether the continuous confirmation of experimental certainty, which turns private theories at last into universal convictions. Only through being thus confirmed do hazy intuitions about the planetary system, about the origin of species, get themselves finally established; and they are ever afterwards subject to correction from normal experience, and by normal faculty. Whereas supermundane metaphysics depends confessedly upon transcendental experience, and makes its appeal to a higher consciousness.

Now I am very far from denying the existence of an unseen universe, or of a superior consciousness connecting us therewith; thence as it would seem, come strange experiences, gleams of light, inflow of strength and sweetness; but how indefinite are all these things, how ungraspable, and impossible even to catalogue correctly, is proved most conspicuously by looking over even once a few of the innumerable charts of a visionary Paradise left to us by enthusiastic seers of all ages, remote as well as recent, every one of them caught up several times into Heaven, or rendered immortal in the flesh.

This world's common sense calls us back from the chambers of the Prophets and the caves of the witches to that homely earth where three quarters at least of our life is fixed, to the earth which from constitutional necessity is the most direct point of contact between the little locus of matter and focus of force that we call a man, and the universal Life (as blessed and beautiful surely here as elsewhere.) It calls us to the labour and the Arts which bring the nature that we know close home to our hearts and fill us with brave perceptions and high hopes, in essence doubtless all true, and in detail mere motley harlequinading dress borrowed from the wardrobe of experience.

JAMES A. CAMPBELL.

LUCIFER

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A PARADOXICAL WORLD.

"Open your ears . . . when loud rumour speaks!
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commencèd on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I . . ."

—SHAKSPEARE.

"Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions . . ."

—IBID.

WE live in an age of prejudice, dissimulation and paradox, wherein, like dry leaves caught in a whirlpool some of us are tossed helpless, hither and thither, ever struggling between our honest convictions and fear of that cruellest of tyrants—PUBLIC OPINION. Yea, we move on in life as in a Maelström formed of two conflicting currents, one rushing onward, the other repelling us downward; one making us cling desperately to what we believe to be right and true, and that we would fain carry out on the surface; the other knocking us off our feet, overpowering, and finally drowning us under the fierce, despotic wave of social propriety and that idiotic, arbitrary and ever wool-gathering public opinion, based on slander and idle rumour. No person need in our modern day be honest, sincere, and righteous in order to curry favour or receive recognition as a man of worth. He need only be a successful hypocrite, or have become for no mortal reason he himself knows of—popular. In our age, in the words of Mrs. Montague, "while every vice is hid by hypocrisy, every virtue is suspected to be hypocrisy . . . and the suspicion is looked upon as wisdom." Thus, no one seeming to know what to believe, and what to reject, the best means of becoming a paragon of every virtue on blind faith, is—to acquire, *popularity*.

But how is popularity to be acquired? Very easily indeed. Howl with the wolves. Pay homage to the favourite vices of the day, and reverence to mediocrities in public favour. Shut your eyes tight before any truth, *if* unpalatable to the chief leaders of the social herd, and sit with them upon the dissenting minority. Bow low before vulgarity in power; and bray loud applause to the rising donkey who kicks a dying lion, now a fallen idol. Respect public prejudice and pander to its cant and hobbies, and soon you will yourself become popular. Behold, now is your time. No matter if you be a plunderer and murderer combined: you will be glorified all the same, furnished with an aureole of virtues, and allowed even a broader margin for impunity than contained in the truism of that Turkish proverb, which states that "a thief not found out is honester than a Bey." But now let a Socrates and Epictetus rolled into one suddenly become *unpopular*. That which will alone remain of him in the hazy mind of Dame Rumour is a pug nose and the body of a slave lacerated by the plying whip of his Master. The twin sisters, Public Opinion and Mrs. Grundy, will soon forget their classics. Their female aspect, siding with Xantippe, will charitably endeavour to unearth various good reasons for her outbreaks of passion in the shape of slops poured over the poor bald head; and will search as diligently for some hitherto unknown secret vices in the Greek Sage. Their male aspect will see but a lashed body before its mental eye, and will soon end by joining the harmonious concert of Society slander directed against the ghosts of the two philosophers. *Result:* Socrates-Epictetus will emerge out of the ordeal as black as pitch, a dangerous object for any finger to approach. Henceforth, and for æons to come, the said object will have become *unpopular*.

The same, in art, in politics, and even literature. "A damnèd saint, an honourable villain," are in the present social order of things. Truth and fact have become unpalatable, and are ostracised; he who ventures to defend an unpopular character or an unpopular subject, risks to become himself *anathema maranatha*. The ways of Society have contaminated all those who approach the threshold of civilized communities; and if we take the word and severe verdict of Lavater for it, there is no room in the world for one who is not prepared to become a full-blown hypocrite. For, "He who by kindness and smooth attention can insinuate a hearty welcome to an unwelcome guest, is a hypocrite superior to a thousand plain-dealers," writes the eminent physiognomist. This would seem to settle the line of demarcation and to preclude Society, for ever, from becoming a "Palace of Truth."

Owing to this, the world is perishing from spiritual starvation. Thousands and millions have turned their faces away from anthropomorphic ritualism. They believe no longer in a *personal* governor and Ruler; yet this prevents them in no wise from attending every Sunday "divine service," and professing during the week adherence to their respective Churches.

Other millions have plunged headlong into Spiritualism, Christian and mental science or kindred mystic occupations; yet how few will confess their true opinions before a gathering of unbelievers! Most of the cultured men and women—save rabid materialists—are dying with the desire to fathom the mysteries of nature and even—whether they be true or imaginary—the mysteries of the magicians of old. Even our Weeklies and Dailies confess to the past existence of a knowledge which has now become a closed book save for the very few. Which of them, however, is brave enough to speak civilly of the unpopular phenomena called "spiritualistic," or dispassionately about Theosophy, or even to abstain from mocking remarks and insulting epithets? They will talk with every outward reverence of Elijah's chariot of fire, of the board and bed found by Jonah within the whale; and open their columns for large subscriptions to fit out scientifico-religious expeditions, for the purpose of fishing out from the Red Sea the drowned Pharaoh's golden tooth-pick, or in the Desert, a fragment of the broken tables of stone. But they would not touch with a pair of tongs any fact—no matter how well proven—if vouchsafed to them by the most reliable man living who is connected with Theosophy or Spiritualism. Why? Because Elijah flying away to heaven in his chariot is a Biblical orthodox *miracle*, hence *popular* and a relevant subject; while a medium levitated to the ceiling is an unpopular *fact;* not even a miracle, but simply a phenomenon due to intermagnetic and psycho-physiological and even physical causes. On one hand gigantic pretensions to civilization and science, professions of holding but to what is demonstrated on strictly inductive methods of observation and experiment; a blind trust in physical science—that science which pooh-poohs and throws slur on metaphysics, and is yet honeycombed with "working hypotheses" all based upon speculations far beyond the region of sense, and often even of speculative thought itself: on the other hand, just as servile and apparently as blind an acceptation of that which orthodox science rejects with great scorn, namely, Pharaoh's tooth-pick, Elijah's chariot and the ichthyographic explorations of Jonah. No thought of the unfitness of things, of the absurdity, ever strikes any editor of a daily paper. He will place unhesitatingly, and side by side, the newest ape-theory of a materialistic F.R.S., and the latest discourse upon the quality of the apple which caused the fall of Adam. And he will add flattering editorial comments upon both lectures, as having an equal right to his respectful attention. Because, both are popular in their respective spheres.

Yet, are all editors natural-born sceptics and do not many of them show a decided leaning towards the Mysteries of the archaic Past, that which is the chief study of the Theosophical Society? The "Secrets of the Pyramids," the "rites of Isis" and "the dread traditions of the temple of Vulcan with their theories for transcendental speculation"

seem to have a decided attraction for the *Evening Standard*. Speaking some time since on the "Egyptian Mysteries" it said:

> We know little even now of the beginnings of the ancient religions of Thebes and Memphis. . . . All these idolatrous mysteries, it should also be remembered, were always kept profoundly secret; for the hieroglyphic writings were understood only by the initiated through all these ages. Plato, it is true, came to study from the Egyptian priests; Herodotus visited the Pyramids; Pausanias and Strabo admired the characters which were sculptured so large upon their outer casing that he who ran could read them; but not one of these took the trouble to learn their meaning. They were one and all content to give currency, if not credence, to the marvellous tales which the Egyptian priests and people recounted and invented for the benefit of strangers.

Herodotus and Plato, who were both Initiates into the Egyptian mysteries, accused of believing in and giving currency to marvellous tales invented by the Egyptian priests, is a novel accusation. Herodotus and Plato refusing "to take the trouble" of learning the meaning of the hieroglyphs, is another. Of course if both "gave currency" to tales, which neither an orthodox Christian, nor an orthodox Materialist and Scientist will endorse, how can an editor of a Daily accept them as true? Nevertheless the information given and the remarks indulged in, are wonderfully broad and in the main free from the usual prejudice. We transcribe a few paragraphs, to let the reader judge.

> It is an immemorial tradition that the pyramid of Cheops communicated by subterranean passages with the great Temple of Isis. The hints of the ancient writers as to the subterranean world which was actually excavated for the mysteries of Egyptian superstition, curiously agree. . . . Like the source of the Nile itself, there is hardly any line of inquiry in Egyptian lore which does not end in mystery. The whole country seems to share with the Sphinx an air of inscrutable silence. Some of its secrets, the researches of Wilkinson, Rawlinson, Brugsch, and Petrie have more or less fully revealed to us; but we shall never know much which lies concealed behind the veil of time.* We can hardly hope even to realise the glories of Thebes in its prime, when it spread over a circuit of thirty miles, with the noble river flowing through it, and each quarter filled with palaces and temples. And the tyranny of the Ethiopian priests, at whose command kings laid down and died, will always remain one of the strangest enigmas in the whole problem of primitive priestcraft.†
>
> It was a tradition of the ancient world that the secret of immortality was to be found in Egypt, and that there, amongst the dark secrets of the antediluvian world which remained undeciphered, was the "Elixir of Life." Deep, it was said, under the Pyramids had for ages lain concealed the Table of Emerald, on which, as the legend ran, Hermes had engraved before the Flood, the secret of alchemy; and their weird associations justified the belief that still mightier wonders here remained hid. In the City of the Dead to the north of Memphis, for instance, pyramid after pyramid rose for centuries towering above each other; and in the interior passages and chambers of the rock-cut tombs were pictured the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians in quaint symbols. . . . A vast subterranean world, according to tradition, extended from the Catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes' Valley of Kings, and this is sur-

* The more so since the literature of theosophy, which is alone able to throw light on those mysteries, is boycotted, and being "unpopular" can never hope to be appreciated.

† Because theses priests were real Initiates having occult powers, while the "Kings" mentioned *died* but for the world. They were the "dead in life." The writer seems ignorant of the metaphorical ways of expression.

rounded with a whole wealth of marvellous story. These, perhaps, culminate in the ceremony of initiation into the religious mysteries of the Pyramids. The identity of the legend has been curiously preserved through all ages, for it is only in minor details that the versions differ. The ceremonies were undoubtedly very terrible. The candidates were subjected to ordeals so frightful that many of them succumbed, and those who survived, not only shared the honours of the priesthood, but were looked upon as having risen from the dead. It was commonly believed, we are told, that they had descended into Hell itself. . . . They were, moreover, given draughts of the cups of Isis and Osiris, the waters of life and death, and clothed in the sacred robes of pure white linen, and on their heads the mystic symbol of initiation—the golden grasshopper. Instructed in the esoteric doctrines of the sacred college of Memphis, it was only the candidates and priests who knew those galleries and shrines that extended under the site upon which the city stood and formed a subterranean counterpart to its mighty temples, and those lower crypts in which were preserved the "seven tables of stone," *on which was written all the "knowledge of the antediluvian race, decrees of the stars from the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets both of heaven and earth."** And here, too, according to mythological tradition, were the Isiac serpents which possessed mystic meanings at which we can now only vainly guess. When the monuments are silent, certainty is impossible in Egyptology; and in thirty centuries vestiges have been ruthlessly swept away which can never be replaced.

Does not this read like a page from "Isis Unveiled," or one of our theosophical writings—minus their explanations? But why speak of thirty centuries, when the Egyptian Zodiac on the ceiling of the Dendera temple shows three tropical years, or 75,000 solar years? But listen further:—

We can, in a sense, understand the awful grandeur of the Theban necropolis, and of the sepulchral chambers of Beni-Hassan . . . . The cost and toil devoted to the "everlasting palaces" of departed monarchs; the wonders of the Pyramids themselves, as of the other royal tombs; the decoration of their walls; the embalmed bodies all point to the conclusion that this huge subterranean world was made a complete ante-type of the real world above. *But whether or no it was a verity in this primitive cult that there was an actual renovation of life at the end of some vast cycle is lost in learned conjecture.*

"Learned conjecture" does not go far nowadays, being of a pre-eminently materialistic character, and limited somehow to the sun. But if the unpopularity of the Theosophical Society prevents the statements of its members from being heard; if we ignore "Isis Unveiled" and the "Secret Doctrine," the *Theosophist*, etc., full of facts, most of which are as well authenticated by references to classical writers and the contemporaries of the MYSTERIES in Egypt and Greece, as any statement made by modern Egyptologists—why should not the writer on the "Egyptian Mysteries" turn to Origen and even to the Æneid for a positive answer to this particular question? This dogma of the return of the Soul or the *Ego* after a period of 1,000 or 1,500 years into a new body (a theosophical teaching now) was professed as a religious truth from the highest antiquity. Voltaire wrote on the subject of these thousand years of *post mortem* duration as follows:—

* Much of which knowledge and the mysteries of the same "earlier races" have been explained in the "Secret Doctrine," a work, however, untouched by the English dailies as unorthodox and unscientific—a jumble, truly.

This opinion about resurrection (*rather "reincarnation"*) after ten centuries, passed to the Greeks, the disciples of the Egyptians, and to the Romans (*their Initiates only*), disciples of the Greeks. One finds it in the VIth Book of the Æneid, which is but a description of the mysteries of Isis and of Ceres Eleusina ;

> "*Has omnis ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,*
> *Lethæum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno ;*
> *Scilicet immemores, supera ut convexa revisant.*"

This "opinion" passed from the Pagan Greeks and Romans to Christians, even in our century, though disfigured by sectarianism ; for it is the origin of the *millenium*. No pagan, even of the lower classes, believed that the Soul would return into its *old* body : cultured Christians *do*, since the day of the Resurrection of all flesh is a universal dogma, and since the Millenarians wait for the second advent of Christ on earth when he will reign for a *thousand* years.

All such articles as the above quoted are the paradoxes of the age, and show ingrained prejudices and preconceptions. Neither the very conservative and orthodox editor of the *Standard*, nor yet the very radical and infidel editors of many a London paper, will give fair or even dispassionate hearing to any Theosophical writer. "Can any good come out of Nazareth ?" the Pharisees and Sadducees of old are credited with asking. "Can anything but *twaddle* come from Theosophical quarters ?" repeat the modern followers of *cant* and materialism.

Of course not. We are so very *unpopular !* Besides which, theosophists who have written the most upon those subjects at which, in the words of the *Evening Standard*, "we can now only vainly guess" are regarded by Mrs. Grundy's herds as the black sheep of Christian cultured centres. Having had access to Eastern secret works, hitherto concealed from the world of the profane, the said theosophists had means of studying and of ascertaining the value and real meaning of the "marvellous secrets both of heaven and earth," and thus of disinterring many of the vestiges now seemingly lost to the world of students. But what matters that ? How can one so little in odour of sanctity with the majorities, a living embodiment of every vice and sin, according to most charitable souls, be credited with knowing anything ? Nor does the possibility of such charges being merely the fruit of malice and slander, and therefore entitled to lie *sub judice*, nor simple logic, ever trouble their dreams or have any voice in the question. Oh no ! But has the idea ever crossed their minds that on that principle the works of him who was proclaimed :—

> "The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind"

ought also to become unpopular, and Baconian philosophy be at once shunned and boycotted ? In our paradoxical age, as we now learn, the worth of a literary production has to be judged, not on its own intrinsic merits, but according to the private character, the shape of the nose, and the popularity or unpopularity of the writer thereof. Let us give an example, by quoting a favourite remark made by some bitter opponent

of "The Secret Doctrine." It is the reply given the other day to a theosophist who urged a would-be Scientist and supposed Assyriologist to read the said work. "Well," he said, "I grant you there may be in it a few facts valuable to students of antiquity and to scientific speculation. But *who can have the patience to read 1,500 pages of dreary metaphysical twaddle* for the sake of discovering in it a few facts, however valuable?"

O imitatores servum pecus! And yet how joyfully you would set to work, sparing neither time, labour nor money, to extract two or three ounces of gold from tons of quartz and useless alluvial soil. . . .

Thus, we find the civilized world and its humanities ever unfair, ever enforcing one law for the wealthy and the mighty, and another law for the poor and the uninfluential. Society, politics, commerce, literature, art and sciences, religion and ethics, all are full of paradoxes, contradictions, injustice, selfishness and unreliability. Might has become right, elsewhere than in colonies and for the detriment of "black men." Wealth leads to impunity, poverty to condemnation even by the law, for the impecunious having no means of paying lawyers are debarred from their natural right to appeal to the courts for redress. Hint, even privately, that a person, notorious for having acquired his wealth by plunder and oppression, or unfair play on the Stock Exchange, is a thief, and the law to which he will appeal will ruin you with damages and court expenses and imprison you into the bargain for libel, for "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." But let that wealthy thief slander your character publicly, accuse you falsely of breaking all the ten commandments, and if you are in the slightest degree unpopular, an infidel, or too radical in your views, no matter how honourable and honest you may be, yet you will have to swallow the defamation, and let it get root in the minds of people; or, go to law and risk many hundreds or even thousands out of your pocket and get—*one farthing damages!* What chance has an "infidel" in the sight of a bigoted, ignorant jury? Behold those rich speculators who arrange bogus quotations on the Stock Exchange for shares which they wish to foist upon an innocent public that makes for everything whose price is rising. And look at that poor clerk, whose passion for gambling—which the example of those same wealthy capitalists has fired—if caught in some small embezzlement, the righteous indignation of the rich capitalists knows no bounds. They ostracise even one of their own *confrêres* because he has been so indiscreet as to be found out in dealings with the unhappy wretch! Again, what country boasts more of Christian charity, and its code of honour, than old England? Yea, you have soldiers and champions of freedom, and they take out the deadly machine-guns of your latest purveyor of death and blow to fragments a stockade in Solymah, with its defending mob of half-armed savages, of poor "niggers," because you *hear* that they *perchance* may molest your camps. Yet it is to that self-same continent you send your almighty fleets, into which you pour your soldiers, putting

on the hypocritical mask of saving from slavery these very black men whom you have just blown into the air! What country, the world over, has so many philanthropic societies, charitable institutions, and generous donors as England has? And where, on the face of the earth, is the city which contains more misery, vice and starvation, than London—the queen of wealthy metropoles. Hideous poverty, filth and rags glare from behind every corner, and Carlyle was right in saying that the Poor Law was an anodyne—not a remedy. "Blessed are the poor," said your Man-God. "Avaunt the ragged, starving beggar from our West End streets!" you shout, helped by your Police Force; and yet you call yourselves His "humble" followers. It is the indifference and contempt of the higher for the *lower* classes which has generated and bred in the latter that virus which has now grown in them into self-contempt, brutal indifference and cynicism, thus transforming a human species into the wild and soulless animals which fill the Whitechapel dens. Mighty are thy powers, most evidently, O, Christian civilization!

But has not our Theosophical "Fraternity" escaped the infection of this paradoxical age? Alas, no. How often the cry against the "entrance fee" was heard among the wealthiest Theosophists. Many of these were Freemasons, who belonged to both institutions—their Lodges and Theosophy. They had paid fees upon entering the former, surpassing ten times the modest £1, paid for their diploma on becoming Theosophists. They had to pay as "Widow's Sons," a large price for every paltry jewel conferred upon them as a distinction, and had always to keep their hands in their pockets ready to spend large sums for paraphernalia, gorgeous banquets with rich viands and costly wines. This diminished in no way their reverence for Freemasonry. But that which is good for the masonic goose is not fit sauce for the theosophical gander. How often was the hapless President Founder of our Society, Col. H. S. Olcott taunted with *selling theosophy* for £1 per head! He, who worked and toiled from January 1st to December 31st for ten years under the broiling sun of India, and managed out of that wretched pound of the entrance fee and a few donations to keep up the Headquarters, to establish free schools and finally to build and open a library at Adyar of rare Sanskrit works—how often was he condemned, criticised, misjudged, and his best motives misinterpreted. Well, our critics must now be satisfied. Not only the payment of the entrance fee but even that of two shillings yearly, expected from our Fellows to help in paying the expenses of the anniversary meetings, at the Headquarters at Madras (this large sum of two shillings, by-the-bye, having never been sent in but by a very limited number of theosophists), all this is now abolished. On December 27th last "the Rules were completely recast, the entrance fee and annual dues were abolished," writes a theosophist-stoic from Adyar. "We are on a purely voluntary contribution footing Now if our members don't give, we *starve and shut up*—that's all."

A brave and praiseworthy reform but rather a dangerous experiment. The "B. Lodge of the T. S." in London never had an entrance fee from its beginning, eighteen months ago; and the results are that the whole burden of its expenses has fallen upon half a dozen of devoted and determined Theosophists. This last Anniversary Financial Report, at Adyar, has moreover brought to light some curious facts and paradoxical incongruities in the bosom of the Theosophical Society at large. For years our Christian and kind friends, the Anglo-Indian missionaries, had set on foot and kept rolling the fantastic legend about the personal greediness and venality of the "Founders." The disproportionately large number of members, who, on account of their poverty had been exonerated from any entrance fees, was ignored, and never taken into account. Our devotion to the cause, it was urged, was a *sham;* we were wolves in sheep's clothing; bent on making money by psychologizing and deceiving those "poor benighted heathen" and the "*credulous* infidels" of Europe and America; figures are there, it was added; and the 100,000 theosophists (with which we were credited) represented £100,000, etc., etc.

Well, the day of reckoning has come, and as it is printed in the General Report of the *Theosophist* we may just mention it as a paradox in the region of theosophy. The Financial Report includes a summary of all our receipts *from donations and Initiation fees, since the beginning of our arrival in India, i.e.* February 1879, or *just ten years.* The total is 89,140 rupees, or about £6,600. Of the Rs 54,000 of donations, what are the large sums received by the Theosophical (Parent) Society in the respective countries? Here they are:—

IN INDIA	Rupees 40,000
IN EUROPE	„ 7,000
IN AMERICA	„ 700!!
	Total 47,700 rupees or £3,600

Vide infra "Theosophical Activities": "The President Founder's Address."

The two "greedy Founders" having given out of their own pockets during these years almost as much, in the result there remain two impecunious beggars, practically two *pauper*-Theosophists. But we are all proud of our poverty and do not regret either our labour or any sacrifices made to further the noble cause we have pledged ourselves to serve. The figures are simply published as one more proof in our defence and a superb evidence of the PARADOXES to be entered to the credit of our traducers and slanderers.

THEOSOPHY IN DAILY LIFE.

READING in the Sacred Books of the East, I came upon these lines :

"He lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far reaching, grown great and beyond measure.

"Just as a mighty trumpeter makes himself heard, and that without difficulty—in all the four directions—even so of all things that have shape or life, there is not one that he passes by or leaves aside, but regards them all with mind set free, and deep-felt Love. Verily this is the way to a state of union with Brahma.

"And he lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of pity, sympathy and equanimity, and so the second, and so the third and so the fourth. And thus the whole round world, above, below, around and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of pity, sympathy and equanimity, far reaching, grown great and beyond measure."

For this scriptural injunction there is, of course, a reason. The mighty energy thus diffused through space not only attracts the divine, but it gives, it informs, it creates. On every plane it has its perfect work. On the highest, it becomes the messenger of the Perfect Law which is a Law of Love. Its processes can be scientifically considered and demonstrated in theosophical thought. Its rule and subjection of the lower astral plane can be clearly shown. But what seems to concern us most with the opening of a new year, is its effect on the plane best known to the average man, or its application in daily life.

As theosophists, we have given our adherence to the principles of Universal Brotherhood and a search for Truth. The most indifferent member of our Society has still signed such a pledge, calling his word of honour to attest its reality. Some of us have gone much further than this. A consideration which presents itself to all alike, a reality which is no respecter of persons, is this : Are we or are we not conforming to the spirit and letter of that pledge? Are we endeavouring to form a *real* Brotherhood? I do not need to point out that intellectual enlightenment is only a means, and one of several means, to that benign end. It will be apparent to any thinking person that the intellectual germs which are the bearers of Truth must sprout and bear in our lives ; must be transformed into deeds and thoughts impersonal, fraternal and informed with universal love, or else they are mere withered husks which only encumber the mind that has received them. We may send our literature into every home ; we may find our facts upon every man's tongue, and still our Society will be an utter failure as a vital, living Brotherhood if the spirit and activity of universal Love is not infused into it. No one can so infuse it but ourselves. Each individual is

responsible for its absence, if it be absent, for it alone adequately represents our pledge. We have not given the attestations of our honour to a mere formalism, but to a Reality; to an unlimited energic Charity, without which we are indeed as brass and tinkling cymbals.

Hence no more urgent question now presents itself to the earnest student (or even to those whose "honour" keeps its pledges) than this one, namely: How shall I convert this philosophy into a working force which shall prove useful in daily life? It is true that the theosophical code of ethics, were it followed by every individual, would change the face of the world in a day. It also follows that such influence must be of the greatest practical as well as moral use. If each one of us believed that every wrong done would as surely react upon us as that a ball thrown against a wall will rebound; and that what injures one man injures all, it is certain that all our ways of living and thinking would change, and that we should enter a wider sphere, a larger spirit of Life. We should then experience a spiritual, ethical and practical consolidation or Brotherhood.

At the same time, this study and personal practice of the philosophy does not wholly fulfil our pledge. We are still in the world; its ties are more or less interwoven with our daily life, and for this world as it now stands we are largely responsible. All about us are wrongs and sorrows which only a change in the inner nature of mankind can exterminate. We know this change is far off in point of time and concerns the race, while our own personal efforts show us how difficult is its accomplishment. It is indeed not to be accomplished until we regard the entire universe with thoughts of Equanimity and Love. What then shall we do? Shall we wait patiently for this change, striving meanwhile to lift ourselves and such comrades as may be drawn to hear our words, to a higher inner life? If we do this much only, the change will never come. We have taken up the attitude of separation unconsciously, and the estranged world feels that we have deserted it in a need which the soul realizes, though the individual may not. In the inner attitude we are to stand aloof from the fever, the doubt, the selfishness and carnival of desire; but the outer man must also fulfil his duty and he does that by drawing close to his fellow men and by working among them. Until the intuition of the race shall be more highly developed, men need to see our personal presence and activity before they can realize our spiritual sympathy. Just as we give object lessons to a child, so our work explains to them the reality of our pledge and belief.

Spiritual advancement is not a result of mechanical (so to call it) cyclic progress, nor yet a result of the will of the gods. The progress of Law must be reinforced by human will and effort before the personal soul can be benefitted by it. The way of the race is devious and long; it is accomplished through individual effort, and each real reform in institutions, in morals, in every department of Life, brings us one step nearer the goal.

These things, external though they appear, may each be made the vehicle of higher powers, through the energy of universal Love. As witnesses to the expanding heart of man and to the vital growth of his belief in human and divine consolidation, they bring us inwardly as well as outwardly into closer relations with one another.

There are of course exceptions, in the cases of persons who through their inward fitness have been called away from the world to enter upon a special course of training and service which shall fit them for duties upon other lines and planes than those known to individual life. All such persons have, at some time, worked ardently in the primary fields, and have, through such work, developed into more impersonal and more divine uses. They stood once where we now stand, and through proportional effort in all directions, they have passed on. It is our part to follow them, and while we are still in the world we may be sure that a part of our work lies in it, and includes every practical as well as every spiritual effort towards realizing the highest conception of Universal Brotherhood.

There are many theosophists who do not grasp the urgency of this question concerning the utilization of Theosophy in daily life. Perhaps some of them feel their own ignorance, their unfitness to teach, and wait to know more before they speak to other men. They forget that he who cannot teach can work. Our work teaches. Moreover, through unselfish work we are taught. To learn intellectually, some may wait in vain; and indeed none will truly learn in any sense until they convert what little they do know into working force, just as our food is useless to us until its digestion has set free some amount of nervous energy, for whose translation into work Nature herself provides. All these natural processes are copies of those of the spiritual world and thus all things bear witness to that Truth which is their Being. Other theosophists are struggling with material cares; others do not stop to think of the real bearing of their professions of Brotherhood. In short, as many reasons for indifference prevail as were sent to the Biblical King when he bade his neighbours come to the wedding feast. Still I believe the chief of these is the want of co-ordinated thought. Not so long ago, an earnest student wrote to the American Headquarters to say that through an appeal made to him for assistance in some work which was being done, he had come to realize the necessity of such work and the lack of it; that he was sure many others, like himself, were so preoccupied by daily cares that they had not waked up to the importance of helping the theosophical movement in some direction, and he offered money to print an edition of a tract addressed to indifferent theosophists, if someone would write it. These pages are the outcome, in second remove, of that work which stimulated him. As we light a fire by communicating to it the vibrations of a flame, so contact with the earnest effort of another sets free a corresponding and latent energy in the heart prepared for higher development.

These considerations are all the more pressing to-day. We are nearing the end of the cycle and all events move more rapidly. Effort made now will have a far greater result than it would have later on. The momentum of a moving object depends upon the energy expended at its start, and those theosophists who are sufficiently intuitive to take advantage of cyclic currents and to work ardently with them and with the Great Powers, will find that they have laid up treasures there, where, to quote Emerson, compound interest is the rate of the exchequer. The creditor of this exchequer is not personal man, but Humanity: what we give as individuals is repaid to the race. This is just, for from that race we spring in part. One year's work done now may fructify far more rapidly for this cause which is our own, than might ten years' work done at a less propitious time. It is true that materiality is now at its highest rate of progress, but with a latent downward tendency; while spiritual activity is accelerating with an upward tendency due to the present curve of progress. Can we doubt which will prevail? It is now in our power to secure the prevalence of spiritual activity in individual lives, just as the Law has already provided for its prevalence in the Universal Scheme. There is scarcely one of us so poor that he cannot make some willing sacrifice, or has not some time or energy to give. Quantity does not matter so much as quality; it is the spirit of unselfish Love that works all wonders.

These thoughts accepted, the student asks himself where he shall begin, to what work lay his hand. For his personal life he alone can answer. If he be a member of the Theosophical Society, it will be well for him to work with and through his Branch; the greater the centre the greater the energy. Energy is proportionate to the square of the numbers producing it. The sum of energy produced by three united persons is nine times as great as that evolved by a single person. This ratio is due to the correlations of the forces employed. Where theosophists have not joined the Society, they would do well to reflect on these facts. We are responsible for our latent possibilities. If we neglect to develop and enlarge them by joining a body pledged to Humanity, we must certainly be losers by our determined attitude of separation. We owe ourselves to others, if only for the encouragement of our external presence and support.

Turning our attention from individuals to the corporate Body itself, we find that we are reproached, and justly reproached, with doing little, if any, practical work. As we do not believe in indiscriminate missionary labours and argumentative conversion, we must seek other fields. Are there no children among us to be rescued from the doubts and confusion of our time? Where are our Branch Sunday Schools, where music, story and object teaching of spirit through natural lessons, may give the little ones a happy and valued hour? Where are our Branch free libraries, with one member told off weekly to attend them, open of an

evening to all comers? Can we do nothing to help those social outcasts, so rarely rescued by formal religion, because "the deed of virtue is without the love that should shine through it." It is vain to try to stop those who are on the fatally swift descent of sin, by assurances that some other, however divine, is responsible for them. If we can grapple their minds with the thought that they themselves are their own saviours and that we are integrally and and actually their Brothers and Sisters, then indeed we may recover lost ground for the race. Everywhere great questions and great issues are confronting us and in some one of these each Branch should have a share. Not only should we join with outsiders in such good deeds as they have found to do, but we ought to have some distinctively theosophical work of our own, first as individuals, next as Branches. For example, the competitive struggle and system of monopolies are working as much—if not more—injury as the use of intoxicating liquors. Everywhere thinkers of benevolent aspirations are inaugurating co-operative colonies or works. One such is the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa, a colony established in Mexico on co-operative principles, having excellent privileges from the Mexican Government. The colonists own the land, railroads and industries in common. All public property is so held, but the home is a private institution. The colony is governed by a body of elected Directors. The women vote equally with the men. No corporate churches are allowed; each man is free to worship as he may please in his own home. No intoxicating drinks are made or sold; no gambling or other houses of ill-repute allowed within the colony precincts. All persons are employed by the colony itself; labour is interchanged and the net gain is divided among colonists according to their shares of stock. This is perhaps the largest cooperative venture ever made and has unprecedented advantages of harbour situation and climate, but, above all, its ethical principles are integral and vital. At one time a colonist wrote in behalf of a betrayed and deserted woman, against whom the doors of our civilization were closed, when she tried to return to the path of moral duty. The directors promptly responded by the gift of a share of stock and the assurance that all who endeavoured to live honestly and in a spirit of true fraternity were welcome to Sinaloa, whatever might be the mistakes of their past. No more theosophical deed than this is known to me. It would seem as if colonies founded upon more liberal and just division of labour and profit, upon a more enlightened system of interchange and interdependence, would tend to facilitate the advance of the race. All persons may not be able to join them, but they can help them. Clubs are already founded to assist co-operation, and such might be started in Branches interested in seeing justice established as the regulator of human institutions. It is not division of property that the honest man wants, but a division of labour and profits other than that awarded by a system which regards money as the chief factor of prosperity and

energy—the great life force—as its underling and slave. While I am well aware that physical energy is but one division of that life force, as regards the value of such energy and that expended for the amassing of personal wealth and for personal and selfish indulgences, I submit that the former is far higher than the latter and should not be underpaid. *The motive determines the value and quality of energy as well as the plane in which it operates.* That other theosophists think with me is proved by the interest of others in co-operative principles, while the fact that these principles and the life they give rise to, lead thoughtful minds into a more distinctly theosophical line of thought, is evidenced by two directors and some members of the above mentioned colony having joined the T. S. Godin, the great co-operator of Guise, also became a theosophist.

These are some of the opportunities of work which present themselves and which may be carried on at the same time with that inward work of self-conquest and self-purification undertaken in the silence of the heart by all true students. I would urge that this subject of theosophical work be held under special consideration at our next annual convention. The time has come for us to make good our pledge ; to ask ourselves whether we shall be a Brotherhood in every vital sense, a working army united by a harmonious, charitable, unprejudiced spirit of sympathy and love, or a mere formal organization interested in intellectual pursuits. Let each one of us ask himself this question, and ask until he finds the answer: Am I working to the full extent of my powers and in every possible direction for that Universal Brotherhood to which I am pledged, and in whose future realization I implicitly believe—witness my "word of honour"? Else honour, loyalty and Brotherhood are empty echoes of an idle and fantastic dream.

J. Campbell Ver Planck, F.T.S.

The man who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue, is still a novice in both.

The wise man does good as naturally as he breathes.

(Chinese Aphorisms.)

☞ The 6th Edition of what is regarded as one of the most reliable and practical works on the popular subject of Mesmerism, is about to be published by Mr. J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, W.C., and in addition to the letterpress, which is said to emanate from a most reliable source, the re-issue will be embellished with several pages of litho illustrations demonstrating the various modes of applying the practice to scientific and curative purposes.

AN EPITAPH.

To one there came a message as she stood
  A bride before the altar, while love's hand
  Unbarred for her the marvellous lover's land,
And spoke sweet words with love's own gentlehood :
  "'Tis but a vision . . . wake poor trembling bride !
  Shake off this dream, there waits for him and thee
  A selfless joy, a blest reality,
Yield not to sense where spirit must be guide ! "

So all life long she wrestled for his soul
  Amid the hosts of foul maleficense
  Nor was affrighted, tho' sin's cohorts dense
Smote her and tortured . . . set an aureole
  Of wildering pain around her sinless brows—
  Stabbed her with doubt that pierced the innocent heart,
  Mocked her with wraiths, yea love's own counterpart
Set at her side with lingering passionate vows . . .

Yet thro' the fear that like a cerement clung
  To her bare spirit numbing it to ice,
  Her soul held firm its ultimate sacrifice,
Then like the notes of some sweet song unsung
Before her eyes a visible music rose
  In billows and breaths of jubilant soaring sound,
  That lifted her heart and swathed her being round,
Till like free birds in some fair garden close

Her soul sprang forth, her will stood up serene ;
  " Yea death " she said with quivering lips and sweet,
  " Make thou my bitter sacrifice complete,
Love's bond and thrall thou evermore hast been
His holy will with slow sad feet obeying ;
  'Lo I command ! . . . Afar from chance and fate,
  Or sad rebirth, within the golden gate
Where self lies dead by his own will self-slaying,

Guide thou my steps, and his for whom I die,
  So we no more the torturing wheel of life
  Climb and are crushed, but far from human strife
In blest Nirvana sleep eternally . . . "
And sad blind death his icy fingers laid
  On her fair eyes, and lo ! she slept secure,
  Probation ended—heart and soul swept pure—
Nirvana reached . . . we leave her, unafraid !

EVELYN PYNE.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHELA.

A FEW days after the events described in the preceding chapter, the following appeared in the San Francisco "Eagle":—

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION!
A MIRACLE WORKER FROM AFRICA!!
AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CHELA OF AN ADEPT!!!
DISCLOSURES IN REGARD TO THE MYSTERIOUS BROTHERHOOD!!!!

Yesterday a special reporter of the "Eagle" was fortunate enough to be admitted into the presence of a highly distinguished stranger from Africa, *a genuine Chela*, that is to say, a disciple of a *Mysterious Brotherhood of Adepts*, living in the most inaccessible regions of a desert in the Interior of Africa.

What he tells about his wonderful personal experiences is truly astonishing and would surpass belief, if he were not a gentleman of *indubitable veracity*, of acknowledged ability, and a person of high social standing, having at one time occupied the official position of an honoured personal assistant to one of the most eminent chieftains of Africa; besides being a member of several well-known Secret societies.

But let us begin at the beginning. Information reached this office yesterday that Mr. Joachim Puffer, formerly an officer in the employ of *King Molobolo*, but who had sacrificed his official position for the purpose of *benefiting humanity*, and taken up the *life of an ascetic*, had arrived at this city, and was stopping at the Grand Hotel. A special reporter was, therefore, immediately dispatched to that place, and gained admittance after the noble stranger's dinner.

Mr. Puffer, A.B., M.B.L., etc., is a man about forty years of age, stout, with a rubicund face, small eyes and blond hair, and of *aristocratic bearing*. His hair is very long, and he wears side whiskers, but no moustache. He was dressed in a checkered suit of grey with black stripes, patent leather boots, a high collar and a blue necktie. He is of noble family, one of his ancestors having been gentleman of the chamber to a king. He is a strict vegetarian and takes alcohol in no shape. His revelations in regard to the Mysterious Brotherhood are truly wonderful, and from what he said to our reporter, we gather the following:—

For thousands of years the heads of the scientists have been puzzled to find out *what causes the world to move*. Some thought that it was the law of gravitation, and others imagined that it was magnetism; but it is evident that such absurd theories offer no explanation of the mystery. Mr. Puffer now assures us that the motion of the earth around its axis is due to the supernatural and miraculous powers possessed by a body of Adepts who live in a desert in Africa, in the exact geographical centre of the surface of this planet. By the united effort of their combined and concentrated will-power they can produce the most astonishing effects not only in the atmosphere of this earth, but also in the body of the sun. The proof of this assertion may be seen in the sun spots, a phenomenon well known to our astronomers, and which may easily be explained by the fact that the Adepts are *supplying the sun with electricity, to keep its photosphere clear*. Therefore is the name by which they are known—the Lunar Adepts. If these Adepts neglect their business, the disc of the sun becomes as full of mouldy spots as a cheese. If they were to stop for one moment exercising their will-power, the sun would become as dark as a crow, and *the earth would cease to move*. Besides having this almost incredible power, the Adepts are able to perform the most astonishing feats, which leave those of Robert Houdin, Bosco and Kellar far in the shade. They can eat living snakes, swallow fire and swords, and make a genuine Mango tree grow out of a pine board. If they wished to do so, they could transform all the old iron in the United States into masses of pure gold and cause potatoes to rain in Ireland. They could change the Mississippi river into old Bourbon whisky, and all the sand of Galveston Island into wheat. Our reporter asked Mr. Puffer how it came that there were occasionally famines in Africa if the Adepts had the power to do such things. Mr. Puffer replied that he had presented this matter to their consideration, but that the Adepts had no time to

attend to such trifling matters, as their number was small and it was all they could do to *keep the world going*. They had something more important to do than to satisfy the greed of the paupers. They could, he said, travel about in their invisible astral bodies and see what is going on in the most private places; for they could pass through roofs without injuring the tiles, and walls were no obstacle to them. They were experts in thought reading, and could hypnotize people against their will, making them do as they liked. They could guide the thoughts of the people as easily as a coachman guides his horse, and they could cause anybody to become elected *President of the United States* if they were to take him under their patronage. These Adepts, of which Mr. Puffer, by a concatenation of fortunate circumstances, has become *an accepted Chela*, are in possession of untold wealth; and it is said that even the roofs of the houses in which they live are made of pure gold and set with rubies and diamonds. Our reporter asked Mr. Puffer how these Adepts acquired their power, but this Mr. Puffer was *not permitted to tell.*

It will be impossible to present to our readers in this necessarily short article all the ingenious and lucid explanations given by Mr. Puffer in regard to the secrets of the Lunar Brotherhood; but we cannot close without speaking of the most important secret in their possession. It is nothing less than a *Talking Image*, that is to say, a *living piece of statuary* which gives answers orally or in writing to anything a person may ask, the answers always proving to be correct. Our reporter offered to the Chela *a hundred dollars* if he would get him the correct numbers that would come out at the next drawing of the *Havannah Lottery;* but we must do Mr. Puffer the justice to say that he indignantly refused the offer, stating that financial considerations were not the objects of the Adepts; that *he knew the numbers, but was not permitted to tell them, as his only object was to benefit humanity.* This noble answer of Mr. Puffer in whom we behold a future Adept, may be regarded as a sufficient proof of his sincerity.

When Pancho finished reading this article, he did not know whether to laugh or to feel indignant at the stupidity of the reporter, who had evidently travestied and misrepresented great truths. "Mysteries of this kind," he said, "should be kept sacred and not be bawled about in the streets, or made an object of public gossip by the vulgar." But on further consideration he saw that if it had not been for that article in the "Eagle," he himself would have remained ignorant of the august presence of the Chela. He was very anxious to see him in order to obtain further information in regard to the Brotherhood. This thought reconciled him to the indiscretions of the reporter, and he made up his mind to see Mr. Puffer that very evening.

Accordingly, Pancho went to the Grand Hotel, where he found the people in great consternation and the fire-brigade just leaving the house. The cause of the confusion was that an explosion had taken place in Mr. Puffer's room, by which some of the furniture had been destroyed, and the chambermaid injured. It appeared that Mr. Puffer had left the room after the gas was lighted, and being either not conversant with modern inventions, on account of his long absence in Africa, or in a state of mental abstraction, he had blown out the gas instead of turning the tap. Soon afterwards the chambermaid had entered and attempted to relight the gas, when the accident happened.

While the servants were engaged in removing the broken furniture, Mr. Puffer returned. After he had been made to realize what had happened he began to curse most fearfully, and swore that the mischief was due to the work of a black magician who was persecuting him and seeking to destroy him. He would, indeed, have killed him long ago, if it had not been for the protection of the Adepts, who were always watching over him. Moreover, he said that gas-pipes and such things belonged to mundane illusions and that he had no time to attend to such trifles while engaged in meditating about the nature of Parabrahm.

He was given another room and Pancho introduced himself, stating his object, which was to obtain more light in regard to the Occult Brotherhood.

"I am entirely at your service," said Mr. Puffer. "It will give me the greatest pleasure to give you all the information you may desire in regard to the subject of the Great Hierophant and Adepts of Africa. The Society for the Distribution of Wisdom is not one of those abominable sects or modern secret societies that seek to mystify the public, *e.g.* the Theosophical Society. Every honest enquirer is entitled to be informed of all we know. All we demand is an open investigation, and we are not afraid of any criticism, however severe. All we want is the truth, the unadulterated truth."

"I understand that you are a Chela of the Lunar Adepts?" asked Pancho.

"I am, sir! I am!" answered Mr. Puffer. "I am a Chela of one of the greatest Adepts that ever existed. I was introduced to him by a Lunar Angel," he added, lowering the voice. "He has been here this morning and brought me a message from my master."

"Have you ever seen the great Hierophant in Africa, personally?"

"No, not personally. But why should I? I see him and all others in clear vision whenever I like."

"Are you then actually sure that the Brothers exist?" asked Pancho.

"Do the Brothers exist?" exclaimed Mr. Puffer. "Why! I tell you, my dear sir, there is nothing more true and indisputable than that they exist. See this white *burnous*, I obtained it myself directly from one of the Brothers in my own room." So saying, Mr. Puffer showed Pancho a cloak of woollen fabric, which, however, bore no internal evidence of having come from an Adept rather than from any store.

"This rare garment," continued Mr. Puffer, "is palpable and indubitable evidence that the Brothers exist, and nobody but a villainous sceptic, an inveterate liar, a benighted simpleton, or an incurable maniac, would deny their existence after seeing *this* apparel."

"I am not a doubter," said Pancho. "I have read of great Adepts in India who can do most wonderful things."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Mr. Puffer contemptuously. "Do not talk to me about such trifles. They can at best mend an old broken coffee pot; they cannot be compared with our Lunar Adepts. Tell me, have you at present even the faintest conception of the solemnity of this occasion? Do you know in whose presence you stand? Would you dare to deny the existence of the Lunar Adepts, and run the risk of being immediately annihilated by them as a punishment for your scepticism? Let the consequences of him who doubts the powers of the Lunar Adepts come upon his own head! Om! Satwa! Wariaki! Starambo!

Upon this declaration Pancho did not consider it advisable to appear too inquisitive. He therefore confessed to be satisfied with the proof advanced, and asked Mr. Puffer whether he would be so kind as to introduce him to an Adept.

"That depends on certain circumstances," said Mr. Puffer. "First of all you would have to become a member of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, in order to attract the attention of the Brothers."

"What kind of a thing is this Society for Distribution of Wisdom?" asked Pancho.

"The African S. D. W.," answered Mr. Puffer, "is a society which is based

upon the principle of universal tolerance and mutual admiration. Pray do not confuse it with our other Asian Society. The former, taking very unfair advantage of our having remained for æons modestly unknown, came out a few years ago with great flourish of trumpets as the first and only Society and Universal Brotherhood based on divine Wisdom, and of us has made simple parodists. Our Society differs from the Asian Society, as it advocates a spirit of universal freedom of opinion, provided that opinion holds only to our own interpretations of teachings. We claim that everyone has the right to pretend to believe and to say what he pleases, if he but thinks as we do; but the members of the Indian Society insist that truth should be proclaimed on the housetops. Most absurd and undiplomatic. Knave, fool and purblind sectarian is he who should dare to say anything against our Society or against any of the officers or persons connected with it. Our Fraternity is even now the most charitable body in the world, and he who slanders it is a coward, or a poisonous reptile which ought to be exterminated from the face of the earth."

"I should consider myself extremely fortunate to become a member of your society and to attract the attention of the Adepts," said Pancho.

"That is easy enough," replied Mr. Puffer. "All you have to do is to get a diploma from Captain Bumpkins. I will manage the matter for you, if you are one of the 'awakened.'"

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said Pancho. "But, to tell you the truth, I should like to look a little deeper into this business. I am very much interested in Occultism and I should like to become a Chela like yourself."

"Ah!" said Mr. Puffer. "That is quite another affair and rather difficult. You will have to get a Master, a Dwija, whose orders you must implicitly obey, whatever these orders may be, and you may not even know who that master is; for his orders will be communicated to you through Chelas or through the Talking Image."

"It is just this mysterious way of doing things that is most attractive to me," replied Pancho. "I do not think that they will ask anything unreasonable."

"Then you will have to swear a solemn oath," continued Mr. Puffer, "always to obey implicitly all the instructions given to you by a Chela as supposed to be coming from an unknown superior. You will swear that if anyone should object to any opinion offered by Captain Bumpkins, or any other member of our society, you will not listen to it, but support our views on every occasion."

"I am willing to swear to anything you like," answered Pancho, "if I can gain my object; because I have full confidence in your honesty,"

"You seem to have the qualifications necessary for a Chela," continued Mr. Puffer, "and I think you might go to Africa to make the trial. At all events you may write a letter to Captain Bumpkins, to see whether you will be accepted."

At these words Pancho was very much delighted; but being very impatient to know whether or not he would be accepted, he asked Mr. Puffer whether he could not find out immediately by his own mystic powers, whether his offer would be favourably received. To this Mr. Puffer answered:

"It is a serious matter to ask the Powers such questions; because they always get angry when we bother them with personal affairs; but in this case I

will make an exception. There is a Lunar Brother just now here in the room and I will put myself in mental rapport with him."

Mr. Puffer then went into a trance state, as might have been supposed from the contortions of his face and he then said :

"The Powers say that as you are not a married man, you may be accepted."

"The Powers are mistaken," said Pancho ; "for I am married."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Puffer. "They never make a mistake."

"Excuse me, sir," replied Pancho ; "I must know best, I am married to one of the loveliest ladies in the world."

"It is a pity that you imagine such a thing," said Mr. Puffer ; "for a man of your capabilities could spend his time better than in dancing attendance upon a woman. Fortunately you are not married; for the Powers say that your supposed marriage is not a true marriage of the soul and that your wife is not your real affinity."

"I have already suspected as much," murmured Pancho.

"Such a marriage," continued Mr. Puffer, "is a sham and ought to be discontinued at once. Leave that woman and go to Urur. Why will you cling to an illusion instead of seeking for the truth?"

"The truth is," said Pancho, "that I love my wife very much and do not wish to be separated from her."

"Such a love is beastly!" exclaimed the Chela. "It is merely an animal instinct and you must get rid of it at once. You cannot become a Chela and be initiated into the mysteries of the Lunar Brotherhood as long as you have a woman on the brain."

"I do not think," remarked Pancho, "that my love to my wife is of that beastly character which you describe, and moreover I think it would be wrong to leave her without any cause."

"Vain sophistry! A cause can easily be found. Is it not cause enough if you desire to study the higher science and enter the higher life? Is it not lawful to sacrifice everything, if one is in pursuit of the truth? Lord Buddha himself left his beloved wife and child, his kingdom and palace, and went into a wilderness. Where would the world be to-day, if Buddha had remained a henpecked husband instead of becoming a Sage."

"I am not prepared to criticise the doings of a Buddha," said Pancho.

"The Christian religion teaches the same thing," continued Mr. Puffer. "Jesus said that those who wish to follow him, must leave father and mother and wife, or words to that effect. I have read the story of a Catholic saint, a woman, who gave her father a thrashing and left her mother uncared for upon a dying bed. She ran away from home and went into a convent preferring to become a bride of Jesus, to meddling with mundane affairs."

"I think that woman was a devil," said Pancho very indignantly.

"What an illogical conclusion! If she had been a devil, she could not have become a saint."

"Nevertheless, my conscience tells me that it would be very wrong for me to separate from my wife."

"Now you do talk most terrible nonsense!" impatiently replied Mr. Puffer. That which you call conscience is in this case the voice of some vile Elemental, that seeks to divert you from your purpose. These ethereal animals

are always ready to persuade us that we are right in the gratification of our selfish desires."

"But is not the desire to become a Chela selfish?" asked Pancho.

"How can you call that selfish, if a person seeks to obtain wisdom?" asked Mr. Puffer. "Read, if you please the books of the smartest German philosophers, and you will find that such a *transcendental selfishness* is highly laudable and praiseworthy. What would become of human progress, if men were always satisfied with what they had and desired nothing better?"

"Do you know what is love?" asked Pancho.

"You bet!" exclaimed Mr. Puffer. "When I was young, I used to run after the girls; but since I have become a Chela, I have all the ladies run after me; but I laugh at them. I want to have nothing to do with women; they are the arch enemies of the occultist and the higher kind of phenomena, such as disembowelling oneself or to have oneself buried alive, can never be successfully done in the presence of a woman; because they attract too much of a man's magnetism. Do not talk to me about women. They are despicable creatures."

When Pancho heard these words he became very indignant and said:

"I do not propose to disembowel myself nor to have myself buried alive. Your fakirs seem to me stupid and ignorant fools. I never saw a person who was a woman hater, unless he was a self-conceited coward and a sensualist of the lowest kind."

"You can think as you like," said Mr. Puffer, "for our Society tolerates all kinds of opinions; but it is a shame that you will let your talents go to the rot on account of a woman. If you have once become an Adept you will be able to make Elementals appear before you in any shape you like; even in that of the most beautiful princess that exists in the world."

"I should like very much to know how that is done," said Pancho.

"If you have once been taught the necessary conjurations and formulas, it will be the easiest thing in the world," replied Mr. Puffer; "but of course I am not permitted to tell you these things at present. They are only divulged to the members of our society. You had better write your application for Chelaship and I will send it to the Hierophant."

"I will consider the matter. But please tell me what kind of a thing is the Talking Image?"

"You will have to go and see it yourself; it cannot be described. I have never seen it myself. But people say that it looks like a statue, and does not move, but inside it is alive, and it can speak. Moreover, if you place a piece of paper in its vicinity, it will write or precipitate messages upon it, and all this is done by the Mysterious Brotherhood."

"I wonder how this is done?" said reflectively Pancho.

"It is easy enough to explain. You know that the Adepts can pass through the most solid walls, nor are skin and bones any obstacles to them. Some one of the Brothers, or a more advanced Chela, gets hold of the brain of the Image and, so to say, winds up the machinery, and then the thing works, and spells out whatever they like. There is always one or more of the Magicians engaged in working the Image."

"This is very strange!" exclaimed Pancho. "How did you get such a curiosity?"

"It was manufactured through magic spells expressly for the purpose of communicating with the world. They gave it to the Hierophant, who placed it in the sacred shrine at Urur."

"Such a marvel alone would be worth while the trouble to go to Africa to see it," said Pancho. "I have read of talking images that were in possession of the ancient Egyptians, but I thought they could only grunt or make a noise; I had no idea that they could talk sense."

"When you once become an accepted Chela you will know still more wonderful things."

"I hope to be accepted," said Pancho.

"You will have to pass through a great many ordeals before this is done," observed Mr. Puffer. "You will have to give indubitable proof of your courage to convince the Brothers that you can be trusted. They will do all sorts of things to frighten you, to see whether or not you are afraid."

"I am not easily frightened," said Pancho. "I shall probably write that application to-night."

"For your own sake I hope that you will soon come to a favourable decision."

Mr. Puffer accompanied Pancho to the door, and as they were bidding each other good-bye, Pancho said:

"By-the-bye, I almost forgot to ask you a question, which you may, perhaps, consider absurd. Do the Adepts teach any religion?"

"In *our* Society," answered Mr. Puffer, "every man's belief is respected. If you choose to imagine that the moon is made of green cheese, there is no one to prevent you from believing it, any more than in God. No, they teach no religion in particular."

"I thought so," answered Pancho. "I merely asked the question to settle all doubts for once and for ever. Farewell!"

"*Au revoir!*" said Mr. Puffer.

When Pancho left Mr. Puffer, he was highly elated at the prospect of becoming a Chela, and being initiated into the mysteries of African Magic. He did not doubt for a moment that he had all the necessary qualifications, and by becoming a member of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, he had already made the most important step, and attracted the attention of the Adepts. Henceforth he had to be very careful in what he was doing, for there might be an Adept lurking in every corner to watch his actions. He knew that it was not an easy thing to become a Chela, and that it required a man of courage. Many had applied for Chelaship, but failed after they were tried. This was not to be feared in Pancho's case. He was a person of undoubted bravery, and not afraid even of the devil. When a small boy in school he could fight single-handed, and lick the rest of the boys; and during his studies at Heidelberg he had fought many duels and come out triumphant in every instance. As to swimming and shooting, there were few who were his superiors, and if, as he had read, it was necessary for a Chela to pass through flame and fire, his chemical knowledge enabled him to make his clothes incombustible, so that he could jump through it without getting burnt.

"But why," he thought, "should he write a letter of application for Chelaship to the Adepts? If those Magicians were ubiquitous and all-knowing, they would know his wish, and if they wanted him, they would be able to let him

know it without his formal application. But then Pancho was not sufficiently acquainted with the rules of occult etiquette to answer the question. Perhaps it was a formality which had to be observed, and perhaps, also, Puffer, who confessed he had never met the Head of the Society, could give him only partial information. But then he was—a Chela!"

There was only one thought to which he could not get reconciled, namely, that of leaving his wife. He had no cause to abandon her and did not wish to do so. Conchita had always been faithful to him and she had just claims to his protection. But then, he argued with himself that the greater the sacrifice, the greater was also his merit. He saw himself in the position of a player who puts his whole fortune upon one single card, to either burst the bank or to go to perdition. He ended by a compromise.

"What would Conchita say," he thought, "if I were to go to Africa to solve such a difficult problem? Surely she is a reasonable woman and will not object. Men leave their homes and wives for the purpose of gaining money; they go on voyages of discovery to the regions of eternal snow, or to the tropical zones of Africa, remaining away for years. Why should I not act likewise, and go to Africa in search of that which is far more important? Is there anything more valuable than a knowledge of the astral world, with its innumerable inhabitants? Is such a discovery not as much interesting as that of a new continent? Can there be anything more important than scientific proof of the existence of a class of spiritual beings who guide the destinies of mankind? Surely Conchita is of far too noble a mind not to consent to a separation for such a glorious purpose."

"You ass!" said an interior voice, probably that of some vile Elemental. "These mysterious Lunar Brotherhoods have no other existence than in the brain of Mr. Puffer."

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" answered Pancho, speaking to himself. "How could it be possible that the representative of a Society which worships the truth should speak anything else but the truth? Moreover, men might lie about ordinary things, but surely only a villain of the deepest dye would descend to that lowest imaginable state of degradation, in which the most holy and sacred things are trifled with or made objects of financial speculation. What but child's play are murder, and arson, and vice of every kind, in comparison with that dark villainy of those vampires who seek material profit by playing upon the spiritual aspirations of man? Who but an unconceivable monstrosity of concentrated deviltry would dare to prostitute the highest and most exalted truths for the purpose of gratifying his greed for a few pennies, knowing how terrible would be the reaction?"

"Fool!" spoke the voice of the Elemental. "You need not go to Africa to find the Spirit of Truth."

"Avaunt!" answered Pancho. "What will the spirit of truth benefit me if it does not become manifest? If that spirit has descended upon the mysterious Brotherhood, and if the inmates of Urur are in communication with it, what a glorious thing will it be to enlist in their army, and to become one of the pioneers to break down the wall of superstition and ignorance which encircles the world! To attain such an object, and to bring light to suffering humanity, is well worth the sacrifice, not only of my own life, but also of that of my wife."

Thus Pancho's mind was swayed by thoughts of an opposite kind and by a series of partly logical, partly illogical, arguments. He reasoned himself into a belief that it was not only his right but also his duty to leave his wife and to go to Africa, to learn wisdom by sitting at the feet of the Hierophant who would introduce him to the Mysterious Brotherhood. Men are always willing to believe in the possibility of that which they desire. By the time that he reached his home, he was fully resolved to write the letter to the Lunar Adepts, which was to be his application for chelaship.

He arrived at his residence and went to Conchita's room. There, upon a couch, was his beautiful wife peacefully sleeping. She had evidently waited for his return before retiring to bed. A happy smile rested upon her face, her hands were folded over her bosom which rose and sank in rhythmic proportions with her almost imperceptible breath. The rose-coloured shade of the lamp caused the light to produce a delicate roseate hue upon her graceful shoulders and arms, which would have otherwise seemed to be made of white Carrara marble; her long black hair having unfastened, now fell in dark heavy masses upon her bust. She looked like a being of supernatural beauty, and it now seemed to Pancho that there was no necessity to go any further to seek the truth; for that which is good and beautiful must also be true. He felt as if even the thought of deserting her was an unpardonable sin to atone for immediately; and carried away by his emotion, he kissed her soft cheek.

Conchita opened her eyes and looked surprised and pleased. Putting her arms around his neck, she pressed him to her heart, and said: "Dearest one! I had such a dream! I thought I was with you on the bank of a stream, and in the distance there was a beautiful island. It was full of flowers and the breeze wafted the odour of the blossoms to the place where we stood. There was a little boat, only big enough to hold one person. You went into the boat and said you would fetch me some of the flowers; but the current took you far out of my sight. I then became very sick. I cried and was wringing my hands in despair, when I discovered that I was myself on that island and you by my side. You then put your arms around me and kissed me and then I awoke."

"I too had a stupid dream," answered Pancho, "but it is over. Fear not, my beloved one, our two loves shall never be separated."

"I know it," answered Conchita; "but I want not only your love, I want yourself."

The letter which Pancho had intended to write to the Lunar Brotherhood remained unwritten that night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OCCULT LETTER.

PANCHO dreamed that night. It seemed to him that he and Conchita were in a boat in mid-ocean. A storm arose and the waves grew higher and higher. At last they seemed like mountains of water, and one of them went over the boat, entirely submerging it. He was convinced that they were both lost. He threw his arms around her, but she was torn away from him by the force of the water. Then the wave receded and he found himself still in the boat,

but Conchita was gone. She was nowhere to be seen, although the ocean as by some miracle had now become perfectly calm. He then looked upwards and saw her floating in the air, radiant and smiling. She had become a glorified being and a bright star shone over her head. It was the influence of that star that had calmed the sea.

As long as he dreamed, he was happy; but when his external consciousness returned and the intellectual machinery of his brain again began to create for him once more illusions, his former doubts and hopes returned. The face of the Chelas at Urur, through whom the inaccessible, mysterious Adeptship might be reached, floated on his mental horizon and the voice of the Talking Image sounded to him more alluring than the song of the Loreley: "Am I not worthy," it said, "that you should come across the sea to behold me? I, the Sphinx of the nineteenth century, the corner stone of the world's future religion? Are there not hundreds lying prostrate at my feet, and thousands longing to worship at my shrine? Lo, the Mysterious Brotherhood requires a man to communicate their orders to the world; where will they find such a man? Are you so firmly tied to a woman by the chain of your affection that you cannot defend the truth?" Then the phantom face of Mr. Puffer, the Chela, opened its mouth and spoke. "Better write to the Lunar Adepts, and I will have it laid before the shrine of Urur. What harm can be done by merely writing a letter? Let us see what the result will be? Whatever answer you may receive, you will still be at liberty to do as you like! Write the letter!" When the voice ceased, it seemed as if a thousand echoes in Pancho's brain were repeating the sentence: "Write! Write! Write the letter! the letter! the let—ter!"

Pancho hastily arose and dressed himself; and then his reasoning powers returned. For a moment he thought he would confess to his wife that he had been thinking of going to Africa, but he abandoned this idea. Why should he do so now? He thought it would be time enough for that when he had arrived at a certain decision. He made up his mind to say nothing about it and thus he established a barrier between him and his wife which prevented the full and harmonious flow of thought between the two, hence, a perfect understanding. Formerly they were one in their thoughts and feelings; now they were separated from each other by a secret, and thus the curse which accompanies the desire for gratification of curiosity had already begun to work.

Juana had now become a member of their little household and she behaved herself much better than had been expected. She made herself useful in many ways, doing small work about the house and the kitchen. Since her arrival Pancho had not asked her for a continuation of psychic experiments; but now he desired to try again her powers. Juana obeyed and, to his astonishment, she described to him a negro in the garb of an African chieftain, holding a sealed letter in his hand and upon the envelope was Pancho's name.

"This man," she said, "is a spirit; but not of one who is dead, but of a man who is living. He is a great and powerful person, and he says: 'Write!'"

"Do you see anything more?" asked Pancho.

"Yes," answered Juana. "He now shows me a very queer-looking place, something like a church, and in the midst of it is an altar upon which is a woman dressed in white."

After a pause she continued: "No; it is not a woman; it is much bigger than an ordinary woman, and it is made of stone. It is a statue, and, nevertheless, it is alive and can talk as well as anybody. It is very queer!"

Pancho was delighted. There was, as he supposed, indubitable proof that the Adepts could communicate with him even through Juana. To hesitate any longer would surely displease them. Did not Mr. Puffer say that he must unhesitatingly obey all orders coming from that quarter, and should he commence his occult career by hesitating to do so? He went to his room and without further delay wrote a letter to them, offering his services to the unknown Mysterious Brotherhood, and asking to be accepted as their disciple.

Such a precious document could not be safely entrusted to a servant and so he determined to hand it personally to Mr. Puffer. Once more he wended his way to the Grand Hotel. Mr. Puffer was delighted.

"I have no doubt," he said, receiving the letter, "that you will be accepted on probation, and now, as you have entered upon the Path, I advise you to cease shaving or cutting your hair, because, in doing so, a great deal of magnetism is lost. Do not eat any meat. Eggs are permitted, but you must always first remove the dot from the yolk. The dot is the seat of life and must not be destroyed."

"But is not the dot destroyed by the boiling?" asked Pancho.

"This is none of our business," answered Mr. Puffer. "It will go to the *Karma* of the cook. It is enough if we do not destroy it ourselves. Furthermore you must never eat any beans. There is nothing more dangerous than beans. They have been expressly prohibited by Pythagoras."

"I am sorry," said Pancho; "for I am very fond of baked beans."

"I do not care," replied Mr. Puffer. "You will have to choose between Wisdom and beans."

When Pancho returned to his house it seemed to him that he had made a step lower down in the scale of evolution and rendered himself extremely ridiculous by submitting his own reason to the will of an unknown superior; but he attributed this feeling to the circumstance that it was probably his lower nature which rebelled against the unaccustomed restraint, and that it would be absolutely necessary to obey. He remembered having been once told by a clergyman that if our reason does not harmonize with the doctrines of the church we must squelch it and believe in the doctrines. He made up his mind to make that attempt to see what would be the result. "I have gone so far," he said to himself. "Now I will see it through, let the result be what it may."

It required nearly three months to receive an answer from Africa. During that time Pancho grew more and more morose and melancholy. He did not dare to show any love to his wife. In his outward bearing he was as polite towards her as before, but his manner had now something forced and unnatural a circumstance which never escapes the observation of a sensitive woman. Conchita noticed the change in her husband and his growing coldness, which seemed rather assumed than natural, and with many words of endearment she tried to find out the secret of his trouble. It was in vain that Pancho denied his being troubled about anything, and invented all sorts of excuses; her intuition told her plainly that the former harmony between their souls no longer existed. Many were the bitter tears which she shed when alone in her room, and many

the prayers she offered to the unknown God; but when Pancho was present she appeared merry, for the purpose of cheering him up. Pancho, too, was aware that his wife was silently suffering, and he would have been most willing to give an explanation; but how could he tell her that her own existence was the cause of his grief, and that she had become an obstacle in his way?

Partly to while away the time, and partly with a view to obtain information about the doings of the Mysterious Brotherhood, Pancho held frequent séances with Juana, at which Conchita took part, for she felt instinctively that her husband's change of behavour was somehow connected with spiritualistic matters, and hoped thus to find out its cause. Juana was evidently a strong medium. There were loud raps and the usual spiritualistic phenomena, and frequently the girl became entranced, speaking under the influence of different spirits.

One of the "spirits" appeared to be that of an African Adept, who extolled the wisdom of the East, and its superiority over that of the West.

"The East," he said, "is the land of wisdom, for it is the land where the sun rises. The East includes everything that is east of New York, especially Asia and Africa. All light comes from the East and goes to the West, and then it comes back again to the East. The three sages mentioned in the Bible came from the East. There are lots of Eastern sages, but who ever heard of a Western sage? All the Rosicrucians of the Middle Ages went to the East in search of wisdom, and the last of the Alchemists has emigrated to the East."

Communications of that kind only increased Pancho's wish to go to the land of Wisdom, and they forged still stronger the links with which his will was held captive by an inflamed desire.

Conchita, too, became caught with this strange infatuation. It seemed as if her own thoughts found expression through the mouth of the Indian girl; for a superior spirit, who said that its name was "Purity," spoke to her through the entranced Juana, and whenever this spirit took possession of the Indian girl, she became, so to say, transfigured, and her face assumed an angelic expression.

"Grieve not," said the spirit, "we are constantly around to guard you. We are the messengers sent by the Most High, and no evil can befall those that trust in our guidance. There are dark clouds gathering on the horizon whose exact nature we are not permitted to reveal; but if you have faith in the divine power that guides all things, all will be well. God sees everything, and not the least thing escapes his attention, for it is written that not even a sparrow falls from a tree without the will of God."

The influence passed away, and then the spirit of the African Adept returned and wrote upon a paper:

"The spirit that just spoke is a liar. If a sparrow does not exert its own will to remain upon the tree, there is no God that will keep him there."

That was exactly Pancho's idea, and he was glad to see it confirmed.

"How strange!" exclaimed Conchita. "I always imagined that a sparrow had no will of its own, and that its will was the will of God."

"Nonsense!" said Pancho. "There is no such thing as God. The African Adepts do not believe in a God and they know what they are talking about."

"They must be very unhappy!" replied Conchita.

Pancho gave no reply; he saw that his wife was too ignorant to understand

such philosophical questions, and he did not wish to enter into a discussion that might end in a dispute.

"What is the name of the African Adept who is communicating with us?" asked Pancho.

"Molobolo," was the written answer.

"I thought Molobolo was the African king with whom Mr. Puffer stayed," said Pancho, and the answer came:

"He was a king, and has now become an Adept."

Thus Pancho received communications from "Molobolo" and Juana from "Purity," and as these communications often contradicted each other, while each of the two parties believed in the infallibility of his or her guide, they only served to separate our friends still more and to create an antagonism between them, which became stronger in proportion as it became repressed.

The subject of Spiritualism now formed almost exclusively the topic of their conversation. Pancho who had already had considerable experiences in such matters did not believe that these communications originated from spirits of the dead, nor from angels. He had read a great deal about *Shells* and *Elementaries* and said that he knew a thing or two and was not going to be humbugged. As to "Purity" being an angel, as Conchita supposed, he argued that if there were no God, there could be no angels; but he believed in the possibility of receiving communications from living Adepts, and therefore those of Molobolo were to him genuine and all the rest was a fraud.

Conchita had elicited from Pancho an account of his visit to Mr. Puffer, and she now attributed Molabolo's communications to an influence exercised over Pancho's mind by Mr. Puffer. She believed in "Purity" but not in Molobolo, who, she said, was an evil spirit brought by Mr. Puffer. Pancho defended Molobolo and denounced "Purity" as being a fraud. Their discussions became sometimes very animated and would have often ended into a quarrel, if it had not been for Conchita's ability to turn things into a joke.

One day Pancho remarked:

"My dear, all that 'Purity' says is nothing else but the reflections of your own mind; but as to King Molobolo, I know that he is a real and living person, residing at Kakodumbala in the Lybian desert; there can be no doubt of his identity; for Mr. Puffer himself has been living with him."

"But, my dear," said Conchita, "how do you know that the Molobolo that talks through Juana is not also a reflection of your own mind?"

"Because," answered Pancho, "Adepts can do such things and spirits cannot. Moreover, my intuition tells me that it is Molobolo."

"My intuition tells me that Purity is just as good as Molobolo," replied Conchita. "They are either both true or both false."

"You are mistaken, my dear," said Pancho. "There must be a great difference between an Adept and a pretended spirit. I really shall have to go to Africa myself to settle the question."

"I wish you would go," said Conchita. "It would be better to settle it than to worry continually about it."

"I am seriously thinking of doing so," said Pancho.

A few days after this conversation took place, the postman brought a large package with the stamp of the post-office from the Cape of Good Hope.

Pancho opened it, and found that it contained two letters. The first was a note from the Urur Office, saying that Pancho's application for chelaship had been received and submitted to the Mysterious Brotherhood by means of the Shrine, and that the enclosed answer had been received. It also expressed the hope that Pancho would come to Urur to become a co-worker in the Cause of the truth for the benefit of humanity.

The second letter was enclosed in a curious envelope, on which mystic characters in various colours were printed. Pancho's breath stood still as he opened it, for this was a letter from a real Adept, settling once and for ever the question of their existence. He opened it and found a note written in a strange, handwriting. It read as follows :—

"FRIEND,—He who desires to devote his life to the service of Humanity must do so with his whole mind, his whole heart, implicitly and without any reserve. Tear out of your soul the root of evil, the love of pleasures which are not calculated for the fulfilment of the highest aspirations that man can have. Sacrifice your lower passions to your higher aspirations. Work for the cause of the truth, and great will be your reward. The Cause needs capable assistants. Your qualifications are excellent. It rests with you to develop your powers."

The signature of this letter can not be given, but it was not Molobolo's name.

"This is plain enough," said Pancho to himself, after reading the letter. "I must go to Urur. I must make sacrifices to attain an exalted position."

"Yes, I shall go," he added, after a pause of reflection. "What is separation from a wife in comparison with the attainment of all the knowledge of the Adepts? It will be very painful to her to see me go, but it will not kill her, and when I have learned the art of making the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, I may come back to her."

He firmly resolved to go. He took courage and spoke to his wife about it. preparing beforehand all that he would say in answer to her objections. But Conchita did not object.

"Go, my beloved one," she said, "if it is your pleasure to do so. I know that you will not be satisfied until you have seen the Talking Image yourself."

"But what will you do while I am gone?" asked Pancho.

"Wait until you return," answered Conchita.

"But if I do not return?" said Pancho.

"I know that you will return," replied Conchita. "After you have seen the Elephant you will be satisfied and glad to return to your wife."

Pancho was somewhat stung by this remark, for he did not like to have such a sacred thing as the Talking Image compared with an elephant in a show; but he made no reply. He was satisfied with having so easily gained Conchita's consent. He said:

"I hope to have my clairvoyant powers in a short time sufficiently developed to enable me to see how you are doing."

"I have just been thinking of doing the same," she said, "Juana told me of a man who is giving instructions how to become clairvoyant."

"Oh, that will be nice, for I suppose that I will not have much time to write."

It was settled that Pancho should leave by the next steamer of the Pacific Mail Company.

Let not the reader suppose that Pancho was an extraordinary simpleton. There are thousands of persons living to-day, in high social positions, and being looked upon as wise, who are equally unreasonable. He was a person of more than average intelligence, but he was unconsciously selfish; he did not possess yet the knowledge of Self. His egoistic propensities caused him to see the truth in only a distorted aspect; his reason was made captive by it, enslaved by his desire.

In vain truth battled in him against error. During the night preceding his departure for Africa it made one more herculean effort to obtain mastery over him. He was in bed, but he could not sleep. It was as if a heavy load was resting upon his soul; he felt as if he were about to commit a great crime. An invisible vampire, ponderous as lead, seemed to be squatting upon his heart and sucking out his strength. His immortal spirit seemed to have departed, leaving behind only a gross material shell whose weight was dragging it down into the depths of the earth. He was conscious of being alive, but his life-blood seemed to be swarming with worms and reptiles, battling with each other, the symbols of his conflicting desires. To lie quiet under such circumstances was an impossibility; corporeal rest became intolerable. He rose, and dressing himself, attempted to go out, but the night was dark, and the rain coming down in torrents drove him back into the house. He groped his way back to the sleeping-room, and as he approached the bed it seemed to him that in the place of Conchita there was an ugly serpent with the face of Juana grinning at him. He turned away in disgust. Rather than remain at home he would be drowned in the rain. As he stepped out into the street there was a great shock of earthquake. It was the night in which a part of the Island of Java was destroyed and sank into the sea.

What was the cause of Pancho's emotions? Was it that he felt the coming earthquake? Was it the higher consciousness battling against the decisions of the animal mind and trying to prevent him from committing a bad action? or was it a foreboding of the evil results that would follow his departure? Who can tell? It is said that earthquakes are due to a disturbance of emotions in the soul of the earth. The elements in Pancho's soul were likewise in a state of terrible conflict. It was as if his individuality had become divided into two separate entities, both existing in the same personality. One of these urged him to go, the other one bade him to stay, and Pancho did not know which one was right, or which wrong.

We will not enter into the details of what took place before his departure. It will be sufficient to say that Conchita showed a remarkable amount of self-control. She spoke of the joy that awaited her when she would see him return, and thought of how happy they would be together when the cobwebs in Pancho's brain would have been removed by the African sun. She attempted to appear gay, and proposed to accompany her husband on board of the steamer; but when the fatal hour arrived, and she had dressed herself to go with him to the wharf, her courage gave way. Sobbing bitterly, she threw herself upon a lounge, and when Pancho entreated her to speak, he merely heard her whisper the words, "Father! Not my will, but Thine shall be done!"

Pancho hurried away.

FRANZ HARTMANN.

Some of our members objected to this story being published in LUCIFER, believing it was a satire against the Theosophical Society. The editor, one of its Founders, does not agree with this view. Dr. Hartmann is a Fellow of the T.S., and would hardly ridicule the body he belongs to. But he does give hard hits to those members who make a farce of the Society; and especially to its false friends, numerous parodists, and enemies. The artist who rises against the desecration of his art and its abuses, renders service, and is no enemy but a friend to it. It is not against the *use*, but the *abuse*, of Occultism that the author fights. In his own words, this story has not "been written for the purpose of carricaturing any living person," though "it is taken from life and the persons described herein are, so to say, composite photographs of persons that actually exist. It is of a tragi-comical character; but this unfortunate circumstance is due to the fact that life itself is a tragedy mixed up with a great deal of tom-foolery, and it is better to laugh at its ills than to become angry about them." And he adds:—

It is said that there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous and this fact is never more evident than when allegorical representations of eternal verities are mistaken for historical events and interpreted in a literal manner. The peregrinations of the valiant knight Don Quichote de la Mancha in search of his imaginary Dulcinea de Toboso cannot be more ludicrous than the useless efforts of those who, instead of seeking for self knowledge within themselves, seek for it in external things; and who unable to rise up in their thoughts o the regions of eternal truth, attempt to drag it down to their intellectual level.

The comical situations in the pages of the work are therefore not given to bring the true occult doctrines into disrepute; but rather to impress them more forcibly upon the mind, by showing to what absurdities their misconception may lead. It has always been the fate of the truth, whenever it descended among mankind, to be persecuted and misunderstood and crucified between superstition and disbelief; nor will it ever be known until it has risen up from between its distorted images into the region of Knowledge. . . .

We are the more willing to publish this story as it casts more just ridicule upon the enemies and detractors of the T.S. than upon the few theosophists whose enthusiasm may have carried them into extremes.—[ED.]

AT LAST.

MY dear lost Master, I have sought thee long
  Thro' brake and briar of life's dark way-faring,
  Where 'mid the dying stars snow-mountains spring
Aglow to clasp the dawn . . . where the serried throng
Of dark-browed pines grow glad in one clear song
  Of wind and bird . . . where lingering rivers sing
Amid their lilies and green reeds whispering;
And where thro' strife heroic hearts grow strong:

Yet never found thee till this last dark hour
  When reft of all, my wan soul crucified,
  Love's oft-kissed hands have driven the sharp nails home:
  And I raised on the cross, I pale as foam,
  See sudden a glory shining at my side
And thro' death-anguish life hath burst aflower!

EVELYN PYNE.

FROM THE EAST OF TIME.

By CHARLES HANNAN, F.R.G.S., Author of "A Swallow's Wing," etc.

(Continued from the January Number.)

PART III.

IT seems strange that the world should be moving onwards, that man should sleep and wake, that one should be born and another die, whilst I, the victim of the Unity of Eternity, in my own person seem to give the lie to the ever-moving Time.

Sometimes I have wondered if I shall ever die, sometimes I have questioned uselessly whether if I have lost the power to sleep I have also lost the power to die. And but an hour ago the test was nearly made, for that pistol was placed against my brow. But as my hand clasped it and as my finger moved to touch the trigger my soul recoiled from its own deed and Onora's form came between me and the grave.

What a hideous mood was upon me yesternight? what a terrible desire was that which caused me to call upon the spirit which is a part of mine to aid me in some hellish design that I might fascinate Onora Mayne?

Perhaps I was blinded by an excess of terror which hid from me the truth, that I love her—and love cannot injure, as I would have injured in that moment the beauty of her soul.

Onora, I love you for good or ill! yours must be the holiness which shall banish all that has come from the East of Time—if I gained your love it may be that its purity would fill me, and exclude all else! Alas! I dream of a thing which cannot be! Fool that I am, do I not know wherefore from the East the spirit came? it was to divide with me my youth, to share with me your love.

* * * * * * *

Within the past four days I have written much. To-night I have destroyed all these pages which contained, as does everything I write now, egotism in every line. If I wrote for the world I should be condemned, and justly. I care not!

But it was not because of egotism that I destroyed page upon page, but rather that I would not have you know the terrible depths to which my soul has sunk, and which lay unveiled upon the page a moment since.

My uncle is very ill—and I am glad that he is so—there is no need to conceal it—it is true. Let me say no more lest this also lead me to write too much.

Onora and I have been much alone, she is alone with me as though she loved me and were drawn towards me, though her maiden-like reserve makes her every act instinct as it were with bashful grace.

I have watched her closely. I cannot be mistaken. I believe that Onora loves. I laugh with a great happiness at my own folly when I

recall my doubts but two days since, my fears that she could not be mine, and now I feel that I possess her love.

I am infatuated with the beauty of the thought. Onora mine, at last! Mine at last Onora! At last!

* * * * * * *

Have you ever loved? Can you then conceive this thought!—that for all you know the love which *she* gives you may be as nothing, that it may be a fascination, an empty mockery as the thing which I dreamt of some days ago in an evil hour when I called upon the power of the spirit from the East of Time.

My agony is intense. What if that which I look upon as bashfulness be naught but fear, what if that which I look upon as love is fascination? My own evil recoils upon myself. Hideous is the very prompting of my mind!

Onora, do you love me, or have I called upon you that curse which is mine? How is it that you are with me as it were in heart and soul, yet cringe from me and dislike my very touch?

* * * * * * *

I have been looking at myself in the glass. I cannot understand how aught so unearthly could attract a woman's love. My eyes from want of sleep are deeply sunken, my cheeks hollow, and my lips pale, whilst a bluish tinge seems to have taken from my complexion every tint of youth.

I think I must be mad! Would to God I might be!

What a wish! I repent—not that—not that!

I shudder strangely at every thought that springs within me, for my every wish of fiendish nature seems to rebound upon myself as granted and fulfilled.

Death! If I only knew the great beyond. I fear Death because I cannot see, and yet what can my life be more than the existence of a spirit—of a double spirit—in a human tomb?

Onora Mayne, I call upon you still my thoughts; calm me and be with me that my thoughts may dwell upon the hours I spent with you!

This morning I received bad news. I, the man with the bluish face and the pale lips turned paler then, and Onora fixed her eyes upon me as I spoke:

"My friend, Frank Marston, will arrive in two days," and a flash of jealousy shot through me as I spoke his name.

It is strange that Onora likes me, hideous creature as I am become. If to myself I seem so, what must I be to her?—to her the beautiful and fair;—and yet it is as though she saw nothing of that which is creeping upon me, for daily she comes nearer to my heart!

Can it be that I am right in that aching thought—fascination, not love or is she actuated by some depth of pity, that she does not see me as I am? She cringes from me, yet hides the very act, and why then, cringing thus, does she always seek my presence?

I am a fool, my fiction writing in the old days has preyed upon my brain.

Onora loves me—that is all.

* * * * * * *

I have decided after much thought, and I wait for the day that I may speak to Onora of my love. How many nights have I spent thus—dreaming, anon horrible things, and anon the beautiful, and waiting for the dawn, whilst sometimes, as an old custom, I take up my pen to write a line or two, now only of my own career.

What use is a biographer to me, who write, without shame, of my own strange life, and whose mind circles ceaselessly upon itself? Yet it would seem that I am to have a Biographer in the days to come. Curious to think upon!—and will he then glean anything of my real life, and of the true nature of that which has come upon me; and will he describe in that second volume which was lost in the East of Time the nature of the change which has lighted upon me? Will he know anything of my misery, of my sleeplessness, and of my hopeless love? Hopeless? Why hopeless, since I still hope?

To-morrow, Onora, I shall ask your hand.

* * * * * * *

Another day has gone.

She was very still and very quiet, and she let me take her hand in mine; but it was cold, and did not answer to the pressure that I gave, and I, who was half kneeling, in the old fashion, on a foot-stool, by her side, looked up, as she did not speak, to see her face. She was marble pale, and it flashed across me: "Has she become even as I am, and as I must be?" Then I think I spoke again, in low tones, lest I should frighten her, and I told her, as I looked upon her still, frozen face, of the great devotion of my youth, and how I was unworthy, yet could not help myself in that I now spoke.

And then I *think*, for I cannot recall clearly all that passed in moments peopled with thoughts which rushed to and fro within me, pressing forwards to light from darkness and back to darkness from light. I think she was still for a few moments and then a trembling took her, and as I, fearing she would fall, placed my arm about her, she sprang from me with a shriek as though from an unholy thing.

And I think I fell upon the ground whilst the devils in my heart tore me asunder, and all darkness descended from above.

Then of a sudden a hand was placed upon my hair and Onora spoke, and what she said I shall not desecrate, only it calmed my soul.

And now I am filled with a great sorrow and am in my better mind! Ah, Onora, it must have been as I have feared, you were drawn towards me dear, as you are still, and I pray you to forgive me, for the power is none of mine. Ah, Onora, you have been more than friend, dear to me in the days gone by, yet I blame not you, but this accursed

thing from the East of Time, whose power encircled your soul to draw it near mine own. And I pray, that as I shall shortly set you free, so you may forgive me for that of which you do not know. I have taken your answer, Onora, in the sadness of my heart, and you take this, dear, in the after days.

"ONLY A FRIEND."

"Only a friend—no more,"
Why not have said "Farewell for aye,"
Ah, better so!
How can we, howso'er we try,
The past ignore?

"Only a friend—no more,"
Do not the very words that bind
For time to come,
Sever the trust we ought to find
In friendship's store?

"Only a friend—no more,"
Must we then keep the strict confine
We seal to-day?
When eye meets eye this be in thine
"A friend—no more!"

"Only a friend—no more,"
Nearer thy heart in rustling sound
Moved by the breeze
Yon withered leaves that circle round
Thy feet, Onore!

"Only a friend—no more,"
Before me waking—present should I sleep,
For evermore
This—there can be no gulf more deep—
A friend—no more!

Dear, can my better self speak to you before I go?

Onora, I am a young man, and my path has not been easy. Do you think that I have lived these years in poverty and in my uncle's home without the longing that manhood brings—to be free? Do you think that I, who but a few hours ago asked you to be my wife, could have lived upon his bounty, or upon the fortune which may be yours? Rather I should have asked you to share an author's home, where poverty may be, but where shame is an absent thing!

"A friend—no more." Onora, it is well—well when I remember that which I had forgotten for a little time—that there is another's soul within me even now! Onora, you will know why I have done this thing—you, Onora, will know—that it has been done for you. For this has been my fear, that you, too, might be entrapped by that power

which has come from the East of Time! that you, too, may taste of my misery—if I but live!

This you shall never do!

* * * * * * *

I have been praying that it may be God's will that I may die. For her sake I would do this thing, yet for my own sake also, for hell cannot be blacker than the life I have known for nine days! And for the present it seems to me that the spirit from the future time has ceased to trouble me as though it were aweary of life, and would fain pass beyond into the realms of death. And yet, if my time has come, and if it be that I may die as I so plan, who knows if the spirit which is silent now will die also, or if it will not be merely as if released, to pass back to its own century in the distant East of Time?

If my time has come! I fear lest it be not come, and I tremble lest the second volume, which tells of my life in the after days, may be the chronicle of many weary years to come. And the things which are written there must be, for they *have been* in future time.

* * * * * * *

My soul seems to have become a hell. It is as though I knew of other promptings, and these the truth, which bear me onwards to commit this deed. It is as though something whispered to me, "You wish to die for self's sake, and for that alone. You face a miserable life, and you cannot bear it, that is all. And more than this you fear your friend's arrival on the morrow, and that arrival you would avoid at any cost, and the jealousy which will lead you on to crime you are not man enough to face, and still you say, 'I do this for her sake.'"

Great God! it is all true!

* * * * * * *

Dawn is approaching. Has no one guessed that I have not slept for nine days? Onora alone has seen me since my uncle fell ill; she alone and the servants have looked upon my face!

There will be talk in the servants' hall ere another day has passed.

My resolve is made. I have argued logically with myself, as I used often to argue in my boyish days, each impulse of right and wrong, and I have fixed upon this thing. I mean to die.

For it seems to me that what is written in the future time must be and if I go against my destiny, a Higher Power will turn Death aside, and I, who long to taste of death, shall live, if my time be not at hand. And now I shall place this pistol against my heart, for I would, Onora, that your lips might light in kiss upon my brow when I am gone, and I cannot mutilate my face. The heart is here, is it not? Yes, I am sure of it—it is certain death—nothing stops me. I seem to know that it is HIS WILL that my end may be, and all is at rest within me, yet I know that the spirit from the East of Time is not dead, but has tasted of misery from that youth it came to share and to destroy, and that it is

only calm in the desire which is my desire and his desire—that life may end.

Onora, farewell! it is better, dearest, that it should be so, for my life is not a thing which could bring happiness to those I love, and you, Onora, must forget the man whose life was changed (not as you dream of, dear) because we met.

* * * * * * *

I have stood shuddering before my glass, trembling like an aspen, with my revolver placed against my breast, and like a coward I have shrunk back from death, and from that which I shall yet complete. I feel as though there were something I had not yet done. What is it?—what is it?

Your rose. I know it now—your rose, Onora. Do you remember the day you arrived at Varnley Hall? Do you remember it fell from your hair, and I picked it up and returned it to your hand, and you smiling laid it on the mantel as though still loth to cast the flower away, and then you said, "Some whim made me put the faded thing in my hair. I wore it at a ball last night, and it is withered, as you see!" and when you left the room I took it, for it was dear to me because it had added to your loveliness.

Poor withered rose, thou, too,
Hast won a moment's glory * * *
Whilst the foul airs of gaslight, and the hum
Of countless dancers seemed to stupefy,
And kill with new-awakened wonderment
Thy sylvan sense!

Does it please you, Onora, that the last lines of my poor poesy are a fragment upon your rose?

* * * * * * *

In five minutes' time I shall be a dead man! The hand of the clock moves leadenly—twenty-six minutes! four more and I lift my Colt without hesitation and fire into my breast. How the seconds drag themselves out! What has happened, that the clock seems to stand still—has it stopped? No, it is ticking still. See how the hands hurry me onwards to my doom. Two minutes—why am I all cold? The clock ticks too loudly. Why do I write like one frenzied? Ah! I die like a soldier, with my weapon in hand—my pen—the only weapon I have ever used!

One minute—God in Heaven! if it be thy will that I may not die, let the hand stop now, for the end is near. The seconds gather and heap upon themselves—Onora—Onora—farewell!

Now——!!!

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

THE ANCIENT EMPIRE OF CHINA.

ABOUT two thousand years before our Christian era, the Chinese tribe first appeared in the country, where it has since increased so greatly. It then occupied a small extent of territory, on the north and east of the Ho, the more southern portion of the present province of Shan-se. As its course continued to be directed to the east and south (though after it crossed the Ho, it proceeded to extend itself westwards as well), we may conclude that it had come into China from the north-west. Believing that we have in the 10th chapter of the Book of Genesis some hints, not to be called in question,* of the way in which the whole world was overspread by the families of the sons of Noah, I suppose that the family, or collection of families—the tribe—which has since grown into the most numerous of the nations, began to move eastwards, from the regions between the Black and Caspian seas, not long after the confusion of tongues. Going on, between the Altaic range of mountains on the north, and the Tauric range, with its continuations, on the south, but keeping to the sunny and more attractive south as much as it could, the tribe found itself, at the time I have mentioned, between 40° and 45° N. L., moving parallel with the Yellow River in the most northern portion of its course. It determined to follow the stream, turned south with it, and moved along its eastern bank, making settlements where the country promised most advantages, till it was stopped by the river ceasing its southward flow, and turning again towards the east. Thus the present Shan-se was the cradle of the Chinese empire. The tribe dwelt there for a brief space, consolidating its strength under the rule of chieftains, who held their position by their personal qualities more than by any privileges of hereditary descent; and then gradually forced its way east, west and south, conflicting with the physical difficulties of the country, and prevailing over the opposition of ruder and less numerous neighbours.

The arrival of the Chinese tribe had been anticipated by others.† These

* Our contributors are entitled to their opinions and allowed a great latitude in the expression of their respective religious or even sectarian views. Yet a line of demarcation must be drawn; and if we are told that the evolution of Races and their ethnological distribution as in the Bible are "not to be called in question," then, after Noah, we may be next asked to accept Bible chronology, and the rib, and the apple *verbally*, to boot? This—we must decline. It is really a pity to spoil able articles by appealing to Biblical allegory for corroboration.—[ED.]

† And all this in less than 2,000 years B.C. (1998) if we accept Bible chronology? The Chinese race has been ethnologically and historically known to exhibit the same type as it does now, several thousand years B.C. A Chinese emperor put to death two astronomers for failing to predict an eclipse, over 2,000 years B.C. What kind of an antediluvian animal was Noah, for that "Adamite" to beget all by himself three sons of the most widely separated types—namely an Aryan or Caucasian, a Mongolian, and an African Negro?—[ED.]

may have left the original seat of our infant race in the West earlier than it ; or they may have left it at the same time. If they did so, the wave of emigration had broken in its progress. Some portions had separated from the main body, and found their way into the present province of Shan-se ; and others, pursuing the same direction with it, but moving with more celerity, had then been pushed forward, by its advance, towards the sea, and subsequently along the sea-board, trying to make good a position for themselves among the mountains and along the streams of the country. We are not to suppose that the land was peopled by these tribes. They were not then living under any settled government, nor were they afterwards able to form a union of their forces, which could cope with the growing power of the larger people. They were scattered here and there over the region north of the Ho, gradually extending southward towards the Këang. Hostilities were constantly breaking out between them and the Chinese, over whom they might gain, once and again, temporary advantages. They increased in their degree, as well as those, and were far from being entirely subdued at the end of the Chow dynasty. Remnants of them still exist in a state of semi-independence in the south-western parts of the empire. Amid the struggles for the supreme power which arose when one dynasty gave place to another, and the constant contentions which prevailed among the States into which the empire was divided, the princes readily formed alliances with the chiefs of these wilder tribes. They were of great assistance to King Woo in his conflict with the last sovereign of the dynasty of Shang. In the speech which he delivered to his forces before the decisive battle in the wild of Muh, he addressed the "men of Yung, Shuh, Këang, Maou, Wei, Loo, P'ang, and Poh," in addition to his own captains, and the rulers of friendly States. We are told that the wild tribes of the south and north, as well as the people of the great and flowery region, followed and were consenting with him.

King Woo established the rule of the Chow dynasty in the beginning of the 12th century B.C.

From the documents purporting to belong to the periods of Chinese history which are preserved in the Shoo, it will be seen that the year B.C 775 is the earliest date which can be said to be determined with certainty. The exact year in which the Chow dynasty commenced is not known ; and as we ascend the stream of time, the two schemes current among the Chinese themselves diverge more widely from each other, while to neither of them can we accord our credence.

The accession of Yu, the first *sovereign* of the nation, was probably at some time in the nineteenth century before Christ ;* and previous to him

* The first *Emperor*, the grandson of Chow Siang, th founder of the Tsin dynasty, which gave its name to China, flourished in the VI. cent. B.C. but the series of Sovereigns in China is lost in the night of time. But even nineteen centuries carry the Chinese race beyond the Flood, and leave that race still historical.—[ED.]

there were the chiefs Shun and Yaou. To attempt to carry the early Chinese history to a higher antiquity than twenty centuries before Christ is without any historical justification.*

There may have been such men as Chinese writers talk of under the appellations of Chuen-heuh, Hwang-te, Shin-nung, Fuh-he, etc.; but they cannot have been rulers of China. They are children of the mist of tradition, if we should not rather place them in the land of phantasy.†

The Chinese empire consisted in the time of Yu of nine provinces. On the north and west its boundaries were much the same as those of China Proper at the present day. On the east it extended to the sea, and even, according to many, across it, so as to embrace the territory of Corea. Its limits on the south are not very well defined in the "Books of Yu." It certainly did not reach beyond the range of mountains which run along the north of Kwang-tung province, stretching into Kwang-se on the west and Fuh-Këen on the east.

Edward Biot calls attention to the designation of the early Chinese tribe or colony as "the black-haired people," saying that they were doubtless so named in opposition to the different or mixed colour of the hair of the indigenous race. But I cannot admit any indigenous race—any race that did not come from the same original centre of our world's population as the Chinese themselves. The wild tribes of which we read in the Shoo and Chinese history, were, no doubt, black-haired, as all the remnants of them are at the present day. If we must seek an explanation for the name of "black-haired people," as given to the early Chinese, I should say that its origin was anterior to their entrance into China, and that it was employed to distinguish them from other descendants of Noah,‡ from whom they separated, and who, while they journeyed to the east, moved in an opposite and westward direction.

It was to their greater civilization and the various elements of strength flowing from it, that the Chinese owed their superiority over other early settlers in the country. They were able, in virtue of this, to subdue the land and replenish it, while the ruder tribes were gradually pushed into

* The Chinese chronological annals have preserved to this day the names of numerous dynasties running back to a period 3,000 and 4,000 years B.C. Why should we, whose history beyond the year I of our era (even that year is now found untrustworthy!) is all guess-work, presume to correct the chronology of other nations far older than our own? With doubts thrown even upon Wilhelm Tell, as an historical personage, and King Arthur in an historical London fog, what right—except egregious conceit—have we, Europeans, to say we know Chinese or any pre-Christian chronology better than the nations who have kept and preserved their own records?—[ED.]

† Surely not any more so than the Patriarchs and *their* periods?—[ED.]

‡ We believe there could not be found now one single anthropologist or ethnologist of any note (not even among those clergymen who care for their scientific reputation) who would take any concern in, or consider for one moment Noah as the root-stock of mankind. To use this personage as a buffer against the views of any man of science is, to say the least out of date. Mr. Gladstone alone could afford it.—[ED.]

corners, and finally were nearly all absorbed and lost in the prevailing race. The black-haired people brought with them habits of settled labour. Their wealth did not consist, like that of nomads, in their herds and flocks. Shun's governors of provinces in the Shoo are called Pastors or Herdsmen, and Mencius speaks of princes generally as "Pastors of men"; but pastoral allusions are very few in the literature of China. The people could never have been a tribe of shepherds. They displayed, immediately on their settlement, an acquaintance with the arts of agriculture and weaving. The cultivation of grain to obtain the staff of life, and of flax to supply clothing, at once received their attention. They knew also the value of the silkworm and planted the mulberry tree. The exchange of commodities—the practice of commerce on a small scale—was, moreover, early developed among them. It was long, indeed, before they had anything worthy of the name of a city; but fairs were established at convenient places, to which the people resorted from the farms and hamlets about, to barter their various wares.

In addition to the above endowments, the early Chinese possessed the elements of intellectual culture. They had some (?) acquaintance with astronomy, knew approximately the length of the year, and recognized the necessity of the practice of intercalation, to prevent the seasons, on a regard to which their processes of agriculture depended, from getting into disorder. They possessed also the elements of their present written characters. The stories current, and which are endorsed by statements in the later semi-classical books, about the invention of the characters by Ts'ang-Kĕŭ, in the time of Hwang-te, are of no value; and it was not until the Chow dynasty, and the reign particularly of King Seuen (B.C. 825—779), that anything like a dictionary of them was attempted to be compiled; but the original immigrants, I believe, brought with them the art of ideographic writing or engraving. It was rude and imperfect, but it was sufficient for the recording of simple observations of the stars in their courses, and the surface of the earth, and for the orders to be issued by the government of the time.* As early as the beginning of the Shang dynasty, we find E Yin presenting a written memorial to his sovereign.†

The habits of the other settlers were probably more warlike than those of the Chinese; but their fury would exhaust itself in predatory raids. They were incapable of any united or persistent course of action. We cannot wonder that they were in the long run supplanted and absorbed

* Bunsen calculates that 20,000 years, at least, were necessary for the development and formation of the Chinese language. Other philologists may disagree, but which of them traces the "celestials" from Noah?—[ED.]

† How can this be, when we find in Knight's *Cyclopædia of Biography* that the work *Shan Hai King* is spoken of by the commentator Kwoh P'oh (A.D. 276—324) as having been compiled 3,000 years before his time, "seven dynasties back"? It was arranged by Kung Chia or Chung-Ku "from engravings on nine urns made by the Emperor Yu B.C. 2255."

by a race with the characteristics and advantages which I have pointed out.

The Bamboo Annals give but the skeleton of the history of ancient China; the Shoo gives the flesh and drapery of the body at particular times. The one tells of events simply, in the fewest possible words; the other describes the scenes and all the attendant circumstances of those events.

The Chinese meaning of the term *Shoo* is "the pencil speaking," and hence it is often used as a general designation for the written characters of the language. From this use of the term the transition was easy to the employment of it in the sense of writings or books, applicable to any consecutive compositions; and before the time of Confucius we find it further specially applied to designate the historical remains of antiquity, in distinction from the poems, the accounts of rites and other monuments of former times. Not that those other documents might not also be called by the general name of *Shoo*. The peculiar significance of the term, however, was well established, and is retained to the present day. The Shoo, in the lips of Confucius, denoted documents concerning the history of his country from the most ancient times to his own; as spoken of since the Han dynasty, it has denoted a compilation of such documents, believed to have been made by the sage. The Shoo, or "Book of History," is simply a collection of historical memorials, extending over a space of 1,700 years.

"The Bamboo Books" is a comprehensive designation. It is not, indeed, so wide as De Mailla represents, when he says:—"It is the general name given to all ancient books written on tablets of bamboo, before the manner of making paper was discovered."

Such books might be spoken and written of as "Bamboo Books." *The* Bamboo Books is the name appropriate to a large collection of ancient documents, discovered in A.D. 279, embracing nearly twenty different works, which contained altogether between seventy and eighty chapters or books. The chiefs and rulers of the ancient Chinese were not without some considerable knowledge of God; but they were accustomed, on their first appearance in the country, if the earliest portions of the Shoo can be relied on at all, to worship other spiritual beings as well. There was no sacerdotal or priestly class among them; there were no revelations from Heaven to be studied and expounded. The chieftain was the priest for the tribe; the emperor, for the empire; the prince of a state, for his people; the father, for his family.

Shun had no sooner been designated by Yaou to the active duties of the government as co-emperor with him, than "he offered a special sacrifice, but with the ordinary forms, to God; sacrificed purely to the six Honoured ones; offered their appropriate sacrifices to the rivers and hills, and extended his worship to the host of spirits."

Subsequently, in the progresses which he is reported to have made to

the different mountains where he met the princes of the several quarters of the empire, he always commenced his proceedings with them by "presenting a burnt-offering to Heaven, and sacrificing in order to the hills and rivers." I do not refer to these passages as veritable records of what Shun actually did ; but they are valuable as being the ideas of the compilers of the Shoo of what he should have done in his supposed circumstances.

The name by which God was designated was *the Ruler* and *the Supreme Ruler*, denoting emphatically his personality, supremacy and unity. We find it constantly interchanged with the term *Heaven*, by which the ideas of supremacy and unity are equally conveyed, while that of personality is only indicated vaguely, and by an association of the mind.* By God, kings were supposed to reign, and princes were required to decree Justice. All were under law to Him, and bound to obey His will. Even on the inferior people He has conferred a moral sense, compliance with which would show their nature invariably right. All powers that be are from Him. He raises one to the throne and puts down another. Obedience is sure to receive His blessing ; disobedience to be visited with His curse. The business of kings is to rule in righteousness and benevolence, so that the people may be happy and good. They are to be an example to all in authority, and to the multitudes under them. Their highest achievement is to cause the people tranquilly to pursue the course which their moral nature would indicate and approve. When they are doing wrong God admonishes them by judgments—storms, famine and other calamities ; if they persist in evil, sentence goes forth against them. The dominion is taken from them, and given to others more worthy of it.

The Duke of Chow, in his address on "The Establishment of Government," gives a striking summary of the history of the empire down to his own time. Yu the Great, the founder of the Hea dynasty, "sought for able men to honour God." But the way of Kĕĕ, the last of his line, was different. He employed cruel men—and he had no successors. The empire was given to T'ang the Successful, who "greatly administered the bright ordinances of God." By and by, T'ang's throne came to Show, who was all violence, so that "God sovereignly punished him." The empire was transferred to the House of Chow, whose chiefs showed their fitness for the charge by "finding out men who would reverently serve God, and appointing them as presidents and chiefs of the people."

It was the duty of all men to reverence and honour God, by obeying His law written in their hearts, and seeking His blessing in all their ways ; but there was a solemn and national worship of Him, as ruling in

* No Chinaman has ever believed in one *personal* God, but in Heaven in an abstract sense, whose many "Rulers" were synthesized by that "Heaven." Every philosophy and sect proves it ; from Laotze and Confucius down to the latest sects and Buddhism. A "He" God is unknown in China. —[ED.]

nature and providence, which could only be performed by the emperor, It consisted of sacrifices, or offerings rather, and prayers. No image was formed of Him, as indeed the Chinese have never thought of fashioning a likeness of the Supreme.*

Who the "six Honoured ones," whom Shun sacrificed to next to God were, is not known † In going on to worship the hills and rivers, and the host of spirits, he must have supposed that there were certain tutelary beings, who presided over the more conspicuous objects of nature, and its various processes. They were under God, and could do nothing, excepting as they were permitted and empowered by Him ; but the worship of them was inconsistent with the truth that God demands to be recognized as "He who worketh all in all," and will allow no religious homage to be given to any but Himself. It must have always been the parent of many superstitions ; and it paved the way for the pantheism which enters largely into the belief of the Chinese at the present day, and of which we find one of the earliest steps in the practice, which commenced with the Chow dynasty, of not only using the term *Heaven* as a synonym for God, but the combination *Heaven and Earth.*

ANDREW T. SIBBOLD.

* Just so ; because the mind of the Chinaman is too philosophical to create for itself an ABSOLUTE Supreme as a personality in his (the Chinaman's) likeness.

† "The six honoured ones," are those of every nation which had a cult based on astronomy. The "God" was the Sun. Ahura Mazda and his six Amshaspends of the Mazdeans are the later development of the 12 Zodiacal signs divided into six double houses the Sun being the seventh and always made the representative (or synthesis) of the six. As Proclus has it : "The Framer made the heavens six in number, and for the seventh he cast into the midst the fire of the Sun" (*Timæus*), and this idea is preeminent in the Christian (especially the Roman Catholic) idea, *i.e.*, the Sun-Christ, who is also Michael, and his six and *seven* Eyes, or Spirit of the Planets. The "six—seven" are a movable and interchangeable number and are ever made to correlate in religious symbolism. As correctly shown by Mr. G. Massey there are seven circles to Meru and six parallel ridges across it, there are seven manifestations of light and only six days of creation, etc. The mystery of the "double heaven" is one of the oldest and most Kabalistic and the six chambers, divisions, etc., in most of the temples of antiquity with the officiating priest, representing the Sun, the seventh, left abundant witnesses behind them.—[ED.]

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

He is a man who does not turn away from what he has said.

The heart of the fool is in his tongue, the tongue of the wise is in his heart.

You cannot make a fat broth from a lean fowl.

Two captains sink the ship.

—*Turkish Proverbs.*

The Elixir of the Devil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann by William Ashton Ellis.)

(Continued from the January Number.)

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG the professors of the Seminary there was a most eloquent preacher. Each time he preached the church was crowded. The fire-stream of his speech bore his hearers irresistibly with it, kindling within them the fervour of devotion. I, too, was caught by the flame of his noble inspiration; but, while I admired his exceptional gift, it seemed to me as though some inner force impelled me to attempt to follow in his footsteps. When I had listened to him I preached to myself in my solitary cell, completely yielding myself to the inspiration of the moment, until I was able to fix my ideas and commit my words to writing.

The Brother who was wont to preach in the monastery was growing gradually more feeble; his discourses crept, like a half-filled brook, toilsomely along their toneless banks, and his exceptionally slow delivery, an evidence of lack of both idea and word, made his discourse, that showed no connecting thought, so intolerably tedious, that, before the Amen, the greater portion of the congregation was sound asleep, as from the meaningless monotony of the murmur of a mill, and could only be re-awakened by the organ's blast. The Prior Leonardus, it is true, was a first-rate orator, but he was chary of preaching, for it taxed the strength of his advancing age, and beside him there was no one who could replace this incompetent Brother.

Leonardus spoke to me of this misfortune, which deprived the church of the attendance of many devout persons. I took heart, and told him how I had felt an inner call to preaching even in the Seminary, and had composed and written down many a spiritual discourse. He desired to see them, and was so delighted that he pressed me to make my first trial as a preacher on the very next Saint's-day, assuring me that there was but little chance of my failure, since nature had endowed me with all the essentials of a good pulpit-orator, an attractive form, an expressive countenance, and a strong, melodious voice. In respect of the external details, such as appropriate gesticulation, he undertook himself to instruct me.

The day came; the church was fuller than usual, and it was not without an inner qualm that I mounted the pulpit. At first I adhered to the text of my manuscript, and, as Leonardus told me later, I spoke in hesitating tones, which were, however, well suited to the devout and sorrowful meditation with which the discourse opened, and were regarded by the majority of my hearers as a most effective display of oratorical art.

Soon, however, it was as though the glowing spark of heaven-sent inspiration lit up my inmost soul; I discarded the manuscript, and gave myself up completely to the impulse of the moment. I felt the blood rushing in hot currents

through my pulses—I heard my voice thundering along the arches: I saw my uplifted head, my outstretched arm, as though surrounded with the aureole of inspiration. With one sentence, in which I gathered together, as in a flaming focus, all the holy and noble thoughts I had given vent to, I closed a discourse whose effect was unheard-of and unparalleled.

Impetuous sobs, cries of devout delight escaping involuntarily from the lips, and loud-breathed prayer re-echoed when my words were done. The Brothers paid me toll of highest admiration, while the Prior embraced me, and greeted me as the pride of the monastery.

My fame soon spread abroad, and the *élite* of the city's society crowded into the church, even an hour before the tolling of the bell, in order to hear Brother Medardus. Urged on by this admiration, my eagerness, and my care to give my speech due roundness and symmetry, together with the fire of strength, ever increased. On each occasion I succeeded more and more in chaining the attention of my audience, and the honour which on all hands was showered on me mounted higher and higher, until it almost reached the adoration of a Saint. A religious frenzy had seized the city; at every opportunity, even that of the ordinary week-day services, the people flocked to the cloister to see Brother Medardus and speak with him.

Then there arose in me the thought that I was one chosen of Heaven. My mysterious birth in a holy spot, for the atonement of the sin of my father, the wondrous occurrences of my early childhood, all, all seemed to point to one conclusion: that my spirit, in immediate communion with the heavenly, was already soaring above the earthly, and that I belonged, not to the world, not to mankind, for whose comfort and salvation I sojourned here on earth. I was sure now that the old pilgrim of the Holy Linden was Saint Joseph, and the marvellous child was the infant Jesus himself, who greeted in me the Saint who was called to journey on the earth.

But as this thought grew clearer in my brain, my surroundings waxed ever more burdensome and oppressive. The peace and cheerfulness of spirit that erewhile was mine, had vanished from my soul; even the good-humoured utterances of the Brothers and the friendliness of the Prior awoke in me contemptuous enmity. They ought to see in me the SAINT, lifted high above themselves, and grovelling in the dust beseech my intercession at the throne of God. Thus did I hold them all as sunk beyond recall in miserable blindness.

Even in my sermons I introduced covert allusions to the advent of a wonderful year which was now breaking like the rosy radiance of dawn, and in which one of God's chosen messengers was wandering upon earth with healing in his hands. I clothed my fancied mission in mystic pictures which worked the more mysterious charm upon my hearers the less they understood them.

Leonardus grew visibly cooler towards me, and avoided speaking to me without the presence of a witness. At last, however, when by chance we were left alone in an avenue of the cloister-garden, he broke forth:

"I can no longer conceal from thee, dear Brother Medardus, that for some time past thou hast sorely displeased me by thy bearing. Some change has come upon thy soul that has turned thee from the devout simplicity of thy life. In thy speech there reigns a veiled hostility, behind which there seems to lie some hidden meaning which once pronounced,

must estrange me for ever from thee. Let me be candid! Thou bearest at this moment the burden of our sinful origin, which opens to every mighty effort of our spiritual force the gates of destruction, which, once passed in heedless flight, we go, alas! too easily astray. Thou art blinded by the applause, yea, the idolatrous adoration which the light-minded world, ever greedy for excitement, has bestowed on thee, and thou seest thyself under a mask which is not thine own, but an illusory phantom which is luring thee on to the pit of destruction. Search in thy heart, Medardus! Forego the delusion which is befooling thee; I think I recognise its form. Already the peace of mind, without which there is no healing here below, has flown from thee. Be warned, and shun the enemy that is lying in ambush for thy soul; become once more the kind, affectionate youth whom once I loved with all my heart!"

Tears flowed from the eyes of the Prior, as he spake these words; loosing my hand, which he had taken, he hastened from me, not waiting for my answer.

But his words had only roused me to hostility. He had spoken of the applause and admiration which I had gained by my extraordinary talent, and in my eyes it was only petty jealousy that had bred the displeasure which he had so openly evinced. Silent and absorbed within myself, I felt an inner grudge whenever my duties brought me among the monks, and filled with the new nature that was growing up within me, I pondered all day long and many a sleepless night how best I could concentrate in eloquent speech the ideas that were springing in my brain, to proclaim them to the people. For the more I estranged myself from Leonardus and the Brothers the stronger grew the bands with which I drew to me the populace.

On St. Anthony's day the church was filled to overflowing, so that the doors had to be thrown wide open, to allow the streaming crowd of people outside to hear me. Never had I spoken with greater force and fire. As was the custom, I related many incidents from the life of the Saint, and knit them together with pious comments, piercing to the very depths of life. I spoke of the temptations of the Devil, whom the Fall had given the power to lead mankind astray, and involuntarily the current of my discourse led me to the legend of the Elixir which I desired to reveal under the cloak of an allegory full of meaning. My gaze, ranging round the church, then fell upon a tall and haggard man, who had mounted upon a bench and leant against a pillar obliquely opposite to me. He was clad in a dark violet mantle draped around him in strange fashion, in which he had entwined his folded arms. His face was pale as death, but the glance of his great dark eyes pierced my breast like a red-hot dagger. I was filled with a mysterious sense of horror, and turned my eyes in haste away.

Gathering all my strength, I proceeded with my oration. But, as though impelled by a strange, magic power I could not but gaze again and again, and still the man stood there, stiff and motionless, his ghost-like glance directed towards me. Bitter scorn and contemptuous hatred were painted on the lofty, furrowed brow and the down-drawn lips. The whole figure had something about it that was terrifying! Yes! It was the unknown painter from the Holy Linden! I felt myself seized by gruesome ice-cold fingers—great beads of agonized sweat stood upon my forehead—my periods began to halt—my speech became more and more confused. A whispering murmur passed adown the church;

but stiff and motionless the fearful stranger leant against the pillar, his glaring glance directed towards me.

Then I cried out in the hell-anguish of mad despair: "Ha! accursed one, get thee gone! Get thee gone! For I myself—I am St. Anthony!"

When I awoke from the state of unconsciousness into which I had fallen with these words, I found myself upon my own couch, with Brother Cyrillus sitting by my side, tending and nursing me. The awful portrait of the unknown one was still painted in vivid colours before my eyes; and the more Brother Cyrillus, to whom I narrated the whole story, endeavoured to convince me that this was only a phantom of my imagination overheated by the fire of my discourse, the deeper shame and remorse did I feel for my behaviour in the pulpit.

The congregation believed, as I learnt later, that I had fallen victim to a sudden attack of madness; a belief which had its chief ground in my last wild exclamation. As for myself, my spirit was completely cast to the dust and torn asunder. Locked within my cell, I inflicted upon myself the severest penance and endeavoured by fervent prayer to fortify myself for warfare with the Tempter, who, borrowing in impious scorn the figure of the pious painter of the Holy Linden, had appeared to me even within the sacred precincts of the church. Yet no one seemed to have seen this man of the Violet Mantle, and Prior Leonardus, with his accustomed kindness, took every opportunity to spread abroad the report that it had been a sudden access of fever that had seized me in the pulpit in such a terrible fashion and had prompted my mad utterance. In truth, I was still sick and feeble when, after many weeks, I once more returned to my customary cloister life. However, I undertook again the duties of the pulpit, but, racked with inward anguish and pursued by the terrible vision of that pallid figure, I could scarcely speak coherently, far less give myself up to my old fire of eloquence. My sermons were common-place, stiff—a patchwork of disconnected fragments. The audience, deploring the loss of my oratorical talent, dwindled gradually away, and at last the aged Brother who had been my predecessor and who now plainly preached better than myself, displaced me from my post.

CHAPTER V.

SOME time after these events, it happened that a young Count, accompanied on his journey by his Major-domo, visited the monastery and desired to see its many curiosities. In accordance with their request, I opened the relic chamber, and as we entered it the Prior, who had shown us round the church and choir, was called away, so that I was left alone with the visitors. I had displayed and expatiated on each relic, when the gaze of the Count fell upon the ornamental filigree-work of the old German chest which enclosed the casket containing the flask that held the Devil's Elixir. Although I long refused to say what was concealed within the chest, the Count and his companion pressed me so sorely that at last I related the legend of Saint Anthony and the treacherous Fiend, and repeated word for word Brother Cyrillus's story of the flask that was now preserved as a relic, adding the warning that he had given me against the danger of opening the casket and removing the flask.

Notwithstanding that the Count was a member of our religion, neither he

nor his Major-domo seemed to place much belief in the reliability of the legend of the Saint. They amused themselves by all kinds of jesting allusions to the comical Devil who carried such perilous bottles in his ragged cloak. At last the Major-domo assumed a solemn mien, and said :

"Have you not some grudge against us frivolous men of the world, my reverend master? Rest assured that both the Count and myself revere the Saints as noble men inspired by the lofty spirit of religion, who, for the salvation of their own souls and those of all mankind, sacrificed all joys of life and even life itself; but, as for the story which you have just narrated, I believe that it is only an allegory conceived by the Saint, and misinterpreted as though it had really occurred in life."

During these words the Major-domo had quickly lifted the hasp of the casket and taken out the dark and strangely shaped flask. In very truth, as Brother Cyrillus had warned me, a powerful odour spread itself abroad; but, far from being stupifying, its effect was most alluring.

"Ha," cried the Count, "I wager that the Elixir of the Devil is nothing else but genuine, excellent Syracusan wine!"

"To be sure," answered the Major-domo, "and if the flask is really a relic of St. Anthony, your luck, my noble master, is better than that of the King of Naples, whom the clumsiness of the Romans in preserving the juice of the grape by means of a slight covering of supernatant oil instead of by a cork, cheated of the satisfaction of tasting ancient Latin wine. Though this wine may not be so old as that of Naples, it is by far the oldest in existence, and you would do well to turn this relic to your own use, and to make so bold as to taste it."

"Certainly," replied the Count, "this old Syracusan would send a stream of renewed force along your veins and scare away the sickness from which, my reverend father, you seem to suffer."

The Major-domo drew a steel corkscrew from his satchel and, regardless of my protestations, proceeded to open the flask. As the cork was withdrawn, it seemed to me as though a pale blue flame sprang forth and instantly flickered down. Stronger issued the sweet vapour from the bottle and spread in great waves through the room.

The Major-domo was the first to taste the wine, and cried in delight, "Magnificent, spendid Syracusan! In truth the cellar of St. Anthony was not so poorly furnished, and if the Devil was his cellarer he certainly did not treat the Saint so badly as men think. Taste, Count!"

The Count obeyed, and confirmed the decision of his attendant. Both then amused themselves with jests about the relic, which they said was manifestly the finest in the whole collection. They only wished that they had a cellar full of such relics; and so on. I listened to all they said in silence, with down-sunk head, my eyes fixed vacantly upon the ground. The flippancy of these strangers had something about it that tortured me, with its contrast to my own gloomy mood. In vain they pressed me to take my share of St. Anthony's wine; I refused their every entreaty, and shut the flask, well-corked, once more within its receptacle.

The strangers left the monastery; but I, sitting in the solitude of my cell, could not conceal from myself a certain inward sense of well-being and elation

of spirit. It was clear that the exhilarating odour of the wine had imbued me with fresh strength. I could detect no trace of the evil effect of which Cyrillus had spoken; on the contrary, the beneficial influence of the Elixir showed itself in a remarkable manner. The longer I reflected on the legend of Saint Anthony, the more vividly the words of the Major-domo reverberated within my brain, the more convinced was I that the explanation of the latter was correct, and now, for the first time, there passed through my mind with lightning flash the thought that, on that unlucky day when an evil vision had broken in upon my discourse with such disastrous effect, I myself was on the point of explaining the legend in the self-same way, as an allegory full of spiritual meaning.

This thought was quickly followed by another, which soon took so complete possession of my mind that all beside was merged in it. "What," I thought, "if the wondrous drink has called forth new spiritual power within thy breast, and may once more kindle the quenched flame so that again it shine forth in new-won vigour? May not in this wise a secret bond of union between thy soul and the nature-forces locked within that wine have proclaimed itself, so that the same fragrance which benumbed the weakly Cyrillus may have only operated beneficently on thee?"

But, though I had already determined to put the advice of the strangers into execution, an inner repugnance, inexplicable to myself, held me ever back. Even on the point of opening the chest it seemed to me that I beheld in the filigree metal work the painter's terrible face, with its half-dead eyes piercing me through and through; seized with a ghastly horror, I fled from the relic-chamber to a holier place, where I could repent me of my curiosity. Yet I was ceaselessly pursued by the thought that only by tasting this miraculous wine could my spirit regain health and strength.

The bearing of the Prior and the monks, who treated me with well-meaning but humiliating forbearance, as an invalid in spirit, drove me to despair, and when Leonardus absolved me from the customary devotional exercises, so that I might completely regain my powers, I resolved, as I lay upon my couch in the agonies of sleepless horror, to dare even Death itself, and win back my lost force of spirit, or perish in the attempt.

I rose from my bed and crept like a ghost through the church, bearing with me the lamp which I had taken from before the altar of the Virgin. The holy pictures in the church, lit by the flickering lamp flame, appeared to move and to look down in pity on me. Above the dull growl of the storm that beat on the windows of the choir I seemed to hear wailing and warning voices, and among them the distant cry of my mother: "My son, Medardus, what art thou commencing? Cease from the perilous attempt!" But when I reached the relic-chamber, all was hushed and still; I opened the chest—seized the casket—the flask—and in a moment had drawn a long, deep draught of the wine.

My veins were all aglow, and I was filled with a feeling of indescribable well-being. Once more I drank, and there opened out to me all the delight and possibilities of a new life! I hurriedly shut the empty casket in the chest, rushed back to my cell with my new-won benefactor, and placed it in my writing-desk. My hand fell on the little key which I had formerly loosed from the bunch in order to ward off all temptation; yet had I not now, as earlier

when the strangers had visited the church, opened the chest without its aid? I searched among my bunch and found *an unknown key* had added itself to the rest, and with it I must have opened the chest on each occasion! I shuddered against my will, but one weird picture chased another through my brain, as when a man is roughly roused from deepest sleep. I got no rest, no peace, until with the first fresh breath of morning I rushed down into the cloister garden, to bathe myself in the light of the sun as it rose with a flush of fire behind the mountains.

CHAPTER VI.

LEONARDUS and the Brothers remarked my sudden change. Instead of being silent and morose, as of late, I had become cheerful and full of life. When I discoursed before the assembled fraternity I spoke with my own old eloquence.

When we were by chance alone, the Prior gazed on me as though he would fain fathom my inmost soul, and said, with a faint smile of irony: "Has Brother Medardus perchance gained by a vision fresh power and youth?"

I felt my cheeks glow with shame, for the miserable source of my exultation, in a draught of ancient wine, came vividly before my eyes. As I stood with downcast eyes and bowed head, the Prior left me to my own reflections.

My great fear had been that the elevation produced by the wine would not last long, and would leave me to the terrors of still greater prostration than before. But it was not so; rather, with my regained strength, my youthful spirits returned, and with them my restless striving to attain the highest sphere of action that the cloister-life could offer me. I begged to be allowed to preach again on the next feast day, and my prayer was granted.

Shortly before mounting the pulpit I tasted of the enchanted wine. Never did I speak with more fire and conviction. The report of my complete recovery soon spread abroad, and the church was again crowded as of yore. But the ever-increasing praise of the multitude only made Leonardus more solemn and reserved toward me. I began to hate him from the depth of my heart, for I fancied that his only motive was petty jealousy and monkish pride.

St. Bernard's day came round, and I was seized with a fierce desire to let my light shine before the Princess. I therefore prayed the Prior to arrange that I should preach on that day in the Cistercian cloister. My petition seemed to surprise Leonardus, for he explained without disguise that he had himself intended to preach on that occasion, and that all arrangements had been made with that object. However, he consented to my request, as it would be easy for him to excuse himself for reason of some indisposition, and to yield his post to me.

So it came to pass. I saw my mother and also the Princess, the preceding evening. My mind, however, was so full of the discourse with which I intended to scale the very highest summit of oratory, that the interview made a very slight impression upon me. The rumour had spread about that I was to preach instead of Leonardus who was ill, and this had perhaps attracted a still larger section of the educated public.

Without the smallest note, and only arranging in my brain the heads of my

discourse, I reckoned upon the inspiration that the stately ritual, the crowded congregation of the devout, and the lofty architecture of the church would produce in me; and I reckoned not amiss. Like a stream of fire my words rushed forth, as I wove among my narrations of the Saint the most vivid imagery, the most pious comment. I read in every gaze directed towards me astonishment and admiration. How eager was I to know what the Princess would say, how anxiously I awaited the outburst of her repressed delight! Nay, it seemed to me that she must, even against her will, receive with reverence the man who, even as a child, had filled her with surprise.

When I desired to speak with her she sent a message that she was seized with sudden sickness and could speak to no one, not even to myself! This was all the more vexatious to me as I had imagined in my self-conceit that the Abbess, in the moment of deepest emotion, would have felt an imperative desire to hear some further words of grace and healing from me. My mother also seemed to conceal some inward dissatisfaction whose cause I was not over anxious to probe, as a secret prompting of my conscience, whose source I could not plainly discern, accused myself of the blame. My mother gave me a little note from the Princess, which I was only to open when I was alone in the monastery. I had scarcely crossed the threshold of my cell when I tore it open and read, to my astonishment, the following words:

"My dear Son (for so will I still call thee), thou hast sorely distressed me by the discourse which thou delivered in our church. Thy words came not from the spirit of piety turned wholly heavenwards; thy inspiration was not that which bears the devout soul aloft on seraph's wings and opens out to him in holy rapture the kingdom of God. Alas! the proud pomp of thy eloquence and thy manifest straining after effect and show have shown me that, instead of endeavouring to teach thy congregation and to kindle within them the spark of religious meditation, thou hast aimed at mere applause and vulgar admiration. Thou hast simulated feelings that thou feltest not; yea, thou hast even studied certain gestures and aped the artifice of a vain comedian, all for the sake of contemptible praise. The spirit of deceit has entered within thee and will surely destroy thee, if thou returnest not to thyself and castest not aside this sin. For sin it is, and deadly sin, that prompts thy present course, the more so as thou hast dedicated thyself to pious cloister-life and renunciation of all worldly folly. May Saint Bernard, whom thou hast so sorely injured by thy traitorous discourse, forgive thee of his great long-suffering, and illuminate thee, that so thou mayest once more find the right path from which the Evil One has tempted thee to stray. May Saint Bernard pray for the salvation of thy soul! Farewell."

The words of the Abbess pierced me like a hundred daggers, and I fumed with passion, for nothing was more sure to me than that Leonardus, whose many strictures on my sermons I now recalled, had abused the bigotry of the Princess and set her mind against me and my eloquence. I could scarcely now look on him without my bosom heaving with inward wrath; nay, many a time and oft there surged up in my brain plans for his destruction at which I shuddered. The reproaches of the Abbess and the Prior were all the more intolerable as I felt their truth within the deepest depths of my heart. Yet, hardening

myself to my task and strengthening myself by draughts from the mysterious flask, I went on to adorn my sermons with all the arts of rhetoric and to study novel expressions of face and new gesticulations, and thus I won my mead of ever waxing praise and adulation.

(*To be continued.*)

IF YOU SHOOT AT A CROW, DO NOT KILL A COW.

MIGHTY is the voice of Journalism in London, but heavy the artillery of its *sal atticus*, at times. Who is like thee, O, *Echo*, among the newspapers in that direction? Who, we ask, can surpass thee in the freshness of thy grin, and the variety of thy information? "None," the *Echo* thinks, but we do otherwise. *Vade retro!* . . . you are not even a *voice*, but merely the distorted reverberation of many confused voices — *vox et præterea nihil.* The fair Grecian nymph, whose name the *Echo* assumed, pined away, until there remained nothing of her but the echo of her complaining voice. The Cheshire cat vanished gradually before her audience, until all disappeared *but her grin.* The London *Echo* has not even that to leave to its readers. It *grins* on its own account, and finds no response, as no true *Echo* should. Of course, no sensible person can seriously contemplate an answer, or to enter into polemics with a poor, irresponsible poll-parrot. But its fatuous ignorance is so delightful, and its pretensions to wit so grotesque, that a recent and triple blunder in the said paper may be noticed for once.

"*The* Madame Blavatsky . . . . *supposed* to be a Russian" you see, has written something very "incoherent and laughable," on the authority of a *monk* in the Himalayas . . . . whose name is spelled Koot-humi." That "something," shooting far above the heads of the wits on the *Echo's* staff, needs no comment. But then a third party is slandered along with the "monk," and "*The* Mme. B.," and this party is no less a personage than the great Oxford Sanskritist. For, the reader is notified by the *Echo's Thought-readers* that:—

"Poor Professor Max Müller (who ought to know) can make nothing of this singular name *(Koot-humi).* It is not Sanscrit; it does not belong to any known language."

As the "poor" *Echo* can but repeat magpie-like what it *hears*, and can hardly be expected to *read*, of course no one should take it to task for either the bad spelling of the name (Mr. A. P. Sinnett's works are not read in *such* quarters) nor its pompous assertion that the name "Koot-hoomi" is not Sanskrit. But this is no reason why a great Sanskrit scholar should be rashly insulted and supposed to share the ignorance of the reporters of the *Echo.* Even an ignorant and innocent penny-a-liner ought not to be allowed to speak of what he knows nothing at all. His editor, if not himself, is invited to open Book iv., chap. iii., of the Vishnu Purâna before he allows his newsmongers to assert that the said name "is not Sanskrit." Let him learn the existence of the descendants of the *Koot-hoomis*, in Bengal, and ascertain from the Library of the *Asiatic Society* that a code of *Koot-hoomi* (or Kut'humi) is among the eighteen codes left to us by the Rishis. Verily, here's a newspaper man more worthy of "Barnum's" attention than any Society. "Poor Professor Max Müller," would have a right to full damages in a libel-case for such a malicious accusation as the above, a charge of crass ignorance. Only . . . . how can such a weak *Echo* ever penetrate into the study, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the eminent European philologist.—[ED.]

Theosophical Activities.

GENERAL REPORT

OF THE

XIIITH CONVENTION AND REPORT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

AT THE HEADQUARTERS, ADYAR, MADRAS, DECEMBER 27TH, 28TH AND 29TH, 1888.

WITH OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.*

THE thirteenth anniversary of the Theosophical Society was the most important in several years, though not so well attended as usual, owing principally to the fact of the majority of our leading Fellows being occupied with the business of the National (Political) Congress at Allahabad. Two most serious changes were made in the Society's policy, viz., the re-organization of the administrative machinery upon the basis of sectional autonomy; and the abandonment of the system of obligatory cash payment of fees upon entrance into membership, and annually in the form of a tax of 1 Rupee *per capita*. The first was simply the adjustment of the plan of management to correspond with the expansion of the movement. The Society, having now 173 Branches scattered throughout the four quarters of the World, has outgrown the old system of centralization of executive responsibility. The Annual Convention of the General Council has ceased to be, save in name, the true parliament or congress of the Branches; their distances apart, and the heavy cost of the journeys to and from Adyar, making a thorough convocation of their Delegates or the expression of their will respecting Society affairs impracticable. To say nothing of those in Europe, America and Australasia, there was never a full representation of even those in Asia—those nearest, geographically, to Adyar. Experience at last prompted the adoption of a better working system, one embodying the true spirit of equality and parliamentary justice more than the one in vogue. As an autonomous American section had been in existence and successfully working for two years, and a British section had just been formed in London, the fair thing was evidently to extend the sectional scheme to all countries, keeping the Head-quarters as the hub, and the President-Founder as the axle, of this wheel of many spokes under the car of Progress. Upon a careful reading of the Revised Code of Rules it will be seen that the General Council has merely been divided up into sections, or groups, which are to act, each in its special territorial division, as the overseers, directors and legislators of the Theosophical movement, and of the territorial branches of which the members of the Council are respectively Presidents. For example, the Presidents of the Branches in the Madras Presidency, or Bombay, or Bengal, or of India may be grouped together and formed into the Council of the

* Of these, for want of space, we reprint only the President-Founder's address.—[ED.]

Madras, Bombay, Bengal or Indian Section, as the case may be; just as the Presidents of Branches in America, and those of the Branches in the United Kingdom, are already organised in their respective countries as Councils of the American and British Sections of the Theosophical Society. At the same time, these and all future sections are or will be inseparably united with the central point where the President-Founder represents and wields the executive authority of the entire undivided body known as the Theosophical Society.

As regards the change of financial policy, it results from the conviction, based upon experience as backed by statistics, that it is the safer, more dignified and practical plan, to trust the support of the Society to voluntary contributions, rather than pretend to count upon the fruits of an involuntary impost which has not, nor apparently ever will, yield enough to keep the work moving on. More need not be added here, in view of what is said in the President-Founder's Annual Address and the several documents thereunto appended. The only other feature of any great note is the abandonment, at the instance of the Members of Council themselves, of the experiment of an Executive Council clothed with all the executive functions, and the return to the old-established plan of vesting all such functions in the President-Founder.

The Convention assembled at Noon on the 27th December, as constitutionally provided.

THE PRESIDENT-FOUNDER'S ADDRESS.

BROTHERS, Delegates of India, Japan, Ceylon, Europe and America, I bid you heartily welcome to the Thirteenth Annual Convention of the General Council, and declare the Session duly opened.

The work that we shall have before us, you will find extremely important, and demanding your most careful consideration. I rely upon your coming to conclusions respecting it, with a single eye to the paramount interests of the Society and the movement as a whole, regardless of sectional or personal prejudices and predilections. For my part, I wish my existence and personality to merge into the movement, and to do, and to have done, that which is for its greatest good. And this brings me to the vital questions whether I am the best man available for the office of President, and whether I should be left the widest discretion, with proportionate responsibility, or be part of an executive administration, in which I should have but one vote, with a casting vote in case of a tie in the Council. As you know, my powers were practically unrestricted from the beginning, in 1875, to the year 1885, when the Executive Council was formed, with my consent, and with the declared object of testing practically the scheme of joint responsibility which had been urged upon me by certain European colleagues, then resident at Head-quarters. My repeated public declarations—notably my Annual Address before the Decennial Convention, when I strongly urged, to no purpose, the acceptance of my official resignation and the choice of a successor—will prepare you for the statement that I have loyally tried to remove every hindrance in the way of the scheme in question. It is for you who most closely occupy yourselves with our Society's affairs to say whether the change was an improvement or not. I think it was not. I have not been relieved of the smallest portion of my sense of responsibility for our

business affairs, everything of grave moment has been left to my discretion, the work has gone on exactly as before, there has been no notable bettering of our prospects or unprecedented quickening of the movement, the expenses have been about as great as ever, without any increase of revenue outside that traceable to my own personal exertions; and all this time I have been oppressed with the feeling that we were giving trouble to the honourable gentlemen of the Executive Council, which might be avoided under the old theory of Presidential responsibility. Perhaps I should have allowed things to go on as they were for a while longer, but the Delegates of the American and British Sections brought up the subject in a recent Session of Council, and it is now imperatively necessary that it should be settled for good and all, one way or the other. I mean that it shall. My offer to retire was rejected by unanimous vote at the Convention of 1885, and I was told I must serve the Society during my life. I yielded my own inclinations to the sense of duty; and the time has come when I should say, most distinctly and unequivocally, that since I am to stay and be responsible for the progress of the work, I shall not consent to any plan or scheme which hinders me in the performance of my official duty. That duty is, first, to the unseen yet real personages, personally known and but recently seen by me and talked with, who taught me the way of knowledge and showed me where my work lay waiting a willing worker; next to my colleague, friend, sister and teacher who, with myself and a few others, founded this Society, and has given her services to it these past thirteen years, without fee or hope of reward; and, thirdly, to my thousands of other associates in all parts of the world, who are counting upon my steadfastness and practical management for keeping the Society moving forward in its chosen line of usefulness. The practical part of its business is my special department: I form and keep alive the body which contains the indwelling spirit called Theosophy. I have never interfered with the esoteric or metaphysical part, nor set myself up as a competent teacher. That is Madame Blavatsky's speciality; and the better to enunciate that idea, I have just issued an Order in Council, in London, creating an Esoteric Section under her sole direction, as a body, or group entirely separate and distinct from the Society proper, and involving the latter in no responsibilities towards those who might choose to enrol themselves in her list of adherents. With our forces united, each doing the work most congenial and attractive, we two have, under the favour, or rather the benevolent sympathy, of our Teachers, built up this Society, created the first nucleus of its literature, given the first impulse to the now world-interesting movement, which has rallied thousands of sympathizers around our initial nucleus, revived Hinduism in India, reanimated Buddhism in Ceylon, made the principles of Asiatic Philosophy and the names of the Sages known in distant lands, established many religious schools and journals in Asiatic countries, and several high-class Magazines in Europe, America and Australasia, palpably affected the views of the leading Spiritualists, and proved the unity of true Religion with true Science. Am I not speaking within the truth? Have not all these results been accomplished already? Certainly, none can doubt it. Well, then, this is my determination:—to be obedient and loyal to the Teacher we personally know, and a few of us appreciate at her true worth. This is my last word on that subject; but in saying it I do not mean to imply that I shall not freely use my own judg-

ment, independently of Madame Blavatsky's, in every case calling for my personal action, nor that I shall not be ever most willing and anxious to receive and profit by the counsel of every true person who has at heart the interests of the Society. I cannot please all: it is folly to try; the wise man does his duty as he can see it before him.

. . . . . .

I have at some length traced the growth of the General Council and Convention, that you may have a succinct view of the evolution of the parliamentary idea. You will observe that it was not a gradual but a sudden "change of base," and if you will connect it with the advent of certain persons inimical to myself, you will probably be near the truth. I felt my strength so thoroughly, and was on such a perfectly independent footing in the Society, that I was willing to countenance, and even loyally help to make, the experiment which is brought to-day to the bar of our judgment.

It is the subject of constant remark that our Indian Branches are continually showing signs of alternate activity and depression: often a Branch which had been among the most noted for useful work, grows suddenly lifeless, and perhaps shrinks down to a few members. Nothing is easier to explain. Our Indian Branches are largely, sometimes almost exclusively, composed of Government officials, subject to transfer from place to place at the will of their superiors and the exigencies of the public service. Thus, a Fellow who was the heart and soul of a given Branch, and led it easily toward the doing of useful work, may be transferred to another station, and the group without its head lapses into idleness and repinings. If one listens to the doleful complaints of local Jeremiahs, whether in one country or another, he may easily be made to think the Society ready to collapse. To get a correct idea of the state of the movement, a survey of all the fields of its activities is required. And the yearly statistical compilations attached to my official addresses aid in this respect.

But there is an element of natural selection at work in our membership, by which the indifferent, the indolent, the vain, the selfish, the morally timid, the unspiritual, weed themselves out, perhaps turn hostile, and the staunch and true remain. To comprehend Theosophy in its several aspects and relations requires a superior mind; moreover, a spiritually illumined and intuitive one. We may talk as we will of being a Theosophist, but in fact such a superior person is *rara avis in terris.* It is easy to be sectarian, or materialist, or utilitarian, but not so to be a Theosophist. Yet there are certain elementary and indispensable elements of Theosophy which can be and should be practised by every member of our Society, viz., clean living, high thinking, brave spiritual striving, and the cultivation of tolerance, eclecticism and altruism.

An American journal of local repute (the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, of April 22nd, 1288) says of us:—

"But it has to be remembered that Theosophy, as such, has a high and severe moral code of its own. It teaches that the power of the spiritual over the material is conditioned upon the highest spiritual development; that toilsome study and the most patient and consistent practice of the virtues are essential to entrance into the sphere of occultism. It is not a faith for the vulgar, and is peculiarly unsuited to the quack. And it has, among people of high intelligence and noble aims, its numerous devotees. It is in this light, as a new moral force in a social order from which some of the old forces are disappearing, that it becomes of peculiar interest. * * * We must at least give to Theosophy the credit of standing upon a plane very different from that of the old and familiar frauds

upon the public. It contains the germs of an ethical system of a high order. It attracts intelligence and virtue. It opens a field of spiritual possibilities which may well be subject to consideration and to such examination as can be given it, even though it be proved that we can never enter it with our feet resting upon firm ground."

You may have come to know that during my recent tour to Europe I had the honour and advantage of becoming acquainted with three renowned Orientalists —Prof. F. Max Müller, and Messrs. Emil Burnouf and Leon de Rosny, of Paris. I heard with some surprise from the last-named authority that there are now not less than 12,000 Buddhistically-inclined Frenchmen, who are in reality full Buddhists save in name. I was presented by him with a small photograph of an Image of Lord Buddha, which was recently erected in Normandy. I found these three gentlemen cordially interested in the branch of our Society's work represented by the Adyar Library and its learned Director, by the Bombay Theosophical Publication Fund of Mr. Tookaram Tatya, and by the Publication Office of the *Theosophist* and other of our magazines. The Orientalists of the West have neither patience with our interest in that esoteric interpretation of the Asiatic Scriptures we so prize, nor in our belief (or knowledge, in the case of some of us) in the existence of Sadhus, Sages and Mahatmas, endowed with developed psychic powers. They regard us as an excellent and convenient agency for arousing a taste for Oriental literature and research, and to that extent wish all of us success. You will see in the following list of our books and other publications of the year, that our literary activity has been fully as great as in previous years.

List of Publications during the Year 1888.

1. *Secret Doctrine in 2 Vols.*, by Madame H. P. Blavatsky.
2. *Discourses on "Bhagavadgita,"* by Mr. T. Subba Row.
3. *Buddhist Catechism*, in Russian.
4. *Do.* in Swedish.
5. *Do.* in Canarese.
6. *Do.* in Hindi.
7. *Do.* in Bengali.
8. *Do.* in English (London Edition).
9. *Light on the Path*, translated into Sanskrit.
10. *The First Ashtak of the Rig Veda Samhita, with Bhashya.*
11. *Compendium of Raja Yoga.*
12. *A New Edition of Bhagavadgita*, in Sanskrit.
13. *Krishna Yajurveda*, in Sanskrit, Devanagari type.
14. *Do.* in Sanskrit, Telugu type.
15. *Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*, by Dr. F. Hartmann.
16. *Jehoshua*, by Dr. F. Hartmann.
17. *Divya Suri Charitram*, by A. Govindacharlu.
18. *Magic, White and Black*, 3rd Edition, by Dr. F. Hartmann.
19. *Reincarnation*, by E. D. Walker.
20. *Sudhanachatushtaya*, by R. Jaganathiah.
21. *The Morals of Bharatam*, by R. S. Pandiah.
22. *The Destiny of Man*, by Dr. Buck.
23. *The Moral Panacea*, by Durga Das Roy.
24. *Physical Proofs of Another Life*, by F. J. Lippitt.
25. *An Introduction to the Kabala*, by A. D. Ezekiel.
26. *The Desatir*, by Dhunjibhoy J. Mehta.
27. *Raja Yoga*, by Manilal N. Dvivedi.
28. *Sayings of Grecian Sages*, Part II.
29. Fifteen useful pamphlets published by the Theosophical Publishing Co., Limited, London.
30. *Yoga Philosophy*, by Dr. N. C. Paul, translated into Urdu.
31. *Selected portions from the Practical Instructions for Students of Occultism*, translated into Urdu.
32. *Usool Ilms, Etahee.*
33. *Elixir of Life*, translated into Urdu.
34. *Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals*, 2nd Edition.
35. *Yoga Vidya and the Ancient Iranians*, in Guzerati.
36. *Mesmerism*, in Guzerati, Manilal N. Dvivedi.

New Magazines.

37. *The Buddhist.*
38. *The Hestia.*
39. *L'Initiation.*

Of course, the great event of the year and the most important literary event in our history, is the completion and publication of Madame Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine." I have had the opportunity to look over the proof-sheets of the book, and can promise you such a rare body of esoteric instruction and scientific suggestion as no other book of like character has supplied in modern times.

The Adyar Library.

The Adyar Library issues of the year to the Convention are the Hindi translation of the "Buddhist Catechism," by Babu Manohara Lal, F.T.S., and the Sanskrit edition of that remarkable monograph "Light on the Path," translated by the learned Pundit Bhashya Charya into beautifully idiomatic Sanskrit, and destined to be a classic. He will present to you a special report upon his work throughout the year in the province of Mysore, pursuant to an understanding between myself and His Excellency K. Sheshadri Iyer, the Dewan, and with the benevolent concurrence of His Highness the Maharajah Bahadur, G.C.S.I.

As the Treasurer's Report shows, there is a credit balance of only Rs. 26 in favour of the Adyar Library, after expending the Rs. 700 of Prince Harisinghji (which must be refunded when the entrance-gate is erected, for which it was given), and the special donations of the year, amounting to Rs. 760-3-0. I invite your earnest attention to the subject. There must be money if we would retain the invaluable services of our great Pundit, defray his travelling expenses, purchase books, keep those we have in good order, and sustain the dignity of the Library in the eyes of the great Indian Pundits and Western Orientalists, who are beginning to hear of and appreciate our work. During the past year 51 Sanskrit books have been acquired by the Eastern Section by purchase, and 82 by donation; and the collection of the Western Section enriched by 359 volumes by donation and purchase.

The reader of current Western literature, especially fiction, is impressed with the fact of the very strong taste for occultism which prevails, and which is no doubt largely due to the rapid growth of Theosophical literature.

Japan.

My expectation to be called in the beginning of this year to Japan was not realized, the local Committee in charge of the matter having changed their plans. They have at last perfected their arrangements for my tour, and we have the pleasure to-day of seeing, as special agent of the Japanese Buddhist Committee and Delegate from the Kioto Theosophical Society, Mr. Zenshiro Nogouchi, who has come to escort me to his country, whither I expect to sail next month. This Japanese tour seems likely to become one of the most dramatic and important episodes in the strange history of our Society, and I bespeak all your good wishes for my success.

The Movement to Date.

The increase in the number of Branches is this year mainly confined to the United States of America, where, under the conservative yet enlightened management of Mr. Judge, and his Executive Committee and the General Council of his Section, public interest in our work is rapidly growing and spreading. Up to the present time, there are but twenty-five American Branches, it

is true, yet from what I know of my native country and fellow countrymen, I should not be surprised if the time were near at hand when there will be more Branches in that country than there are at pesent in India. Theosophical ideas are new to Americans, but there has been for years a gradual inclination of the American mind towards the line of thought represented in Asiatic Esoteric Philosophy. Our statistics of growth show the following figures :—

YEAR.	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888
Charters issued up to close of year.	...	1	2	2	4	11	27	51	93	104	121	136	158	179

Deducting 6 charters extinguished, we have 173 living charters at the close of the year 1888. Geographically, the year's new Branches are distributed as follows: Asia (India) 3; Europe 4; U. S. America 13; New Zealand 1. Our Indian Branches are now established in the following Presidencies: Bengal 26; Behar 8; N. W. P., Oude and Punjab 23; Central Provinces 4; Bombay 7; Kathiawar 2; Madras 46; Ceylon 10; Burma 3. In other parts of the world we have, in England 4; Scotland 2; Ireland 1; France 2; Austria 1; U. S. America 25; Greece 1; Holland 1; Russia 1; West Indies 2; Africa 1; Australasia 2; Japan 1. Total, 173 Branches throughout the world on the 27th day of December, 1888.

Financial.

As very misleading ideas are current with the respect to the income and assets of our Society, I have thought it expedient to lay before the Convention a condensed summary of our entire receipts from all sources and for all objects, since 1878, the year in which the founders left New York for Bombay. In a recent American paper I read the statement that we had over 100,000 Fellows in that country alone! Now, as any one may see in our published Rules, the Entrance Fee is £1 or $5, which would imply that the Society had realised about fifteen lakhs of rupees from that source alone! The wild absurdity of such fairy-tales is not its worst feature: they tend to alienate the benevolent sympathy of many good people who would be quick to help us if they knew the true state of things. Following, I give you a careful calculation of the Society's receipts during the ten years 1878 to 1887, inclusive :

Income.

YEAR.	From Donations.	From Entrance Fees.
1887 to April 1881	Rs. 1,060 0 0	Rs. 4,200 0 0
Rest of 1881	100 0 0	1,838 0 0
1882	190 0 0	4,163 0 0
1883	12,582 0 0	9,432 0 0
1884	12,754 0 0	5,696 0 0
1885	8,682 0 0	3,895 0 0
1886	9,895 0 0	1,954 0 0
1887	9,050 0 0	3,649 0 0
Total...	54,313 0 0	34,827 0 0

Our expenses of all kinds, including the purchase, up-keep, and furnishing of the Head-quarters estate; the building of the Adyar Library, its furnishing and purchase of books; construction of new buildings; repairs; travelling; and all other sundry expenses, have been about Rs. 30,000 or 40,000 more than the receipts; which deficit has been made up by the Founders from private resources under their personal control. To show for the major part of this outlay, we have the moveable and immoveable property of the Head-qnarters, worth perhaps 35 to 40 thousand rupees; the sum of Rs. 9,267-8-3 in Government securities, and cash in Savings Bank, constituting together the Permanent Fund; and Rs. 3,000 to the credit of the Anniversary, Head-quarters, Subba Row Medal, and Library Funds.

The generous offer of H. H. the Maharajah of Durbangha of a donation of Rs. 25,000, which he telegraphed to me during last year's Convention, has not been paid.

Lo, the vast accumulations of this active Society, with its 173 Branches in all parts of the globe! Of the Rs. 54,000 of donations, it is but fair to say that Rs. 40,000 have been contributed by Indian friends; Rs. 7,000 by Europeans, of which almost all has been given by a dozen individuals; and the magnificent rest and residue, amounting to some Rs. 700, by American sympathisers. Calculate the Rupee at 15 to the £-sterling, and you observe that the Society has drawn in donations from the benevolent public an average of £360 per annum—as much perhaps, as many of our rich Fellows spend on their stables and coachmen! That we have not had anything like our fair share of the voluntary contributions of the public towards learned and philanthropic Societies is, no doubt, solely due to the fact that we have never begged for help, nor thrust our necessities upon public notice. If we had ten times our average income, we could find twenty times the uses to apply it to for the public good. At least, the Founders are glad to have it known that their support, and even any extravagances of which they may have been charged or suspected, have been no drain upon the Society's meagre pecuniary resources.

The American and British Delegates are instructed to lay before you a suggestion for a radical change in our financial policy, viz., the abrogation of the fee payable upon acquiring membership and the annual dues. I have exposed before you our exact financial situation, and shall expect you to decide this grave question in a spirit of enlightened discretion. There is much to be said, no doubt, on both sides, and I am not sure but that the weight of reasons is on the side of theory of voluntary donations. Whichever policy is now determined upon, I shall do my best to carry out.

European and American Affairs.

It was found expedient by the Executive Council that I should proceed to Europe and attempt to bring our affairs into order. We saw the Continental Branches languishing for lack of superintendence and reciprocal work, although there was reason to hope that the movement might be greatly strengthened and expanded under a proper organization; while in the United Kingdom a strong desire had recently shown itself for an active propaganda, similar to the American and Indian ones, which could only be effected by the organization of a section of the General Council to act as a Local Committee of supervision and adminis-

tration. Accordingly, I sailed from Bombay for Brindisi on the 7th August, visited London, Liverpool, Cambridge, Glasgow, Paris and Bologna, on Society business, and returned to Head-quarters on the 15th November. I formed new Branches at Liverpool, Glasgow and Cambridge; dischartered the old "Isis" Branch at Paris, and chartered a new one, the "Hermes"; called two Conventions in London of representatives of the British Branches; organized and chartered a British Section of the Theosophical Society; and issued an Order in Council forming an Esoteric Section of the Society, with Madame Blavatsky as its responsible Head. The trouble in the Paris Branch was solely due—as we have almost invariably found to be the case—to personal jealousies and disagreements. The landmarks of the Society had been obliterated and forgotten, there had arisen a strife for supremacy, and, instead of setting the public the example of zealous fraternal union for the propagation of our ideas, the members had fallen to mutual abuse, oral and printed. Both parties were to blame, as I found, after a patient examination of the documents, and so, without exonerating either, I first tried to get the dissentients to work harmoniously under the old charter; and then, this failing, dissolved the Branch completely, cancelled the charter, and offered charters to both parties and every facility for organization of two Branches. Only one was accepted, and so one new Branch, "Hermes," came into existence, under officers for whom I feel great respect and of whom I expect much. I firmly believe that, with means at my command to employ necessary help, we should soon see several French Branches spring up. The French mind is, in my opinion, almost as ripe for the reception of the sound philosophy of India, as the American mind. Before concluding this brief notice of my observations and acts in France, I have pleasure in giving thanks on your behalf to a very sincere and devoted lady member, Madame d'Adhemar, for throwing open her drawing-room to all Theosophists for a weekly social gathering. It is in the great Western capital a very strong support to any movement to have such social centres, where members and enquiring friends of a Society can meet on neutral ground for the exchange of ideas. I shall leave the Delegate of the British Section to acquaint you with the details of the new organization and the views of his colleagues, which he is expected to lay before the Convention.

Charities.

It is a pleasant thing to say that the charitable institutions connected with the Society are kept up as heretofore. In various quarters medicine is given to the sick poor, food and clothing to the needy, and schools maintained for the teaching of Sanskrit and other languages and of religion. Our great Bombay Charity, the Homœopathic Charitable Dispensary, has increased its benefactions over those of last year. Mr. Tookaram Tatya, its Founder and Director, reports that an average of 90 patients are now daily receiving medicines as compared with an average of 75 in 1887. There is to the credit of the Dispensary Fund about Rs. 5,000, made up of donations and collections from the Charity Box, kept in the Dispensary. Our hope is to get money in time to buy or erect a suitable building, and our numerous Parsi members, especially the all-accomplishing Mr. K. M. Shroff, may succeed in this by taking sufficient trouble.

My visits to Bologna and Rioli, were to see Count Cæsar Mattei, the founder

of the new school of Homœopathy, great accounts of whose efficacy had reached me. The benevolent gentleman kindly ordered a large supply of his medicines to be sent gratis to Mr. Tookaram for experiment.

Conclusion.

You will observe than an unusually small number of Delegates are here to-day and will share in my regret that there could not have been a full representation of the Branches when such important changes in the Rules are to be proposed. It is useless to deceive ourselves as to the main cause. This is the political upheaval in Indian society which has produced the National Congress, and drawn all Indian thought into the vortex of politics. The first effect of the theosophical movement was to arouse an intense interest in the ancient religions and philosophies, and a great curiosity to learn if the claims of the school of ancient occultists would stand the test of scientific inquiry. A tidal wave of patriotic emotion rushed over India, as it grew more and more clear that the sages of Aryavarta were sages in the best sense of the word,, and that the probabilities were great that the practical Yogi knew, in fact, more about the laws of nature than the best modern professor. The Indian heart swelled with emotion as these long-smouldering fires of self-respect, patriotism, and spiritual conviction blazed up from the ashes. Wherever we foreigners went we were met with benedictions, with fervent expressions of love and joy. Sanskrit, and Hindu religious schools sprang into being, the roster of our local Branches rapidly extended itself, and Theosophy became a household and dear word in every Hindu home. The addresses presented to us teemed with expressions of the belief that the iron rule of Kali Yuga was broken and the dawn of the revived Golden Age had come. All this was natural, but it was unhealthy and feverish. A re-action was inevitable, but how or when it was to come was not clear. We now perceive it, for it is upon us. The wreaths once woven for us are now being hung around the necks of the political leaders who are thought to be laying the basis of the future Indian Empire, greater than Akbar's or Chandragupta's, enduring as adamant ! And the national emotion is flowing in the channel *Inter armas silent leges*, traced by the projectors of the Congress. Politics stifle Religion, as a toothache or a bankruptcy makes one forget Nirvana ! Another reaction is inevitable, for we must not forget that the Hindu is the most deeply and absolutely religious nature in the world. When it comes, the old blood will assert itself and attention be again given to those master problems of human life and destiny beside which all temporal concerns are vulgar and insignificant. Let us not try to hasten the day, for the present agitation is useful and healthy in being a force to arouse the Indian mind from its fatal habit of indolence and dormancy, the greatest curse and calamity which can befall a race. Let us only keep on in the line of our altruistic activity, free from discouragement, steadfast in purpose true to the behests of conscience. Gentlemen, the Convention is now declared open for business.

Reviews.

QABBALAH, THE PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS OF SOLOMON BEN YEHUDAH IBN GEBIROL (OR AVICEBRON).*

SUCH is the title of an admirably thoughtful, learned, and very conscientious volume (for full title *vide infra* note), by Mr. Isaac Myer, LL.B., of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

As this new work is of an extreme importance to all students of the Kabala and the Hermetic Sciences in general, it is proposed to devote to it rather a lengthy review. In the present case "the labourer is (fully) worthy of his hire," and no passing notice could answer either the author's or our own object. Therefore, his "Qabbalah" has to be examined both from the standpoint of its own intrinsic value—which is very great—and from that of the aim with which it was written. We will begin by the latter, basing our remarks on the declarations of the author himself. Says Mr. I. Myer in his *Introduction*:—

"It is my desire to awaken a higher spiritual feeling towards the investigation of the Mysteries of Ancient Israel, in which the Mysteries of the New Covenant lie hidden; which shall help to awaken in Christian Mysticism its fundamental elements . . . to establish the vast edifice of theology on deep philosophical principles and belief in the True, and not on man's alterable creeds and formulations; by so doing, prepare a common centre for the reunion of all the, at present, divided religious sects."

Such an investigation of the mysteries would be more than beneficent to the world in general, and to the rectification and purification of the conflicting creeds of Christendom especially. But, as it would lead to a dead certainty to the final unveiling of the heathen origins of Christianity and to the restitution of pagan Cæsar's goods and chattels to Cæsar, the readiness of the Christian Levite to avail himself of the opportunity is rather doubtful. But the Author was evidently of another opinion upon this subject, as his Dedication would prove; for he inscribes his valuable work to those who are the least calculated to appreciate its contents. How remarkable his honest optimism must be, may be inferred from these few lines which show that:—

The work is "respectfully dedicated by the author . . . . TO ALL EARNEST, UNPREJUDICED AND INDEPENDENT SEARCHERS FOR THE TRUTH, *Theologians*, *Priests*, etc."

The adjectives in the first portion of the dedicatory sentence tally rather too paradoxically with the second portion. The "Searchers for the Truth," to

* . . . and their connection with the Hebrew Qabbalah and Sepher ha-Zohar, with remarks upon the antiquity and content of the latter, and translations of selected passages from the same. Also an Ancient Lodge of Initiates, translated from the Zohar, and an abstract of an Essay upon the Chinese Qabbalah, contained in the book called Yih King, etc. By Isaac Myer, LL.B., Member of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia; La Société Royale de Numismatique de Belgique, etc. 350 copies published by the author. Philadelphia: Published for the author by MacCalla & Company, 237 and 239 Dock Street.

whose favour the book is recommended, can hardly be "priests or theologians," whose orthodoxy and advancement in the hierarchy of the Church depend generally on the degree of their crystallization in the dead letter dogma and unswerving loyalty to the same. Truth can never be the aim of those whose predecessors gloried in the boast of *credo quiâ impossibile*, and who themselves follow religiously the injunction.

Now, as no Christian theologian or priest has ever supported (not openly at any rate) either the Vedantic Parabrahm or the Kabalistic Ain-Soph, who are equivalent to each other in Occultism, and both an "absolute negation," this "Epistle Dedicatory" becomes quite misleading. Forthwith the vision of a "*personal* Absolute," such as the mediæval YHVH has now become in the hands of some Christian Kabalists, floats before the mind's eye of the Theosophist and Occultist, who are almost tempted to leave the work uncut. For this the "Dedication" alone is responsible. For what is it but an acknowledgment, a tacit assurance that the work is written *in a way to meet with clerical approbation?* And, as all know that now-a-days there are few priests or preachers, who, unless of the Elsmere type, would ever accept Ain-Soph or Parabrahm as a substitute for Jehovah, the dismay of the student is but very natural. In our century the Kabala—or "Qabbalah" as the author spells it—has no worse opponent than the Rabbis themselves, they whose forefathers were the compilers and recorders of that glorious light shining in darkness called the *Zohar* of Shimeon Ben Yochai, and other kindred works. Moreover, with a few exceptions of clergymen who are Freemasons, no Christian priest or theologian will ever allow that any good can come from that Kabalistic Nazareth—the Book of Splendour, or ZOHAR. The student knows all this. And knowing it, as also that only a handful of priests and theologians (if any) would appreciate Mr. Myer's great work for the above given reasons, he can hardly repress an involuntary feeling of distrust after learning who are the patrons to whom the work is incribed. He suspects Mr. Myer's "Qabbalah" of being a wholesale slaughter of the "Innocents" like those of certain German and English wiseacres, who knowing of the *Zohar* but the little they found in Rosenroth, have tried their best to misunderstand even that little.

But if, conquering this first impression, the student goes even superficially over the fine octavo volume, his fears will vanish like the grey mist before the rising sun. Out of the 500 pages of matter, there is scarcely one that does not bring us some new fact, or throw an additional light on the old teaching, offering here, a fresh standpoint for examination, there, an unexpected corroboration of some Eastern tenet. Read, on page xii. *et seq.* of the Introduction, the definition of the Qabbalistic Deity by the Author. As he tells us "from a want of knowledge of the Qabbalistic philosophy, the translations of many statements in both the Old and New Testaments are frequently erroneous"; and this is even more evident in the loose translation of Elohim (plural) by "God" in the singular, the "Lord God" or "Lord" simply for other and more significant Hebrew terms, than in what he calls "the asserted improvements in the revised versions." Thus the author tells us :—

> The nearest approach that man can make to the unseen, is that inner communion which works silently in his soul, but which cannot be expressed in absolute language nor by any words, which is beyond all formulations into word symbolism, yet is on the confines of it and the unknown spiritua

world. This is conceptualism. We experience these feelings only in our hearts and inner thoughts . . . . . Silence, meditation, inter-communion with Self, this is the nearest approach to the invisible. They are sublimations. Many of our ideas are only negations, the Highest Deity is clothed as to Its essence and appearance in darkness to the finite thought. Yet, these negations are affirmations . . . "There is a spiritual body, and there is a natural body," but this does not take us out of the material world, a spirit can only be conceived of as something vague, dim, in opposition to matter, yet the inner motor of us, is spirit. The Deity and its attributes, cannot be defined, they are to us an absolute negation of all our so-called absolute knowledge, for all our absolute knowledge is based, raised upon, centred and carried on, through our matter-world knowledge and symbolism, *e.g.*, Eternity is not the past, present, future, these are in Time, Eternity can be conceived of, only as an absolute negation of all matter-world thought and matter-world existence. The non-Ego is the nearest approach to the invisible, the Ego is a manifestation. (Introduct. pp. xii. and xiii.)

This is an excellent description of the "Unknowable." But, talk of such a deity—a "NON-EGO"—to the modern priest and theologian or even to the average Mason of General Pike's school of masonic thought, and see whether the former does not forthwith proclaim you an infidel, and the latter a heretic from "the Grand Orient" of France. It is the "*Principe Créateur*" of the French Masons, and the same that led, some ten or twelve years ago, to a final split and feud between the only decent approximation on this globe to a "Universal Brotherhood" of Man—to wit, Masonry. The war-whoop raised over and against this impersonal *Principe Créateur*—a far loftier position by-the-bye than the personal "Father who art in Heaven" of the Scotch Masons—in the U.S. of America alone, must have awakened and filled with terror all the "skeletons" who slumber and crumble to dust in the cupboards of the Banquet Halls of the "Widow's Sons." Those most bitter and virulent in their denunciations were precisely the "priests and theologians" — to whom the excellent work under review is dedicated—and *most of whom were Masons.* Have the latter reformed during the last ten years?

The learned author of "Qabbalah," himself a Mason, having observed that it is apparent that both the N. Testament and early Patristic literature "have had a common origin in the esoteric teachings of the Israelites" shows moreover a common origin in all religions. That is precisely what Theosophy does. From the start Mr. I. Myer bravely enters the arena of universal truths, and confesses that "the reader may be sometimes startled by my (his) statements which may be contrary to his conventional religious ideas, As to this," he adds, "I can only say that I have stated the subject as I have found it, and as this is not a polemical work, do not criticise it." (INTROD. p. xiii.) Since the day of the learned and sincere Ragon, no Mason, with one exception, however, has dared to tackle so openly the modern Levites and Levitism. Yet there is a notable difference between the rendering of the eminent Belgian Mason and our no less eminent American Mason and author. The former asks fearlessly:

'My learned Brethren, how comes it that the one and *only* Deity declared in the ancient mysteries, in the scholastic cathedrals of the new (to wit, Christian) faith and in the assemblies of 'the Holy *Logos*,' as the source of peace, is proclaimed even by the 'Elect' in heaven, as the terrible God of war, *Sabbaoth*, the Lord of Hosts?"

But in Mr. Myer's "Qabbalah," Jehovah is not even mentioned by name. Nevertheless, thanks are due to the author for the courage he has displayed in writing his work. For things have strangely changed on our earth since the day when the ancient Masonic verse "the world was vaulted by a Mason"—was chanted, and the Masonic Fraternity has changed with the rest. Nowadays

the "Widow's Son" fears to remove the smallest stone from the original vault his craft has helped the theologian to conceal, as much as the latter does. The Mason of 1889 is wiser in his generation than the Trinosoph of 1818; for the average Mason fears with good cause, that by brushing away the cobwebs of the ages from the "Holy Arch," the keystone will give way and the whole building, tumbling to the ground, will bury themselves and the Churches under its ruins.

Very luckily the author of "Qabbalah" is not an "average" Mason. He is one of the few—very few indeed—who has the courage to trace back the hitherto impenetrable mysteries of both religion and masonry, whose origin, as averred, was lost in the night of the ages: "its temple having time for duration, the Universe for space." It is thus to be doubly regretted that he should publish his work almost without any commentaries; for it could only gain from them. However, merely the new facts given out are of immense value to those Kabalists and Theosophists who may be ignorant of both the Eastern Aryan and the Semitic—Arabic and Hebrew—languages. To such Mr. Myer's "Qabbalah" will be like a voice speaking to them from the depths of a remote antiquity and corroborating that which he is taught to believe in. For the author besides being a Mason is a well-known lawyer, a still more eminent antiquarian and a man of wide and varied learning, whose statements must be regarded as reliable.

The speculations of almost every known philosopher and metaphysician, embracing a long series of centuries during the Christian period, are found in the volume. Cosmogony and Anthropogenesis, Theogony and the Mysteries of the after life, are noticed in turn and presented in their chronological order. As in the Secret Doctrine of the East, both the material and the spiritual worlds, are shown emanating from the ever unknowable and (from us) concealed ABSOLUTE. Curiously enough, in view of the above quoted passage with regard to the Deity, some reviewers in America have still misunderstood the point. They persist in making of that "Unknowable" or Ain-Soph a *male* deity! It is referred to, by the mere force of habit, or the metaphysical inaptness of the writers, as a "He," *i.e.*, the *Absolute* and the *Limitless*, is shown limited and conditioned! A first-class paper in Philadelphia (Penn.) while reviewing the work of Mr. Myer, carries the paradox so far as to utter in the same breath the following remarks:

"The doctrine (the Kabala) in many respects is clearly akin to that of the Buddhists—in fact to those of all the Eastern religions," and yet it adds in the same paragraph that it (the doctrine) "is distinguished from most of the pantheistic systems in that it is an attempt to represent the spirit as above matter, and to reveal the Creater as greater than the created." To speak of the similarity of the Kabalistic system with Buddhism and the Pantheistic religions, and then to find in the former a personal Creator, or Spirit distinct from matter, is to credit both the Zohar and the author of the volume (even if the latter be "a compilation") with an illogical fallacy. Ain-Soph is *not* the Creator in the Zohar. Ain-soph, as the Absolute, can have neither the desire nor the will to create since no attributes can be postulated in the *Absolute*. Hence the system of periodical and unconscious *emanation* from Ain-Soph of Sephira-Adam= -Kadmon and the rest. As the ancient Pagan philosophers said "there are many gods but one deity," so the Kabalists show *ten* Sephiroth but one Ain-

Soph. To give up the creative gods for *one* "Creator," is to limit and condition the latter into—at best—a gigantic similitude of man; it is to dwarf and dishonour the deity; to try an absurdity; to cut out, to mutilate, so to say, the Absolute, and cause it to appear in a limitation. A "creator" cannot be infinite. Therefore, a "creator," one of the *Kosmocratores* or "Fashioners" "of the Universe, may be, with a stretch of imagination, viewed as greater than the world of forms, or the matter he shapes into a form or forms; but if we make him entirely distinct from the differentiated matter the Cosmic deity is to *fashion* and *build*, then he forthwith becomes an *extra*-Cosmic god, which is an absurdity. *Ain-Soph* is the omnipresent *infinitude*, the soul and spirit and the essence of the Universe. Such is precisely the idea we find expressed on page 175 of "Qabbalah" where the term "Elohim," translated "God" in the English versions of the Bible, is referred to as "the lowest designation, or the Deity in Nature." Thus the distinction between Ain-Soph, the sexless Principle, IT, and the Host of Creators or the Sephiroth, is strongly preserved throughout the volume.

Especially valuable are the passages given from the philosophy of R. S. Ben Yehudah Ibn Gebirol, or as he was generally referred to, Avicebron—which echo unmistakeably not only the Zoharic but likewise the Eastern esoteric teachings.* Ibn Gebirol, of Cordova, "the first so-called Arabian philosopher in Europe who flourished in the XIth century, was also one of the most eminent among the Jewish poets of the Middle Ages. His philosophical works written in Arabic are plainly shown exonerating Moses de Leon (XIIIth century), accused of having forged the Zohar attributed to R. Simeon Ben Iochai.

As all scholars know, Ibn Gebirol was a Spanish Jew, mistaken by most writers in the subsequent centuries for an Arabian philosopher. Regarded as an Aristotelian, many of his works were condemned by the University of Paris, and his name remains to this day but very little known outside the circle of learned Kabalists. Mr. Myer has undertaken to vindicate this mediæval scholar, poet, and mystic, and has fully succeeded in doing so. Identifying the lore given out by this forgotten sage with the universal "Wisdom Religion," our author thus points out that the mystical theosophy and the *disciplina arcana* of the Hebrew Tanaïm had been found by the latter in the schools of Babylon. Later this Wisdom was embodied by Simeon Ben Iochai, the chief of the Tanaim (the initiated), in the *Zohar* and other works, now lost. That which is the most important to Theosophists, however, is the fact that the author vindicates in his learned work the assertions made so long as twelve years ago in "Isis Unveiled" and now elaborated in the "Secret Doctrine": namely that the source of all Kabalistic ideas and doctrines, as embodied in the Zohar, are to be traced to Aryan rather than Semitic thought. In truth these ideas are neither Akkadian, Chaldean, nor yet Egyptian originals. They are universal property, common to all nations. The late author of "The Gnostics and their Remains" (King) defended the same idea, only more forcibly, inasmuch as he traced every Gnostic speculation—whether Semitic, Turanian or Western Aryan—to India. But Mr. Myer is more prudent; without allowing priority to any nation, he shows identical ideas in the universal symbols. Without denying their great antiquity among the *Jews* we are yet forced to say that as now embodied in

* *E.g.* Chapter XX., p. 415. "Structure of the Universe. Stability of opposition," etc., etc.

the *Zohar* these doctrines are the latest of all. They can hardly antedate 400 or 500 years B.C. since the Israelites got them from Babylon. The Chinese Yih-King and the Taoist books contain them all and are far older. They may be also found in the cuneiform inscriptions of Mesopotamia and Persia, in the Upanishads of the Vedas, in the Zend works of the Zoroastrians and in the Buddhist lore of Siam, Tibet, Japan, as also in the hieratic papyri of the Egyptians. They are the common property and the outcome, in short, of the most archaic thought that has reached us.

The author does not compliment the Zohar, however, when saying that "much of the mystery of the Practical Qabbalah will be undoubtedly discovered in the (Hindu) Tantras" (p. xiii. *Introd.*). It is evident that he has "not as yet had an opportunity of seeing any of the latter." For, had he examined them he would have soon found out that the *Tantras*, as they now stand, are the embodiment of ceremonial *black magic* of the darkest dye. A "Tantrika," he who practises the *Tantras*, in their *dead letter*, is synonymous with "Sorcerer" in the phraseology of the Hindus. Blood—human and animal—corpses and ghosts have the most prominent place in the paraphernalia used for the practical necromancy and rites of Tantrika worship. But it is quite true, that those Kabalists who dabble in the ceremonial magic as described and taught by Eliphas Levi, are as full blown *Tantrikas* as those of Bengal.

Chapter III., wherein the author describes minutely the history of the re-writing of this valuable work by Moses de Leon, the intrigues of his enemies contemporary with him, and of his critics of more modern times, is alone worth the purchase of Mr. Myer's Qabbalah. It is a hitherto unwritten page of the history of Kabalistic literature, going far to show, at the same time, that verily "nothing is new under the sun"; not even the malicious policy of persecution, as it is the same to-day as it was then. Thus, as an enemy will call a Theosophist or an Occultist a forger and a plagiarist, in the XIXth century, because the enemy had gathered that the man had a quarrel half a century back with his mother-in-law, or that he smoked, or was alleged to use *profane* (read "Biblical") language; so an enemy of Moses de Leon, "Rabbi David Rafon of Corfu, in order to show the small value of his *Zohar*, says: 'R. M. de Leon is a spendthrift, who earns a great deal of money from his writings, but makes up the Zohar out of his own head, and he treats his wife and daughter badly,'" (p. 57). Others called Moses de Leon a profligate, a liar, a man of no learning, and what not, during the Middle Ages, as also in our modern day. Yet he is the reputed author of a dozen or so of scholarly works, among which the most prominent are *Nephesh Hah-Hokhmah*, *i.e.* "The Soul of Wisdom," and *Sepher-Has-sodoth*, *i.e.* "Book of Secrets," besides being the reputed author and *forger* of the *Zohar*, a fathomless well of philosophy. As Mr. J. Myer remarks:

"These were written in Hebrew, but the Zohar, and the Zoharic books are mostly in the Aramaic. Here we have numerous books written by this alleged superficially learned man, and this ignoramus has also, it is said, the ability to write the immense and very learned book on the Secret Learning, the Zohar, and the other books bound with it . . . . and the opponents of the antiquity of the Zohar say the author was living a reckless life, travelling from place to place. . . . They never wrote books at this time in Aramaic, but understood it as a language of the Talmudim; the Zohar is a voluminous work, larger than all the books, admitted to be by M. de Leon, put together, and they took nine years for their composition. . . ." (p. 60). "The Zohar and the books bound up with it, were accepted by the Jewish learned men, almost immediately upon their publication in MSS., as a verity—if not

by the Qabbalist, R. Shim-on ben Yo'hai, at least as containing an accepted ancient secret tradition, part likely coming through him. Everything points to this, and denies the authorship and forgery, imputed by many critics to R. Moses ben Shem-Tob de Leon, of Spain, who only claimed in his writings to be a copyist and redactor of older Qabbalistic works, and not their author. These strange, wonderful and weird writings required more than one intellect to produce them, and contain a mine of ancient Oriental philosophical thought. . . . The Zohar proper is a running commentary on the Five Books, or Pentateuch, touching at the same time upon numerous problems of philosophical speculation of the deepest and most sacred import, and propounding many ideas and doctrines with an acumen worthy to proceed from the greatest intellects. . . . The Zohar, and the fragments contained in it, were not made public in MSS. for over 225 years after Gebirol's death. . . . Ibn Gebirol's writings are of great importance to Oriental scholars, from the assistance they render to the settlement of great questions as to the authenticity, authorship and authority of the Zoharic writings, the antiquity of the Qabbalistic philosophy, its earliest formulated ideas, and its origin" (p. 7 *et seq.*).

As an experienced lawyer, the author has made out a complete case for the Kabalists. No one who reads carefully his plea can fail to see that he has settled the point and shown the account in *Yu hasin* and other works inimical both to the *Zohar* and Moses de Leon—untrustworthy. Nor has he left the exoteric New Testament, without breathing one word against it, a leg to stand on; for, he shows it, in company with other works mostly enumerated, such as the Septuagint, the Targums, the oldest of the Sybilline Oracles, etc., etc., to be all derived from the Qabbalah; and he proves the principal teachings of the latter, its symbols and ideas proceeding from and identical with those in the Vedas, the oldest Brahminical philosophies, the Egyptian, Greek, and Chaldean pagan systems (p. 324 *et seq.*).

Every word and fact given therein, however, is no more than the truth, which anyone may ascertain by reading Mr. Myer's interesting volume. When we learn, therefore, from the author's *Introduction*, of the difficulties experienced by him in having his work published, we are not in the least surprised. The first edition of only 350 copies (at six dollars) and another, still smaller, but a finer one (at ten dollars) were published by the author himself. We gather that he was unable to find a publisher on account, as he himself states, "of the timidity of those engaged in the business of publishing, resulting from their unfamiliarity with the subject and fear of its financial success." Even one of these two reasons when coming from an average small publisher with an eye only to business, would be amply sufficient. When given by great American publishers, however, the heads of whose firms, no less than those of the large Continental publishing houses, are generally well-read and enlightened men, the pretext is as transparent as it is absurd. It is simply once more the assertion of the prevailing and bigoted intolerance of this our so-called civilized age. In the face of the growing light cast by research and the study of ancient works and fragments of archaic religions, it makes desperate efforts to put its extinguisher upon truth and unwelcome facts. It manifests itself openly and secretly. It forces publishers to refuse to have anything to do with most of such works; it boycotts every attempt in this direction, from volumes full of the most valuable research such as the "Qabbalah" under notice, down to the comparatively innocent LUCIFER. Even the latter is exiled in "free" England from every railway bookstall, only because these stalls are the exclusive monopoly throughout the United Kingdom, and the property of the pious and Right

Honourable gentleman who is at present the leader of the House of Commons, but even better known to the travelling public as "Old Smith."

Popular wisdom manifests itself in its proverbs; and provides, for explaining them in an age calling itself the "Enlightened," such high-handed feats of "might is right" on the part of "timid" publishers and over pious M.P.'s. The fact that "when nearest to death the house-fly bites the hardest" may be a consolation to the victims in one direction; and the saying that "a building is very near collapsing if people once begin to see its foundations bare"—may be another. At this rate dogmatic and sectarian Christianity must indeed be very near its end. For in few other works are the said foundations made so visible and the mysteries of the exoteric religion laid so bare, as in the valuable work under notice. Numerous are the portions of the New Testament quoted, and as the *American Antiquarian* well observes, many are the "interesting expositions of *the relation of this mystical philosophy to portions of the New Testament, showing quite plausibly that many sayings of Christ and expressions of the apostles bear reference to, and can only be understood by, this esoteric Hebraic theosophy.*"

Nor must we fail to notice an important feature in the volume, one that renders good service to the student anxious to analyze thoroughly the similarity of ideas in the universal ideography and symbols. Some fifty valuable engravings are given, a few of which are familiar to the Kabalist, some hitherto not extant. In every case a counterpart is pointed out to every Zoharic idea, as embodied in ancient Hindu, Babylonian, Egyptian, Mexican and even Chinese symbols. Every Pythagorean Number finds its place and classification, and we may recognise a striking identity of thought between nations that can have never come into contact with each other. The selection of these old engravings is most felicitous for the illustration of the points involved.

To close this rather too long review, Mr. Myer has produced a masterpiece of its kind. If—perhaps on account of his being a mason and a lawyer—the erudite author holding too closely to the kind of prudence which, Milton says "is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place" does not argue, or say anything himself which is new, on the other hand most of his translated passages and quotations are either fresh matter to the reader unacquainted with the original languages the author translates from, or presented in an entirely new aspect even to most of the Western Kabalists. Hence, he has produced and bestowed upon the reading public a unique work. If his dedication shows too much optimism as to the reconcilability of his adjectives with the nouns to which he attaches them, the contents of his work are a death blow to the claims of "theologians and priests" even "unprejudiced and independent," if such *raræ aves* had any existence within the bosom of orthodoxy, and outside of the mythical.

Thus the "Qabbalah" is a real boon to our learned Theosophists and Kabalists; and it ought to be such to every student of ancient lore. But, it is wormwood in the bitterness of its bare facts and proofs to every sectarian and dead-letter worshipper.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE—RELIGIOUS, PRACTICAL AND POLITICAL ASPECTS OF THE QUESTION.

MR. AP RICHARD has furnished with a powerful weapon those numerous Solomons of society who, under the mask of religion, have brought forward in every age the authority of the Bible to justify their shameful actions. They have appealed to it in support of slavery, and they now appeal to it in support of concubinage and licentiousness. The author deals with the question of marriage from every point of view—chiefly from that of animalism. He starts with the principle that "Liberty of Conscience" (for the *male* alone, note well) should be allowed. This implies in practice liberty of free commerce, the prostitution of woman as a *thing*, and reduces a tie which is regarded by many as holy and indissoluble to a mere produce of free Love and trade, which is far from being always *fair* Trade.

The work may be a scholarly one from a literary point, but it starts from a principle still lower in the code of morality than that practised by Mormons. It answers, perhaps, the aspirations of the average Mussulman. We doubt whether those of the average Christian (unless one of the *Upper Ten*) will be as easily satisfied.

Our ideas of relationship are founded upon our social system, and as other races have very different habits and ideas on that subject, it is natural to expect that their systems of relationship would also differ from ours. The ideas and customs with regard to marriage are very dissimilar in different races and we may say, as a general rule, that as we descend in the scale of civilization, the family diminishes and the tribe increases in importance.

Mr. Ap Richard seems to have made a careful classification of his subject, although it is artificial in every respect. He starts with the assumption that the Bible *must* be right, and argues thence to the infallibility of the Church. In so doing he exactly reverses the view taken by St. Augustine. "*Ego vero evangelio non crederem; nisi me Catholicæ Ecclesiæ commoveret auctoritas.*" Both the Catholic saint and the Protestant author, however, reason within a vicious circle, each from the respective point of his preconception. It may be pointed out, however, that there was a difference between temporary and permanent laws in the Old Testament.

"The blessing of God was given to the marriage of Adam and Eve." Indeed? The author is discreetly silent, however, about the approval of the Almighty. It is previously given to the sun, the moon and the creeping things which "were very good," but no similar expression of approval is used about Eve. Abraham's *liaison* with Hagar (the still worse one of Lot with his daughters is not mentioned) was "not condemned by the writer of the Book of the Beginnings." Polygamy (and, it seems, incest also) "was recognised and allowed by the Mosaic law, but was not allowed on the woman's side," goes on our *authority*. We say if one *was*, the other was also, and shall prove it.

David, we are told by the author, was rebuked for his *adultery*, not for his *polygamy*. (!) Solomon's wives and concubines were allowed to him as "a thing advantageous." The symbolism which makes all these mystic brides indicative of the forces of nature is again ignored by the very matter-of-fact author, who is

a literalist *pur sang*. We then are offered the N. Testament record. Christ did not forbid polygamy, nor did His Apostles. It was only in a bishop that it was disapproved. There is in fact no general prohibition of it in Scripture, and Mr. Ap Richard considers it an open question, as open as the questions of parachute descent or Stock Exchange speculation. *Utrum horum mavis accipe.*

We see here what comes of *Biblical* religion, which rests on no foundation of morality and is so dangerous in its dead-letter. The author then takes the question of divorce, and discusses, in detail, Exodus xxi., 2, Exodus xxi., 7, Deuteronomy xxi., 10, Deuteronomy xxiv., 1, and proceeds to teach that—

There is sufficient to show that concubinage under certain conditions was permitted. Divorce as a matter of expediency was allowed. The author gives no weight nor value to the declaration of Christ, that the Mosaic law was abrogated, and that marriage with a divorced person was distinctly forbidden. In all Mr. Ap Richard's arguments, he takes the Protestant view and regards the Church of England as a εντελεχαια. The Greek and Roman churches are entirely ignored, and left to be hatched, matched, or dispatched, at his own sweet will and pleasure.

Then the author considers the question of separation, though he never indicates the true distinctions between the divorce *à vinculo matrimoniis* and the divorce *à mensa et thoro*. Still, giving due weight to his aspirations on the importance of observing Church Discipline in the Church of England, he shows how semi-detached couples may be brought into existence upon the biological plan of "fission." In this work there is much which brings us face to face with questions of theology, or of right and wrong, supposed to act as the prime motors in what some call a sacrament and most others a deliberate contract. To the author, however, marriage is neither.

But let us now examine the question from two other aspects. Let us look at it from the standpoint of the woman and her sacred rights involved in it; and from that of truth and a dispassionate analysis.

The bloodthirsty ancient Israelites, the sensual Jews, as in the Old Testament, followed the instinct of all savages and regarded the female as a *thing* to be captured and used, and of which a conqueror would scarcely have too much. The iniquities of their bloody wars were perpetrated under the direct command of "the Lord thy God" (see Hosea xiii., 16), also carried out by Christian conquerors. The woman might be the property of all the males in the tribe. The Book of Ruth, if it is taken as most Jews take it, in its literal meaning, decidedly inculcates the principle of polyandry. Of course, occultists are acquainted with its real significance; meanwhile, female believers in the dead-letter text would be fully justified in clamouring for their rights of practising polyandry on the same *authority*.

The Jews appear, according to their own showing, at one time of their history, to have been both polygamous and polyandrous, neither social practice being forbidden by their Torah, or Law.

As this law was acceptable to the individuals, it was readily accepted as the voice of "God." As slavery brought money into the pockets of slave-holders, in America, the whole clergy supported the iniquitous claims of the Southerners by Biblical texts. While the Jews were polygamising and polyandrising, and Baal and Astoreth elevated their fanes beside that of the Ineffable יהוה, the

prophets of Israel (not Judah) preserved the Secret and Sacred Doctrine amid many vicissitudes. They were the real custodians of Truth, into which they were initiated. The Jews around them knew nothing of their doctrine, as their religious duties chiefly consisted in selling doves, changing money, and slaughtering oxen in the Temple. But the real high places of Samaria told of the worship of the God of Truth. The hut circle on the mountain side, with its divine ⊙, told worshippers what to worship, and where Deity should be worshipped. Protest after protest was made by these Tanaim, the Initiated, against the brutalising influence of the Jews ; but the intruders had learnt that the Promised Land abounded in milk and honey, and that if they went east they would be beaten by the Arabs. The day of Karma came, and the Jews were successively beaten by Babylonians, by Romans, and centuries later by Christians. The knowledge of the ⊙ became forgotten. The Jews learned social decency for the first time, when they copied the outward bearing of Roman courtezans, who at least taught them a higher morality than they knew of in their own land. In the time of Cicero (*oratio ad Flaccum*), we see that the Jews had a different code of morals in sexual matters, and a far lower one than even the not over-pious Romans, the latter being always chary to admit such sensualists into their midst. Polygamy might be tolerated by the Roman soldier, but polyandry was too strong for the Roman matron. The nation had not yet been so debased through contact with the Jews and their immoralities, the profligacy of the higher classes of the Empire notwithstanding. But early Christian asceticism placed the position of woman, and especially of married women, on a different basis. To whatever source we may refer the principles inculcated in the New Testament, they are embodied in a system of teaching which still exists, little as it may be followed, to the present day. Law, at least, enforces monogamy. The Jewish custom has been abrogated, and outwardly, at all events, man has improved in the potentialities of decent living, as compared to the life led by the Patriarchs and Kings.

It is the argument of Mr. Ap Richard that Christ did not intend positively and immediately to abrogate the Mosaic law on this subject.

Taking the Bible as the source of morality and the guide of truth, he asks his readers to disprove the assertion that polygamy is not condemned by any authority, any text of "Holy Scripture." It is his argument that Christ himself did not condemn the liberty of polygamy. He admits that various questions concerning marriage, and particularly with regard to the principles of the Gospel in relation to it, were raised in the early days of the Christian Church. Some four or five years after the Apostle Paul had founded the Church in Corinth, and had made a lengthy stay there of a year and a half, the brethren wrote a letter to him requesting some further instructions and advice on several matters of doctrine and practice ; and foremost amongst these, on some points touching the question of marriage. Paul, who knew that there were a large proportion of Jews who had not followed out the maxim *non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum*, noted the one vice for which the Corinthians were notorious, that of prostitution. He dealt with the subject of mixed marriages in a manner which has since been formulated and developed by generations of theologians in spirit, if not altogether carried out in practice. Mr. Ap Richard discusses at great length the argument of St. Paul. But as he bases it on the ground of

private interpretation, the opinion of Falstaff "'Twere good for you that it should be known in counsel, you'll be laughed at," must hold good. The gravity with which the author piles text upon text, to found an argument in favour of his obnoxious doctrine, emulates the glory of the old Puritan preacher, who thundered against female high head-dresses, and divided the words of a text to prove his case. "Let him that is upon the house-*top not* come down!" Wherefore I say unto you, "Top-knot, come down!" As we are unable to recognise his premises, we cannot discuss his argument, merely noting that probably any form of aberration of the human intellect, or peculiar practice, can by judicious manipulation be justified by a text of the Scriptures.

The author arguing from the instincts of man, considers marriage, not merely as honourable in all; but as a necessary consequence to human existence. But this proceeds on the argument that all processes of life must end in marriage. A novel, that does not end with a wedding, is voted dull by the average British public. The idea of the old Hindu *Kumaras* and the Archangel Michael, who refused to generate children, has entirely disappeared from modern society. The ceaseless efforts of frail man not to fulfil his end, namely to liberate his Spiritual Ego from the thraldom of matter, but to adopt a particularly comfortable condition of life, will probably be continued so long as the present race continues to infest the surface of the earth. The occult female element, a pure ray from the Ineffable name, is ignored by the moderns, who use marriage as a remedy for the softness of man's heart, and permit divorce for the hardness of that same heart. The higher grades of the condition of man, virginity and its consequent glory, are set aside for the objects of sensual pleasures and pecuniary advantages of marriage. The latter has become a regular traffic now-a-days. The author is evidently too prosaic to contemplate glorified humanity, wherein earth should be like heaven, where there should be no marrying, or giving in marriage, and the population of the world should diminish, till the last survivor is merged in Ain Soph. Rather should he look for marriage to be made pleasant and accessible to all, like a sixpenny telegram. The restrictions which even the wiliest missionary places in the way of polygamy may be cast aside. All persons are recommended to marry early *and often*, and all may be entitled to share (unless the Malthusians stop them) in the task of "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth."

There is not evidently sufficient over-population yet in the sight of the author; not half enough starvation, and misery and resulting crime!

The old Jews did not care for their own individual sanctification. So long as they had a lot of children and their neighbours had something to be plundered by them, the highest aspirations of the Hebrew race were satisfied. We see this in the ceaseless and constant phallicism of the Jews, which culminates now in the hedonism and luxury which form the highest *summum bonum* amongst the Hebrew race, and its Christian imitators. Take up a novel by Auerbach or Beaconsfield. Gold lamps glitter everywhere; rich carpets lie under foot; sweet scents perfume the ambient air; luxurious food tempts the jaded appetite; costly drink stimulates the feeble brain; beautiful females attract the eye; and everything is according to the heart of man. There is no moral shame in mere good living. But the philosophy of the old Egyptians, who produced the skeleton at their festival tables, ought to be oftener followed. The solemn

lesson contained in the allegory of the Hand which wrote on the wall the words: *Mene, mene, Tekel, upharsin* is forgotten. The pleasures of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, tempt many, and the increase of any custom which makes man more subject to the influences of the traditional devil is strongly to be disproven by those who aim at a higher power, and a theosophical mode of existence. To those, who think that the present generation is worthy of being the recipients of thought, the words of St. Polycarp may be cited: *Illos vero indignos puto, quibus rationem reddam,* or as Goethe says:

Das Beste, was du wissen kannst,
Darffst du den Buben doch nicht sagen.

There is a hundred times more dangerous immorality contained in this one volume crammed with Biblical quotations than in all the library of Zola's works. A deadly, sickening, atmosphere of sensual bestiality emanates from this work; yet one does not hear that "Marriage and Divorce" has been censured by any archbishop or even a stray bishop, let alone a Judge.

Those who have ever appreciated even the idea of another existence; who have seen, perchance, through the exercise of an hitherto undeveloped faculty of man, not merely the exterior world, but themselves, are not likely to accept arguments in favour of polygamy, even though they may be supported by texts from the Old or even the New Testament. The thoughts of men are various and manifold; and we can only regret the appearance of such a volume. To bring forward arguments to show that it is by polygamy, and turning oneself into a beast, by the mere exercise of the human (or animal) faculties and passions, that the highest aim of man can be attained, is the culmination of this century's immorality, and of the influence of the *dead-letter* Bible.

The Hebrew race is avenged. It was robbed by the fanatics of the early Christian centuries of its heirloom, the Mosaic Books, and as thanks, was hooted, persecuted and murdered in the name of One supposed to have been foretold by the old prophets. And now, like the golden fruit in the fairy tale, the Bible, while the healthy juice contained in it evaporates unsensed and unperceived by the greedy eater, it is made to gradually distil the lethal venom of its dead letter, and to poison the last clear waters which, however dormant, were still preserved to the present day in the hearts of Christendom. All that Protestant Christianity seems to have assimilated from the "Holy Bible" is the sleek, subtle and subservient advocacy of selfish and bestial passions, such as polygamy, and the *legal* spoliation by wars—as commanded by the Hebrew "Lord of Hosts"!

"SOLAR BIOLOGY."

IT is curiously interesting to notice what logically impossible conclusions *may* be arrived at by one who has just sufficient natural impulse towards occultism to produce in him an overpowering desire for "something novel," without the necessary mental and intuitive qualifications for investigation. "Over the pond" this craving for "novelties" is rather strong, perhaps more so there than in any other part of the globe; and the effects of this tendency are far too frequently of the nature above indicated. The mental atmosphere

of the West is at the present day filled with these "inflated bladders," which require but the application of a pin's point—rather more *penetrating* than *overpowering*—to destroy their commercial buoyancy. Scientific children are fond of them as toys, but if one more enquiring than the rest should seek to *know why* they are so floaty and the rest, the result of his enquiry is usually so much *wind;* and it may be, a little colouring matter inside, serves to give the whole thing an attractive appearance.

A copy of *The Esoteric*, a monthly periodical "of advanced and esoteric thought," comes to hand, and from a careful perusal of its subject matter, I am inclined to think that it stands first class in colour and size among the many of its kind which I have referred to as "inflated bladders."

One would easily be led to suppose, upon first sight of this publication, from the fair sprinkling of Sanskrit names and references to Oriental literature, that it was the organ of some learned Hindu Samáj. Not at all! it is that of a certain American "Secret Science Association." Its initial subject is "Solar Biology," to which frequent references are made, and from which extracts appear month by month. From an advertisement which fills one page of *The Esoteric*, it appears that 20 lessons can be had in Solar Biology, "with written copy," for 50 dollars!

A sample of this new-fangled "science" is contained in the copy of the magazine for November, 1888, the only one from which I am able at present to quote:

"Twelve Manner of Genii" is the title of this extract. "The genius of ♏ Scorpio—which applies to all persons born between October 23rd and November 22nd." The theory advanced on this subject is that of every person manifesting certain mental, psychic, and physical peculiarities agreeable to the nature of the Zodiacal sign the sun happens to be in, by geocentric longitude, at birth. An examination of this theory may not prove uninteresting to the readers of LUCIFER.

The sun is, without doubt, the source of all natural life in its own system, and it is in the modification of this one natural life-principle that characteristics are produced in the *forms* of life which manifest them. But no allowance is made either for the latitude or longitude of birth in this theory of Solar Biology, and therefore it is to be inferred that, because the geocentric longitude of the Sun is, between the above dates, in the sign Scorpio, all persons born under any conditions and in any clime during that period, will manifest similar tendencies in mind, soul and body. This is rather wide reasoning; for it is a well-known fact that the *angular distance* which any celestial body may form in relation to a certain place on the earth's surface, will determine the degree and quality of that body's influence on persons happening to be born at the time in that place. In this respect the planets, as moderators of the solar rays, will determine the characteristics of the native, according to their relative angular distances in the Zodiac, and their several positions in respect to the place of birth. But "Hiram Butler" thinks differently, and refers all the electric and magnetic effects of the earth and sun (the cosmical father and mother) and all those of the planets in the solar system to the stars which fall within the limits of certain 30 degrees of the Earth's Zodiac! For if the Sun, by its apparent motion through the Zodiac, alters its nature 12 times in the course of a year, and if its

relative angular distance from the place of birth stands for nothing, we must necessarily infer that those changes of the solar action are due to the nature of the constellations with which it is in conjunction. "Hiram Butler" evidently has not given sufficient attention to the relationship existing between the fixed or Intellectual Zodiac and the moveable or Natural Zodiac.

The stars or constellations which now occupy the sign Scorpio will in 2,160 years have passed into the sign Libra and the stars of our present sign Sagittarius will then be in Scorpio. Will "Hiram Butler" reappear in those days to revise his Solar Biology, I wonder? Or will it perish with him? Speaking of the *descent* of the elemental thought-forms from the solar æther towards incarnation in the human form, the author says: "All in their degree relate themselves to the elements, first, *of the air*, then of *fire*"! But if it's all the same to him, suppose we say, "first, to fire, and next to the air," which happens to be the order of natural descent? Further on our author tells us:

"When the sons of Jacob went down into Egypt, Joseph . . . took Simeon (Scorpio), and bound him before their eyes, and sent them back after the youngest son, Benjamin (Virgo), and Simeon remained there until Virgo was brought. Here was mystically symbolized that the sex function must be bound until the intuitional function (Virgo) is brought into the state of scientific knowledge; also the tenacity of the Virgo nature to adhere to the traditions of the fathers."

Also "see Genesis xlv., wherein is expressed a wonderful prophecy couched in the most mystic symbology, *only discoverable by a knowledge of Solar Biology.*" This sounds very well indeed, but if we consult one or two of our Oriental scholars we shall find that this interpretation is rather strangled and arbitrary.

Drummond tells us (*vide* Œdipus Iudaicus) that the eighth sign of the Fixed Zodiac (Scorpio) is referred to Dan, "the serpent in the path": and that Virgo the "Isis" of the ancient Hindu Zodiac, representing the *procreative faculty*, denotes Naphtali, "the spreading oak yielding goodly branches." (See Genesis, xlix.).

Altogether I am not much struck with either the method of Hiram Butler's reasoning, nor the fanciful conclusions he arrives at.

SEPHARIAL.

IMPERIAL GERMANY.

By SYDNEY WHITMAN. London: TRÜBNER and Co., 1889.

IT is unusual to notice books in any degree of a political complexion in the Theosophical Magazines. But this volume is distinguished by such a large spirit of Catholicity, by such a theosophical breadth of view, that a brief notice of it will not be out of place in LUCIFER.

In some 300 pages of good-sized print, "Imperial Germany" places before us with admirable perspective of detail, a complete outline of the Germany of to-day as it appears on the background of that historic Past, to which the nation owes its present position. The continuity of Past and Present is scrupulously preserved and the moral of its history as it applies to England is drawn with a clear and firm hand. Nor are the dangers which still threaten the unity of Imperial Germany forgotten. They too have their lesson for English readers, if only our public men were open-eyed enough to learn them.

In brief but telling words, the book sketches out the great features of German life; political, intellectual, educational and social. The deeper roots of German military power and success are traced to their seats in the educational and historical life of the nation, and the influence of the idealistic element in the German temperament receives due but not excessive recognition. All this is illustrated with ample detail of fact and quotation, but so clearly and admirably arranged that the thoughts are conveyed with the utmost force and effect.

Though not sharing the author's admiration for Bismark so far as to accept the view that his character is fundamentally religious (!) and ruled by Kant's "categorical imperative," or the conception of duty, we cannot fail to admire the true picture presented to us of one, who is undoubtedly the craftiest statesman of our time. But we cordially concur that a paternal government, if ruled by an exalted conception of duty to the people, is far preferable to the "Khoom-posh" which seems likely to be the outcome of modern Democracy—so-called. The following quotation sums up what is perhaps the most prominent and obvious lesson to be drawn from "Imperial Germany," :—

"The form of government which succeeds best in developing the central idea of the State, backed up by the best instincts and unselfish devotion of its subjects, is the best."

ABELARDIUS. LA RELIGIONE COME SCIENZA.*

SAGGIO—Cremona, Tipografia Sociale, 1888.

"NO class of works is received with more suspicion, I had almost said derision, than those which deal with science and religion. Science is tired of reconciliations between two things which never should have contrasted; religion is offended by the patronage of an ally which it professes not to need; and the critics have rightly discovered that in most cases where science is either pitted against religion or fused with it, there is some fatal misconception to begin with as to the scope and province of either." * This book belongs to this "class of works": it is an essay, where science and religion are compared. The author says: "Religion represents a group of phenomena, which attracts our attention. They may be facts of quite a different kind from all other facts, but they are facts, nobody can deny it; they are not non-existent. And why should science refuse to examine them?" And further on he says: "Religion is psychological to the highest degree and the method of dealing with it must be a psychological one." It looks at first as if this comparison between religion and science would be a research into the genesis of religious feelings, with other aims, but in the style of Feuerbach and of the *neuhegelianer*.

There is something of the kind, though only a few hints; but science in this case is a special theory of the author's, and religion is Christianity. Many elements of the latter are separately examined and partially recognised, where they are not in opposition with the theory of the author. We say at once that his theory, although it is not developed, seems to conform itself to the esoteric teachings of the East, which are a new flash of light in the confusion of our celebrated civilisations.

* "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," by Henry Drummond, F.R.S.

The law of identity, which is the basis of the whole theory, reminds one of the *Light one*, the love considered as a consequence of that law recalls the much-prized feeling of *solidarity*, and the maxim, "kill out the feeling of separateness," of *Light on the Path*. Human immortality, considered as the survivorship of the man's essential principles, reminds one of the distinction between the *personality* and the *individuality* and so on. But what remains of the Christian doctrines? The esoteric element, that is to say the primordial element which is the same in all religions. Therefore the name of *Neo-Christianism*, proposed by the author, may be accepted for the sake of convenience but not for any intrinsic reasons.

Abelardius seems to know much more than he says, and his book is really an *essay*, I had almost said a *coup d'essai*. Unhappily, Italy is not yet prepared for the new theory, and his words will awaken but little echo in this people whose thinking energy has been for so many centuries compressed. Its reasoning power is very strong only when it is called out for or against church and religious questions, but it is not sufficiently educated to deal with religious ideality. It is a fact that notwithstanding Italy has had Savonarola, Arnaldo di Brescia, Giordano Bruno and many other reformers, it has been always faithful to the Pope, and this is still much more the case than people generally think. But the day, we hope, is not very distant when Italians also will deal without misconceptions of any kind with religious questions, as the Vatican influence on the mind is continually decreasing. In the meantime, it is a duty of those who have succeeded in conciliating the mind and the heart, to make others participate in their calm, and Abelardius, in his own way, has conscientiously accomplished that duty.

THE TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS.*

THE sub-title is "THE SOUL: ITS POWERS, MIGRATIONS AND TRANSMIGRATIONS," and this gives the reader at once some idea of the scope which the author gives to his book. As to whether the title is not too ambitious, the reader must be left to judge, for it is nearly impossible to review it properly. Were one to mete out praise and blame in honest criticism on all parts of the book, one would require to write a volume or two of greater size than the original. This does not mean that there is no value in the book. Far from it, there is much that is of the utmost importance. And whether one may agree with the author or not, it is impossible to avoid admiring his evident sincerity.

Whatever the form, and however much improved the original work may have been, it seems now that a still greater improvement could have been effected. For, in the first place, there is a considerable chaos in the matter of arrangement. While one is engaged in following out an argument on will-culture, it suddenly breaks off into what one finds to be an illustration drawn from digestion. It is not named as an illustration, and the reader is obliged to devote his whole attention in puzzled wonder to discover the meaning. By the time he discovers it to be an illustration, he has most probably lost the thread of the

* By F. B. DOWD. Second Edition. Revised and enlarged.

argument, and has to begin over again. This, of course, may be the author's intention, so as to enforce thorough knowledge of the subject by continued iteration. But, to say the least of it, it is irritating, and unless a student is thoroughly convinced of the value of the book, he is apt to lay it aside with some feeling of impatience. Again, there is this to be found, though this will be personal to the individual reader. Paragraphs commence with axioms in this book, and these axioms are most admirable in their truth and wisdom. Then comes in the unevenness of the book, for when the author descends to the explanation of these axioms, he writes at one time from what is plainly his personal level of intelligence, and at another from that of the more exalted intelligence. Thus, as the form and terseness of the book makes it intensely dogmatic, the reader is apt to be impatient at the conclusions so expressed.

Again, the author delivers a homily on the subject of love and marriage. Treating of love from the highest ideal, at first he condemns the ordinary marriage; but in the next sentence he adopts the "Twin Soul" theory, and identifies it with Laurence Oliphant's "Sympneuma." Then to crown all he proceeds to quote from P. B. Randolph on the subject. Thus, from the highest subjective ideal we suddenly descend to the greatest objective degradation. Again, while starting from an axiom which condemns it, the author proceeds to argue in favour of the system of "Mind-cure." The fact being that he, while meditating, as he aptly calls it, "The poising of the Soul's wings for flight," perceived the truth, but in endeavouring to give his thought expression, has given utterance to that most dangerous thing—a half truth. And with it all the author enunciates as clearly as possible the laws of "Karma" and "Re-incarnation," and denounces *self*-gratification as the curse of humanity with the greatest horror—yet he speaks with approval of "Mind-cure."

Still, it must be remembered that in face of all this general criticism there is a vast amount of information of the utmost value, and that the book is worthy of the most careful perusal by the serious student.

But to take the chapter-headings as evidence of the scope of the book.

"The Supernatural; Principles of Nature; Life; The Unnatural; Body and Spirit; Mind; Divine Mind and Body; Generation of Mind; Attributes of Mind—Belief and Hope; Knowledge (Attributes of Mind, continued); Faith and Knowledge: The Soul; Migration and Transmigration; The Will; The Voluntary and Involuntary Powers; Will-culture; Soul Powers and Spiritual Gifts; Spirituality; 'Rosicrucial.'"

Those upon the "Attributes of Mind," "The Will," "The Voluntary and Involuntary Powers," and especially "Will-culture," are worthy the most serious attention.

Yet there are some assertions which do not quite seem to be harmonious; *e.g.*, "Intuition is instinct humanized"; "Knowledge is the ultimate of mental action"; "Soul is not a thing, *save it be united to spirit.* . . ."

Again, it is startling to find it asserted that "Buddhism . . . . is sexual from the first to last." And here it may be remarked that the author makes a very free use of the word "sexual" as a qualifying adjective—a great deal too free, for it is apt to be misunderstood. Indeed, there is only a doubt whether it is to be understood literally or in the sense of polarity. It is so in some instances, but the meaning is in other places very obscure.

But there is one caution which should be observed by all readers. The author gives a multitude of recommendations for the cultivation of "soul powers and spiritual gifts."

As he justly observes, one of the first requisites for this is the silence of the mind. But while he inculcates this, he dilates on the dangers of mediumship. Thus he warns his followers of the dangers to be encountered, but he does not give directions by which these dangers are to be avoided. Consequently, the aspirant after knowledge is encouraged to follow a course of training by which he is brought in contact with acknowledged dangers, but which he is left to his own unaided powers to meet.

Further, in following this course of training, directions are given which may confer on the persevering candidate powers which he is warned against exercising, unless he has purified his soul. But there is nothing to hinder him from exercising these powers before the purification is effected. Thus, in plain terms, there are many practical directions which, if followed, may ultimately lead the aspirant to Black Magic. Therefore, it is not a book to be recommended to everyone.

But although it may appear that the faults of the book have been here too much dwelt upon, it is impossible to praise too highly the many excellencies which it contains. It will prove a valuable guide to those who fix their attention on their own exalted ideals, by giving them a course of regulated practical action and the reasons therefor.

Thus, taking all considerations together, it is a book which, in spite of some flaws of construction and principle, would be a valuable aid to a large number of Theosophists.

THEOSOPHICAL NEWS.

The President-Founder, Col. H. S. Olcott, left India for Japan on January 11th, and is due in the land of lacquer and the latest catechumens of civilisation on February 8th. It will be curious to see whether—as a revivalist movement in a country which professedly cares little for religion of any kind—Buddhism or Christianity will gain the day. At all events, our President's task will be an arduous one.

We learn with pleasure that there is more than a probability of the speedy formation of two new Branches of the T. S. in England.

The February Number of the THEOSOPHIST will contain the following notice:—

"Any subscriber to LUCIFER will, in future, be charged only 15s. a year for the THEOSOPHIST, instead of £1, the regular annual subscription.

"All such reduced subscriptions must be paid to the Manager of the Theosophical Publishing Co., Limited, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, London."

Correspondence.

BRITISH SECTION, T.S.

Our attention has been called to an extraordinary oversight which has occurred in the drafting of the Revised Rules of the T. S. at the Convention at Adyar. The Rules of the British Section were forwarded to the Delegate of the Section at Adyar to be by him communicated to the Convention. This was regarded as a matter of form and courtesy, for the President had held two meetings while in Europe at which the constitution of the Section had been settled, and had given his official sanction as President in Council to its Rules, which, moreover, *appear in full* in the official Supplement to the *Theosophist*. Rule 15, which relates to an annual subscription to be paid by members of the British Section, is apparently flatly contradicted by Section P of the Revised Rules; and this is followed by Part 2 of Section S, which does away with all Rules previously formed and declares any action taken under such Rules to be illegal. Now as the British Section has had no opportunity of discussing any such alteration as this, and as its Rules were approved by the President-Founder in Council, it is at once evident that some great oversight can alone explain it. So much is this the case that the Rules of the British Section will be upheld pending an appeal to the President for his interpretation of the enigma. More especially so as the British Section has received no official or private notification that its Rules have been thus cancelled without its knowledge, and abrogated in such an unwarrantable manner. Probably Col. Olcott, in the hurry of his departure for Japan, was unaware of these alterations; at any rate, of their extent, and the results of their action. It is impossible that he should assent to a Rule which is contrary to the practically unanimous (one dissentient) vote of the meeting which he called in London. We await his decision.

THE MITHRA WORSHIP.

All visitors to the Classical Galleries in the British Museum are familiar with the Mithraic Bull. In this a young man, wearing a Phrygian cap, bestrides a bull, into which he strikes a knife, while at the same time this bull is attacked by an insect, either scorpion or crab, and followed by two ravens or other birds. I therefore ask the meaning of this sculpture.

I. What analogy is there between this idol and the Hindoo Vâch?

II. What analogy is there with the Hebrew "golden calf" or "cherub" which was manufactured by the Israelites in the wilderness from the metal of which they had deprived the Egyptians?

III. Does the insect represent *Cancer* or *Scorpio?*

IV. Are the two ravens interpreted by the ravens of Mephistopheles (see Goethe's "Faust"); by the Norse mythology; or by the higher symbolism indicated in the *Secret Doctrine?* Is the mystic signification of the word *raven*, which forms so important a factor in the legends of Noah and Elijah, interpreted in any way by the Mithraic myth?

A Book-Worm.

To question I. we reply :—

I. We know of no analogy between the Persian Mithra and the Hindu Vâch. If "A Book-Worm" knows of any, let him "rise and explain."

II. Save the fact that a cherub and a calf are synonymous in symbology, and that the calf is a young bull, we see no relation between the golden calf of the Jews and the Mithraic Bull. Both bulls, young or old, are emblems of strength and of creative or generative power. The Mosaic allegory has a reference, moreover, to that secret knowledge of which the Jews despoiled the Egyptians. Moses was learned in their wisdom and used it for good purposes; the Israelites accepting the *dead letter* sought to use it for selfish purposes, or *black magic.* Hence Moses destroyed the object; the mode he adopted for it showing plainly his knowledge of alchemy. For it is stated that he *burnt* the "golden calf," *ground it to powder* and strewed it upon the water, "making the children of Israel drink of it" (xxxii. Exodus)—a feat having a sense in it for the Alchemist, but reading like a jumble of physical impossibilities to the profane.

III. This insect represents ♏ (Scorpio) of course, the sign which rules the reproductive faculty and the generative organs astrologically, and which represents esoterically the fierce animal passions of man symbolized by the bull. The Spiritual man is Mithra, the Sun. As the Sun governs astrologically the fiery triad of ♈ (the Ram, or lamb), ♌ (Leo), and ♏ (Scorpio), so Mithra is shown as the *liberated* man, hence the Phrygian cap, probably, astride on ♉ (Taurus, the sign which succeeds Aries), and killing it—*i.e.* the animal passions. The allegorical representation is beautiful and ingenious, being suggestive of the Mithraic Mysteries, in which man was taught to subdue his animal Self.

IV. The ravens cannot signify either of the first two speculations. It is the decadence of the *divine* into *black* magic which, made of the ravens during the mediæval ages the adjuncts of witches and fiends. Birds typified in both the Aryan and Semitic symbology, angels, divine messengers, and, in the *inner* man, his Spiritual and Human Souls or *Buddhi* and *Manas.* It is these two that follow the *insect* which goads the animal passions (see the part on the "Mithraic" Bull which is so attacked) in order to return into the man as soon as he has conquered, by killing it, the animal nature in him represented by the Bull. But these supposed *ravens* are probably hawks. The latter was a divine bird, sacred to the Sun (Mithra) in almost every mythology, whereas the raven was the symbol of longevity, wisdom through experience, and of the intelligent and firm will in man. Hence the allegories of the raven of Noah, who never returned to the Ark, and the ravens of Elijah, who fed him morn and eve—*i.e.*, his intelligence (Manas) provided him with means of support. For if taken in its dead-letter sense—for which more than one Bible worshipper will battle with us—how comes it that a raven, which, physiologically and Biblically is an *unclean* bird (*vide* Leviticus i., 5), was chosen by the "Lord God" to feed the Tishbite, in preference to a dove or any other clean and *holy* bird ?—[Ed.]

THE DIRGE FOR THE DEAD.

The interesting and highly-suggestive specimen of automatic writing that appeared in the December number of LUCIFER is not a little remarkable in itself, but, pardon my saying the theory put forward by you in explanation is very far from being satisfactory to the enquiring mind.* As to the dirge, I doubt if it be known to Egyptologists; it forms no portion of the Book of the Dead; there is no copy among the papyri of the British Museum; and its appearance on the mummy of the Ptolemaic period is probably exceptional.† But my interest in the subject centres in your explanation that the communication in question is a reminiscence of past incarnations, presumably of the higher Ego of the writer. This theory of the Theosophist stands opposed to the hypothesis of the Spiritualist, who maintains such communications to be what they profess to be, viz., revelations by an independent, super-mundane intelligence, given through the medium of another organisation. From the standpoint you occupy, and the superior knowledge you possess, your explanation may, for aught I know to the contrary, be the true one, but permit me to say, you have not succeeded in making it even plausible to the average reader.‡ On the contrary, the impression left on my mind after reading the editorial

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* No doubt it is not satisfactory to the Spiritualists, not any more than the doctrine of Purgatory or any other Roman Catholic tenet is satisfactory to the Protestant Predestinarian.—[ED.]

† The Editor has premised by saying in the introductory note (which, by-the-bye, was mangled out of recognition by some printer's mistake, who dropped out two whole lines) that some Egyptologists *may* have seen it, but never said they did. Of course, it is not in the "Book of the Dead." Still, the Editor has seen it, and copied its translation in French and in English; and what is more, the *dirge* (a name given to the writing by the editor) is absolutely identical in spirit and form with other such dirges. These were chanted, ages ago, first during the Mysteries, over the apparently lifeless and entranced bodies of the *mystæ* who were made *Epoptai—i.e.*, passing through the trial of their last initiation, when they became the "Dead in Life," and later over the really dead —the mummies. It is this explanation, given in the two lines, which were omitted, or dropped out in printing, which thus disfigured the whole sense of the sentence; and putting a comma after "psychographic writers" followed only by the tail end of the above explanation, namely—"as we were told it was only in the days of Ptolemy that this dirge began to be chanted over the really dead, or the mummy"—it made of the last closing sentence in the editorial preface perfect nonsense. Thus, it was not found on a "mummy of the Ptolemaic period," but on one of the IVth or Vth Dynasty, if we remember right.—[ED.]

‡ Very likely. But the remark cuts both ways since no more has the Spiritualistic explanation ever satisfied us, or appeared "plausible" to the average Theosophist. Not only does the theory of the returning "Spirits," so called, militate against the whole teaching of the Occult Sciences as taught in the East (the broad reincarnation theory of the Buddhist and Hindu Esoteric philosophies being assuredly that of the Theosophists), but it goes against the writer's personal experience of about 45 years' duration.

note was that the Theosophical theory was trotted out in support of a preconceived doctrine rather than given as a scientific conclusion deduced from the facts. On the face of it the Theosophical theory fails either to cover the ground or explain the facts. My difficulty in accepting your theory of past reminiscences from former existences is not lessened by the mystery that surrounds the doctrine of reincarnation. As gathered from the lips of Theosophists and Theosophical literature, the doctrine appears to me to be largely tinctured by the Buddhistic school of thought through which it has descended. It savours of the company it has kept so long, which may account for the apparently contradictory theories obtaining on the subject of reincarnation.* The law of Karma, and the necessary and inevitable periodic return of the ego or astral monad into material existence, and on this planet as the universal destiny of every son and daughter of Adam, I understand to be the view of reincarnation held by Theosophists. But in *Isis Unveiled*, page 351, the following teaching is given:

"Reincarnation, *i.e.* the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same *planet*,† is not a rule in nature; it is an exception, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant. It is preceded by a violation of the

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* The two theories (those of the Spiritualists and Theosophists) are a matter of personal preference. None of us need enforce his views on the other, or those who may differ from him. Time alone can show which side is right and which wrong. Meanwhile, those who study seriously the doctrine of reincarnation, and those supernal Intelligences who *can*, and *do* communicate with persons still in flesh, will find no contradictory theories among us. No one can judge of such a difficult and abstruse subject on simple *hearsay*.—[ED.]

† Since 1882 when the mistake was first found out in "Isis Unveiled," it has been repeatedly stated in the *Theosophist*, and last year in the *Path* that the word "planet" was a mistake and that "cycle" was meant, *i.e.*, the "cycle of Devachanic rest." This mistake, due to one of the literary editors—the writer knowing English more than imperfectly twelve years ago, and the editors being still more ignorant of Buddhism and Hinduism—has led to great confusion and numberless accusations of contradictions between the statements in *Isis* and later theosophical teaching. The paragraph quoted meant to upset the theory of the French Reincarnationists who maintain that the same *personality* is reincarnated, often a few days after death, so that a grandfather can be reborn as his own grand-daughter. Hence the idea was combated, and it was said that neither Buddha nor any of the Hindu philosophers ever taught reincarnation *in the same cycle*, or *of the same personality*, but of the "triune man" (*vide* note which follows) who, when properly united, was "capable of running the race" forward to perfection. The same and a worse mistake occurs on pages 346 and 347 (Vol. 1). For on the former it is stated that the Hindus dread *reincarnation* "only on other and inferior planets," instead of what is the case, that Hindus dread reincarnation *in other and inferior bodies*, of brutes and animals or *transmigration*, while on page 347 the said error of putting "planet" instead of "cycle" and "personality," shows the author (a professed Buddhist) speaking as though Buddha had never taught the doctrine of reincarnation!! The sentence ought to read that the "*former life* believed in by Buddhists is not a life in the same cycle and personality," as no one appreciates more than they do "the great

laws of harmony of nature, and happens only when the latter, seeking to restore its disturbed equilibrium, violently throws back into earth-life the astral monad which had been tossed out of the circle of necessity by crime or accident. . . . If reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative, there is no (immediate) reincarnation on this earth, for the three parts of the triune man * have been united together, and he is capable of running the race."

Here, we have propounded a theory of re-incarnation that must, I think, address itself to every mind as at once probable, scientific, and rational; † a reasonable provision of the All-wise for meeting the case of exceptions to a rule of life. But how can this theory of re-incarnation be accorded with the Theosophical teaching of the same doctrine? If the re-incarnation of Isis be the truth, then the explanation of automatic communications, such as that of the "Dirge for the Dead in Life," or the spirit teachings of M. A. Oxon, by the "reminiscences of past existences," will be found to utterly break down. The re-incarnation theory of explanation will have to be re-considered and the intelligence who stoutly maintains that he *is* what he says he is, must be heard in his own defence.

J. H. MITALMIER, F.R.A.S.

ED. NOTE.—Re-incarnation in "Isis" *was* made faulty by the mistakes as explained, and no edition has been yet corrected. The author proposes, as soon as time permits it, to re-edit entirely, to correct and abridge *Isis Unveiled* to one volume.

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doctrine of cycles." As it reads now, however, namely that "this *former life* believed in by the Buddhists is not a *life on this planet*," and this sentence on page 347 just preceded by that other (paragraph 2 on page 346), "Thus like the revolutions of a wheel, there is *a regular succession of death and birth*," etc.—the whole reads like the raving of a lunatic, and a jumble of contradictory statements. If asked why the error was permitted to remain and run through ten editions, it is answered that (*a*) the attention of the author was drawn to it only in 1882; and (*b*) that the undersigned was not in a position to alter it from stereotyped plates which belonged to the American publisher and not to her. The work was written under exceptional circumstances, and no doubt more than one great error may be discovered in *Isis Unveiled*.—[ED.]

* "The three parts," are Atma, Buddhi-Manas, which this condition of perfect union entitles to a rest in Devachan which cannot be less than 1,000 years in duration, sometimes 2,000, as the "cycle of rest" is proportioned to the merits and demerits of the *Devachanee*.—[ED.]

† So it is, *minus* the erroneous qualification "only this planet," and the omission of "immediate" before "*re-incarnation*." If the correction and the substitution of the word planet by that of cycle, are made, there will be no contradiction.—[ED.]

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